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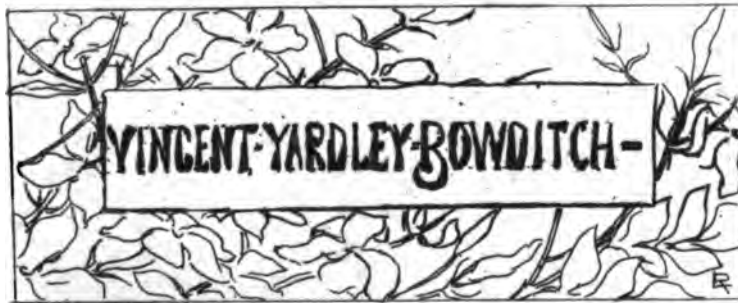
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# A BEGGAR'S WALLET









# A BEGGAR'S WALLET

CONTAINING CONTRIBUTIONS IN PROSE, VERSE  
AND PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATION, GATHERED FROM  
CERTAIN WORKERS IN ART AND LETTERS

ARCHIBALD SYDART WALKER



TO BE EXHIBED AS IN AID OF  
THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION  
EDINBURGH

AT THE  
GREAT INTERNATIONAL FAIR

TO BE HELD IN THE WHELFLEY MARKET, IN THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER, 1905

Printed by  
JOHN DUNCAN & CO., LTD., Edinburgh and London

VICTOR LAUREATUS



BY  
JOHN DUNCAN.

# A BEGGAR'S WALLET

CONTAINING CONTRIBUTIONS IN PROSE, VERSE  
AND PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATION, GATHERED FROM  
CERTAIN WORKERS IN ART AND LETTERS

BY

<sup>C</sup>  
ARCHIBALD STODART WALKER

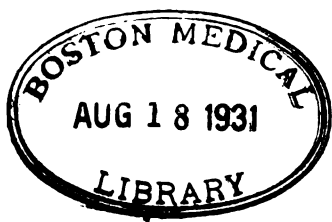


TO BE DISPOSED OF IN AID OF  
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1905



1. L. 291.

DEDICATED

TO

ROBERT WILLIAM PHILIP

M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S. (EDIN.)

TO WHOM SCOTLAND OWES THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL  
FOR CONSUMPTION

OUT OF RESPECT FOR

HIS DISTINGUISHED ATTAINMENTS AS A PHYSICIAN

HIS EXCEPTIONAL WISDOM AS A CITIZEN

AND

HIS UNFAILING LOYALTY AS A FRIEND



## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

**T**HOUGH to men and women of letters little is given, from them much is required. On an occasion similar to the present one, when the Editor returned from a tour of literary mendicancy, he took the opportunity of emphasising the truth, which even the most responsible layman is apt to forget, that a contribution of letters has a potentiality of guineas as well as of art and sentiment. And lest there be any suspicion as to the extent of the generosity involved, let it be repeated here that the true artist has no second best.

The fact that many of the contributions contained in this book are from writers who have no direct associations with Edinburgh, seems to demonstrate the universality of charity. Of course, it would be idle to deny that the response in many instances was prompted by the *camaradie* of the craft. Such being the case, the Editor conceives it necessary to make a personal acknowledgment of the kind and generous treatment he has received at the hands of so many of his friends, to whom, however, the distinction of the cause must have made a not very secondary appeal.

It is a gratifying circumstance to recall that, as the response to his begging was so uniformly in the affirmative,

the task of filling "A Beggar's Wallet" was made comparatively easy, and without any serious damage to the vagabond's self-respect. Only one writer, indeed, replied in the facile negative, and his refusal was supported by the contention that Tophet itself was paved with Bazaar Books. As, however, the Editor's *wanderjahre* did not include that cemetery of good intentions, he is not in a position to discuss either the truth or the relevancy of the statement.

The "rough reader" will find in this wallet much to amuse, and not a little to tickle his interest, but the more responsible may discover occasional pages which will arouse not only his moral but his critical enthusiasm. He will find, in many cases, not mere idle words born in an idle hour, but the mature expression of several distinguished artists in thought conveyed in the subtle medium of letters.

To the craftsmen who have, with so great a generosity and with so much distinction, responded to the request that they would illumine these pages with their pictorial work, the Editor hastens to make public the thanks he has already conveyed in private.

Finally, it is for him to supplement a merely personal acknowledgment, by extending to all, who have been so generous as to make their work part and parcel of this book, the gratitude of those connected, officially or otherwise, with The Royal Victoria Hospital for Consumption.

A. S. W.



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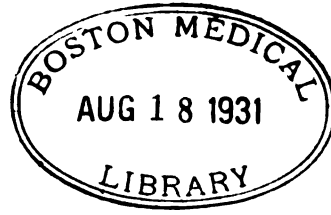
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# A BEGGAR'S WALLET.

## THE SEASONS.

[To J. L. P.]

**A** WAKES the slumberer, dear buxom earth  
Stirs to the lifting sun and airy mirth  
Of birds ; and when aside her coverlet she flings,  
It lights and twinkles into buds and wings ;  
Rolls like a wave and breaks in verdant foam  
On meadows where her bleating babies roam.  
Spring, in the likeness of a little maid,  
Doth haunt the holt and fold and hidden nest ;  
Spreads the first sweet of flowers for the breast  
Of the young year ; or lifts blue eyes to trace  
The shrill lark's spiral upon heaven's face.

Now burn the frenzied pulse and flame of life  
Where hot July hath taken earth to wife ;  
And mated her in high and golden noons ;  
And loved her by the light of low red moons.  
The stealthy-footed hours a vigil keep  
And white stars throb above their wedded sleep.

Summer, in semblance of a queen, doth view  
The pageant of her kingdoms all outspread.  
Of sun-fire fierce, and shade, and delicate dew  
Her regal robe is woven ; on her head  
Flower-light and night and dawn do make a crown  
From which her rainy-scented hair pours down.

The garnerers fill again ; the heavy scent  
Of perfect things in mellow sweetness blent  
Now visibly along the sleepy air  
Floats to the sky, then rolls and rises where,  
Like to a jewelled censer, the ripe earth  
Flings to the sun full savour of her worth.

Autumn—deep-bosomed mother—counts the gain,  
Smiling alike where far-flung harvest glows  
And where each little goblet of wild grain  
Lifts for a blessing ; solemnly she goes  
Garbed with the rainbow glory of ripe fruit  
In golden pomp to Pan's own passionate flute.

Sunk to hibernal, naked weariness  
Earth meets again the riotous caress

Of all the winds; from out her drooping eyes  
The light of seeing fades away and dies.  
Then star-lit frosts with sudden swiftmess still  
Heartbeat of dene and dingle, vale and hill.

Winter ! O ancient nurse, come rock to sleep  
The world once more and bring great gift of rest.  
Lower the light, where failing sunbeams creep  
To kindle yon brief wonder of the west.  
Draw the cloud curtains close and spread below  
Our dreaming mother's coverlet of snow.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.



## LITERATURE AND HISTORY.

**T**HE great historians, from Herodotus, "the father of History," downwards, have not generally been in the habit of explaining their methods or their aims. As a rule they have written, like the great poets and playwrights, in the way that pleased them best, and have left the public and the critics to find out how they did it, and why. Macaulay, we have been told, vowed that he would not be satisfied unless his "History of England" lay on every drawing-room table. He attained his wish; but drawing-room tables are not exactly the places where we expect to find solid historical works to-day. Perhaps the early Victorians were more serious than we are; perhaps history books are less readable. It seems probable that the latter is the more influential reason. Is this an inevitable result of the progress of historical science? If not, it seems a pity that so important and, it may be added, so agreeable an element of culture as History supplies should fail through an accident or a misunderstanding.

It is a question of no mean importance, this, of literary form, both to historians and to their readers. How far,

and in what way, do literary considerations enter into the writing of History? Till recently few persons would have hesitated about saying that such considerations cannot be ignored by any historian who aspires to a high rank in his profession. But this view no longer finds universal favour. The other day we were told by a distinguished authority that History has nothing to do with Literature, that such a connexion is fatal to historical research, and that literary History is bad History, because History is a science, and he who would be a true historian must think of History as a science and nothing else. I am inclined to think that we owe this heresy—for such it surely is—to the Germans, along with the east wind and other disagreeables. Germany has done much for History: no country has done more; but gratitude does not necessarily involve servility.

Now in criticising the view to which I have just referred, I do not wish to be understood as adopting the opposite view that History is merely a branch of Literature. This, it appears to me, is a view at least as erroneous as the other, and more dangerous. It was, however, widely prevalent in former days, and is still held by many persons who are either so ignorant of historical research or so sceptical as to the possibility of attaining historical truth, that they regard History as nothing more or less than a work of the imagination. In our own day, this view has been sufficiently refuted by the highest authorities—by Seeley, Freeman, Droysen, and many others—as well as disproved by the practice of modern scientific historians.

We can no longer doubt that History, if not exactly a science, can be scientific, ought to be scientific, and is unworthy of the name of History if it is not scientific. But, granting all this, it does not follow that History has no concern with Literature. Such a view, if generally adopted, would not only be fatal to the influence which History should exercise in the world, but ultimately, by making the subject distasteful and repellent, would be extremely detrimental to the study itself.

The connexion between History and Literature is, I conceive, twofold. In the first place, Literature is itself part of the subject-matter of History—part of that vast material which is nothing less than the whole recorded activity of the human race. Of that activity literary productions form an essential and important part; and the history of Literature, like that of Art or Science, is part of History in its broader sense. These departments do not indeed touch the life of a people so generally or so intimately as those of Government, War, or Trade; but they cannot be neglected by any one writing on the general history of a nation. No epoch of the past to which a great Literature belongs can be understood without reference to that Literature. I do not mean to say that the Literature of a country or an age will fully explain that country or that age. There is much in the life of a people on which Literature throws little or no light. It will even sometimes throw a deceptive light, if we attribute the thoughts and aims of genius to a nation as a whole. On the other hand, there is much in Literature which has little or no

connexion with History. But on many sides and over broad fields History and Literature are in close contact.

While Literature does not help us much, for instance, in regard to the development of the British Constitution, it is otherwise with the great currents of thought and feeling which move national life this way or that, and are mightier than kings or parliaments. The ideas and aspirations which build and split up churches, and create and destroy empires—these are not to be understood without a knowledge of the writings which embodied those ideas or stimulated those aspirations. Who can understand imperial Rome without a knowledge of Virgil, or mediæval Italy without Dante, or the Elizabethans without Hooker, Spenser, and Bacon, the Puritans without Milton and Bunyan, the French Revolution without Rousseau and Voltaire? So much is indeed obvious, but it is not only the great names that tell; authors who are not in the first class will often throw more light on the characteristics of a period or a people than the men of genius who soar above the crowd.

I need not labour this point; I do not imagine that the distinguished historian to whom I just now referred would differ from me here. But it is worth insisting on because a neglect of Literature is unfortunately frequent with writers on general History. Such writers too often regard the history of Literature as a thing apart—something for literary men to deal with, not for historians. But it is not a thing apart; and to regard it as such is as gross an error as to omit moral character and the

strength of ideas in calculating the power of nations—such an error, in fact, as we committed in supposing that a few defeats in the field would suffice to crush the resistance of the Boers, or as the Russians committed in leaving “Bushido” out of account in their dispute with the Japanese. I cannot help emphasising this fact when it is so often forgotten. I read recently in a work on the making of the German Empire—in many respects an excellent work—that the dominance of Prussia and the consequent union of Germany were due to the Zollverein and the needle-gun. Now, apart from the fact that it is not so much the gun that matters as the man behind the gun, this explanation does not go deep enough. We may fairly ask, what induced Germany to acquiesce in the dominance of Prussia?—for no one supposes that Prussia could have permanently dominated an unwilling Germany. Surely nothing but the consideration that thus, and not otherwise, could the union of Germany be accomplished. And what lay at the root of the aspiration after political union, of the conviction that, spite of her political divisions, Germany *was* one? Was it not, before all things, the possession of a common Literature, and of common ideas and opinions embodied in that Literature? The needle-gun, indeed! It was Goethe and Schiller, Kant and Arndt and Körner, that inspired that conviction and welded the German nation into a single whole. I do not underestimate the needle-gun and the Zollverein; still less do I undervalue Bismarck and Moltke; but I doubt if they would have accomplished their task but for the common



possession of "Faust" and the "Kritik" and such songs as "Was ist der Deutschen Vaterland?"

I have spoken of one strong link that binds together History and Literature. The other is the fact that, as the development of Literature is part of the material of History, so the writing of History is a branch of Literature. This is the point in dispute. I say "the *writing* of History." I do not mean historical research, the exploration of archives, the weighing of evidence, the determination of dates, and all that laborious, semi-scientific sifting of materials which must underly all original and valuable historical work. Nor do I mean the further mental process which consists in co-ordinating the results of research, in deducing a chain of cause and effect, in estimating character and motive—a process which also is semi-scientific, as the summing up of a judge in a trial at law is semi-scientific. What I refer to is the final process of converting the results of this preliminary labour into a book—in short, of *writing* History.

A well-written book is a work of art; and the writing of History partakes at least as much of art as of science. If it is said that History is science, I reply that History is *not* science, and never can be science in the proper sense of that word—the sense that applies to Astronomy, to Physics, or to Biology—the sense that differentiates science from knowledge. I grant that the preliminary processes are scientific, or rather semi-scientific; for absolutely scientific they cannot be. The ascertaining of facts, the drawing of conclusions, are or should be carried on by processes as

nearly scientific as the nature of the material permits, otherwise we shall not get true History ; and if History is not true, or as true as we can make it, it had better remain unwritten. But in compacting these results into a finished whole, in laying them before the reader, we pass into another field—the field of art. Conversely the painter and the sculptor, though primarily concerned with art, must have some knowledge of science—the science of perspective, the science of anatomy. These underlie the picture or the statue ; but the result is a work of art. And Literature is a branch of art ; when a book or a piece of writing ceases to be artistic, it ceases to be Literature. No one will dispute the statement that a sonnet of Dante or of Milton is a work of art in the fullest sense of the term. What is apparent in the best poetry is perhaps less obvious in prose ; but in all great prose literature it is present in a high degree, both in structure and in style.

History surely falls under the same rules. But, first, let us consider for a moment what Literature is. From what is clearly Literature we pass by imperceptible gradations to what cannot be dignified by that name. We know that Walter Scott is Literature ; we know that a blue-book is not ; but it is difficult to draw the line. To define Literature is almost as hard as to define Poetry ; but we may at least say that a literary work must possess certain qualifications. Its contents must be such as to stir the imagination and the emotions, to excite wonder, reverence, sympathy, curiosity, grief or joy, tears or laughter ; secondly, it must have unity and cohesion, must follow

one main thread and keep one chief aim consistently before it ; thirdly, the parts and arrangement of the work must follow a definite and intelligible order ; lastly, the language must be clear, rhythmical, appropriate—in other words, it must have style. By these qualifications—content, unity, order, expression—we judge a literary work ; and the greatest literary works are those which possess them all in the highest degree.

I may appear to have wandered somewhat far from my theme ; but, if we are to determine how far History is or should be literary, we must have some idea of what we mean by Literature. I offer this, then, as a working definition. How far does it apply to historical work ? No one, surely, will dispute that what are by common consent the greatest historical works possess the qualifications that I have named, and are literary in the fullest sense of the term. The works of Thucydides and Tacitus, Bede and Commynes, Clarendon, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Taine and Michelet, Mommsen and Ranke, are surely Literature. But, it may be replied, much of what was written by these great authors—some at least of them—is not History. This cannot be gainsaid ; but it is not their literary character that makes it true. Take away from Clarendon and Michelet, for instance, all that is not History—all the errors and exaggerations which prejudice, ignorance, or wilful distortion may have imported into their work ; let them be purified in the fire of criticism ; let nothing remain but what is historically true ; yet their literary character is not destroyed by the process. They

still tell a noble and inspiring tale ; they have unity, they have order, they have style. And this it is that enables them to endure, that gives them an eternal place in the Temple of Fame. Most men, if they were asked who is the greatest of modern historians, would name Gibbon. And why? Because, while others have been equally trustworthy, others as learned, others again have possessed as fine a gift of expression, he is the writer who combines in the highest degree the great qualities of the historian—learning, truthfulness, lucidity, order, judgment—with the more purely literary qualities of rich but restrained imagination and style. The fact is that you may tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but unless you tell it well, the world will not pay attention, at all events not for long. It is by style that a book lives. Indeed there are bad books—bad, that is, in their contents, false books, corrupting books, that have lived by their style when they should long since be dead. This is evidently the case with History. The errors of Clarendon would long ago have ceased to influence men's conceptions of the seventeenth century, were it not that they were perpetuated by his consummate style.

Literary character, then, is indispensable if a book is to live ; and, in what makes literary character, above all things style. And what is style? Nothing is more difficult to define, but most of us can recognise it when we see it. Style is essentially various. There is no one manner of expression which can monopolise the claim at the expense of others. A great Frenchman said that

"style is the man." The epigram does not mean that a bad man cannot write well: this would be carrying the matter too far; what it means is that no writing can be said to have style which is not distinct, personal, characteristic. And that this is so a page of any of the great historians I have named would be enough to prove. Still the quality thus predicated of style does not supply us with a complete criterion. A style may be individual, and yet may be intolerably bad. We want a definition. Let Aristotle supply it. He tells us that style is the art of "saying things clearly, without meanness." Let us be content with that, and apply the definition to the problem before us. Now even supposing History to be science, does it follow that it can dispense with style? Far from it. The exposition of purely scientific facts and theories, if it is to be accomplished by words and not by mathematical symbols, requires more or less literary skill. Newton's "Principia," to say the least, is by no means devoid of style. To take a modern instance, Darwin's "Origin of Species," a work based on years of scientific research, is, in its finished form, a work of art. It is a book which in its structure and arrangement, and in its simple and appropriate language, displays literary merits of a high order. Bagehot's works, again, "Lombard Street," "Physics and Politics," "The English Constitution," are models of thoughtful scientific exposition, which owe much of their success to their literary character. I would go so far as to say that even those books which contain the greatest verities, which come nearest eternity—the

Bible itself — depend immensely, no one can say how much, upon their style. No scientific book, be it philosophy, or natural science, or economics, can expect to live unless it “says things clearly without meanness.” Does Plato gain nothing by the beauty of his language? And if philosophy is allowed to avail itself of this aid, why not History also?

History, indeed, in a higher degree than philosophy, in a far higher degree than science, requires the aid of style. The material with which History deals is so large and various that order and logical arrangement are of the first importance in the composition of an historical work. Unless unity be maintained in the description and correlation of multitudinous facts, the reader loses the thread, and wanders hopelessly as in an interminable maze. Further, the general statements which such a work must make, the conceptions which it handles, the ideas which it involves or explains, are so complicated and subtle, that the utmost care in expression is necessary to secure clearness, accuracy, and truth. A large and varied vocabulary, a full command of language, a delicate sense of the meaning of words, are necessary to every writer on difficult subjects; and few are more difficult than History. Man, in all his moods and activities, his hopes and fears, his successes and failures, his complex motives and conditions, man individual and man in groups, is the historian's subject; and to deal adequately with such a subject, no literary power comes amiss. Again, History is far more than a bare statement of ascertained facts or probabilities; it involves deductions,

generalisations, judgments. It is written for our example ; it chastens and encourages by turns ; it elates and depresses ; it displays the whole gamut of human passions and emotions, vices and virtues, greatness and pettiness. If History is to be more than an unimpressive, matter-of-fact chronicle of events, it must deal with these things ; and how are they to be discussed without literary skill, and literary skill of a very high order ? The facts, for instance, which Macaulay has set forth in that famous third chapter of his History, might all be set forth in a tabular form, as in a blue-book, with absolute accuracy and completeness. They would all be there, on the printed page, the coaches and the highwaymen, the ruffles and the swords and the patches. Yes, but they would not be in our minds ; and not one person would know them for a thousand who know them now.

There is, I think, some confusion in the minds of those who deny, or appear to deny, this proposition. They are offended, and rightly offended, by the rhetoric, the superfluous ornament, the interpolations and exaggerations, of what are called picturesque historians. I sympathise fully with this feeling. History must be true, or as true as we can make it. We must add nothing, and take away nothing, without warrant ; and the writer who is picturesque or attractive at the cost of truth is no historian, but a masquerader perpetrating a fraud. But this false tinsel, these unwarranted imaginings, are not Literature ; take them away, and the Literature—if there is Literature there at all—remains. We make a gross mistake if we confuse the literary either with the false or the picturesque, or a



To Mrs. Sellar

James Paterson, Edinburgh 1902.



MRS W. Y. SELVAR

## SILENCE.

**U**N silence qui ne dort pas  
Qui sourit sans parler mot ;  
Une tristesse qui garde ses trepas  
Sans oser les dire tout haut :

Un chagrin qui pleure et soupire  
Si bas qu' l'on croit qu'il dort ;  
Un bonheur qui n'ose plus rire  
Une vie qui cache ses douleurs.

Un cœur qui se perd les liens  
Qui se tait en silence ; je suis las.  
Un jour qui se finit enfin ;  
Un cœur qui se blâme et se dormira.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

BY  
JAMES PATERSON, A.R.S.A.

MRS W. Y. SELLAR



BY  
JAMES PATERSON, A.R.S.A.

*To Mrs. Sellar  
James Paterson, Edinburgh 1902*

## **SILENCE.**

**U**N silence qui ne dort pas  
    Qui sourit sans parler mot ;  
    Une tristesse qui garde ses trépas  
    Sans oser les dire tout haut :

Un chagrin qui pleure et soupire  
    Si bas qu' l'on croit qu'il dort :  
Un bonheur qui n'ose plus rire :  
    Une vie qui cache ses morts.

Enfant ne rompe pas les liens  
    Qui les tiennent en silence ; je suis las.  
Mon âme se repose enfin ;  
    C'est possible qu'elle dormira.

**MARGARET SACKVILLE.**

## DOGS OF CELEBRATED EDINBURGH MEN.

**A** LONG the stately length of Princes Street in company with some of Edinburgh's renowned citizens have walked their most appreciative, though wordless, worshippers, viz., their dogs.

Scott's biography alone supplies us with a full kennel of what we might call legal canines. Some may think Sir Walter's favourites can only be classed as dogs of literature, for we read when he was busy at his poems or novels he rose constantly, always, mark you, with "courteous alacrity," to act as door opener to Maida, or the graceful greyhounds and low-legged Dandie Dinmonts, who wandered as they willed in and out of the Great Romancer's study. The dogs of this most famed of literary advocates in Edinburgh eagerly waited for the hour when he cast off wig and gown and hurried down from the legal atmosphere of the Parliament House to enjoy a walk in their company. They blythely joined him when he set out on his official visits through his Sherifffdom of Ettrick Forest, where, as Andrew Lang says,—

" . . . every tyke about the place  
Took pleasure in the Shirra's face."

A great, cross-bred hound, Camp by name, was, Sir Walter says, his "dear friend," and Lockhart tells us, was "the first of a series of dogs whose names will be freshly remembered as long as their master's works are popular. Camp was the constant parlour dog. This favourite preserved his affection and sagacity to the last."

This valued friend died in 1810, and Sir Walter did not forget his trusty follower. In 1817 Washington Irving makes mention of many of the Shirra's canine associates, from the mutton-fancying Hamlet to a little, shame-faced terrier. At dinner the American chronicles: "Around the table were two or three dogs in attendance. Maida, the old staghound, took his seat at Scott's elbow, looking up wistfully in his master's eye; while Finette, the pet spaniel, placed herself near Mrs Scott, by whom, I soon perceived, she was completely spoiled. The conversation happening to turn on the merits of his dogs, Scott spoke with great feeling and affection of his favourite Camp, who is depicted by his side in the earlier engravings of him. He talked of him as a real friend he had lost, and Sophia Scott, looking up archly in his face, observed that papa shed a few tears when poor Camp died." From this we see Sir Walter had his whilom follower still green in his memory, though it was seven years since he had himself laid his wise companion in his last resting place behind his Castle Street study, and American visitors to-day often ring the bell of thirty-nine and ask for a few of the daisies from the dog's grave in the dank garden to take back across the Atlantic as recollection of the man who wrote the Waverley Novels,

and his four-footed crony, who bore him company when he made his first essay into the novelist's realms.

Not far off from Scott's Edinburgh den there dwelt a dog of literature. He was a Skye who had wilily obtained leave to sit under the beard of Geordie Buchanan by the tactfulness of his boy master christening his unauthorised pup, Tory. It was a name which found favour in the heart of the then Head of the House of Blackwood. He let his son keep the shaggy little tyke, and Tory continues still to be the invariable name of every tousy-haired terrier who keeps watch by the hearth of the old saloon in George Street. This first Tory was received into the House of Blackwood a year after Scott had been lulled to sleep by the murmuring of his beloved, unrivalled river. Tory therefore began life a year too late to run like his canine predecessors in Auld Reekie to fawn with flattering homage at the kindly-faced Shirra's feet, for it is recorded of Edinburgh dogs, they too fell under the glamouring spell of the Wizard of the North. Even if Tory had been born a decade or two sooner he would have seen little of Scott, for Tory's master, thinking he could improve on the Black Dwarf, had suggested another ending to the tale, which interference the then Great Unknown resented in language stronger than was his wont, to what he justly called this "impudent proposal."

There were also Edinburgh dogs of literature who belonged to the props of the House of Blackwood. Aytoun tells us he read through all Scott's novels once a year in company with an old white setter, Captain.

Age impaired this well-read dog's intellect, for his nose lost its cunning. He set at a tuft of tussocks from which bounded a field mouse "wi' bickering brattle." Aytoun, despite Captain's treating a "wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie" as game, still believed in his old acquaintance's sense, for his biographer says, Aytoun's "confidence of long growth was not to be shaken by a few mistakes, over which, whenever possible, he threw a decent veil." Besides this valued sporting friend, Aytoun had "a mongrel cur, Doddles by name, most plebeian in aspect and inhospitable in demeanour, but to whom every accomplishment, human as well as canine, was attributed by his devoted master and mistress." Doddles spent most of his time in the drawing-room, but Captain, like Camp and Maida, preferred a literary den, and attended his master during his hours of composition.

Whether that delightful group we all can claim acquaintance with as "Our Dogs," which Rab's friend, Dr John Brown, gave us, belong to dogs of medicine or dogs of literature, is doubtful.

Toby, who comes first in this literary doctor's canine chronicle, may be classed as having belonged to the church, at any rate he once occupied a pulpit. Toby was a cur of low degree, which John Brown when a lad for pity's sake bought for twopence, and secreted his new possession in the basement. Toby became an acknowledged inhabitant of the manse by boldly walking into the minister's bedroom, introducing himself with a wag of his tail, intimating a general willingness to be happy. Being so much in

the study, this tyke acquired a fancy for sermons which he saw in course of preparation. Desirous to hear one, he followed the minister to church, but was there denied admittance. Undaunted by the door being closed in his face, he refused to remain without the fold, and managed to find his way in. Unchallenged he ascended the pulpit steps. There, raising himself on his hind legs, he saw "his own familiar chum" leaning back resting after having given out the psalm. The reverend doctor discreetly admitted his unabashed, tail-wagging admirer, who lay contentedly at his feet while he delivered the sermon they had prepared together in the Pilrig Street study. Poor Toby, when his protecting friend the minister was away, committed a theft, and for this pilfering from the larder was condemned, and hung to a lamppost close to the manse. It was a sad end for a dog who could boast of sharing an Edinburgh pulpit with a good divine.

Another eminent Edinburgh preacher, Dr Guthrie, was a dog lover. In his journal, kept while at Arbilot, he says: "I must devote a few lines to the memory and affection and sense of my dog Bob, who, lying often at the head of the pulpit stairs, occupied a place on Sundays nearly as conspicuous as myself." It is not mentioned if Bob survived to leave the country manse in 1837 to go to the new charge in Edinburgh, but Sir George Harvey, in a picture of Dr Guthrie preaching on the hillside, when the then new-born Free Church was kirkless, depicts one of the minister's sons, now a K.C., playing with his dog, and paying more attention to the four-footed member of the



family than to his eloquent father's discourse. During Dr Guthrie's last illness, when he dictated his autobiography to beguile his sleepless hours, this son records, "in front of the fire, asleep, lay his old dog, Noah." This woolly friend, with the survival of the Flood name, was photographed with Dr Guthrie and five of his grandchildren. On the grandfather's knee sits Noah, looking over the rising generation's head. Though during Dr Guthrie's busy Edinburgh days we hear little of the dogs of his household, doubtless in the wynds and closes of Auld Reekie the cowed city pariahs, along with the ragged children, confidently followed the genial-faced, compassionate-hearted, big Free Churchman.

All "Our Dogs," as already has been said, might be classed as a medical man's kennel. There is in a new edition of "Rab and His Friends" a picture of Dr John Brown's carriage window, which is occupied by a Dandie, who, like his master, is busy scanning Edinburgh's grey streets for acquaintance to greet. Edinburgh doctors' dogs enjoy life accompanying their masters on their morning rounds, viewing the world from the "pill-box" window, or revelling in a full allowance of exercise following their master's fast-stepping horses.

My father, Sir James Simpson, to whose genius the world owes the blessings derived from the use of chloroform for the relief of suffering, was as fond of dogs as his contemporary brother medico, Rab's biographer. The pets of the professor's patients, both bird and beast, hailed his visits with flattering expressions of delight, except on one

occasion—a Musselburgh doctor's dog, when Sir James first appeared in a sealskin greatcoat, flew at him and worried him. The owner of the fur coat, seeing the collie had mistaken him for a menagerie beast, laughed merrily as he discarded his protective wrap, which a grateful patient had given him, and the collie was profuse in his apologies. Early in his career a Dalmatian, Billy, followed his first carriage through the wide, quiet streets, and for some few years in the sixties, a gaunt, sad-faced deerhound escorted the then famed doctor on his rounds, but his favourite dog was a brisk black-and-tan English terrier, Puck by name. "My new assistant has come," writes Sir James to Puck's absent playmates one August, "but I have got another very, very diligent one who is ever extremely busy at work. He attends all the consultations every afternoon. Sometimes he sits in my chair, looking wise, and every inch a doctor, but latterly he has been given a chair of his own, spread with a luxurious rug, and there he lies hour after hour watching all that goes on from the corner of his eye. He visits all the patients with me, and when he and I get back into the carriage his first occupation generally consists in bolting up and trying to take my nose in his mouth. This, I fancy, is his way of asking, 'What kind of case is that which I have seen?' or of expressing his interest in the disease. When kept at home he howls most piteously, and is always behind the door barking vociferously when I return. Yesterday I went to see a sickly child, who screamed whenever I spoke to it. But I took Dr Puck up on my knee, and then he

and the child played together till I got its pulse and it let Puck see its tongue. That is one use of a dog assistant."

Puck's last duty at night, Sir James wrote, "consists in carrying up to bed some thin book for him and me to study. Upstairs he marches most proudly with it in his mouth, bending his back and wagging his tail at such a furious and frantic rate that I sometimes fear book and Puck will go rolling backwards." Puck sometimes tired of the afternoons absorbed in consultations at home, and would leave his seat, and gazing into his master's face, try and inveigle him to relax from work, but despite this distaste for over-long hours given to diagnosis and healing, the physician said his little comrade "deserves his diploma, and to strut about as Dr Puck." Puck's master did not heed the repeated, if dumb, advice of his dog assistant to take more intervals of relaxation, and the incessant work soon deprived the terrier of his teacher, the world of a benefactor. The once dapper Dr Puck when nearing the end of his long lease of life (for he had been granted more than the usual span of dog days), made the acquaintance of R. L. Stevenson, "the Benjamin of Edinburgh's gifted literary sons, the youngest not the least." The veteran black-and-tan terrier, dozing by the library fire, never disturbed himself when the future Tusitala sprang in nervous haste to his feet the better to expound some theory. The wily old dog learned that the slight-built youth, whose hands waved while his tongue wagged, despite the mercurial quickness of his actions, heedfully picked his steps among sleeping dogs, and let them lie.

In Stevenson's paternal home in Heriot Row there had grown up with him a terrier, for R. L. S.'s father had a tender appreciation for all dogdom from pet to pariah. Mr Thomas Stevenson was photographed with two of his family—Coolin, a ragged-faced terrier with "a wet bramble for a nose and two cairngorms for eyes," contentedly curled up at his feet, and his son, aged about fifteen, standing beside him, looking rather more serious than was his wont. R. L. Stevenson began in Bournemouth first to pay dog tax for a Skye, a gift from Puck's later-day master, which was christened after the donor, though its name changed from Wattie to Woggs. There is no doubt R. L. S. was too critical in his views of the character of dogs, and never fell under their sway. In his father's home he appreciated the merits of Coolin, but he held his friends' canine comrades were distracting company, breaking in with ruthless egotism on brilliant conversation or meditation. These dogs, however, regarded R. L. S. as a well-disposed person. He never sought to cultivate their acquaintance, but he flattered their vanity by never failing to acknowledge their friendly, speechless greetings with elaborate politeness.

EVE BLANTYRE SIMPSON.

## HELIODORA.

*Ἐντὺς ἐνῆς κρασίης τὴν εὐλαλον Ἥλιοδώραν  
ψυχὴν τῆς ψυχῆς αὐτὸς ἐπλάσσειν ἔρωσ.*

**Y**OU smiled beneath Athenian skies  
When Grecian lovers found you fair ;  
The joy of earth was in your eyes,  
The grace of Heaven was on your hair ;  
And all men marvelled as you trod  
Along the rose-strewn, smiling street,  
And said, “ The daughter of a God  
Goes in her sanctity to greet  
Our Lady of the many Loves  
Amongst her dedicated doves.”

I was a singer by the sea,  
Where white ships come and white ships go,  
And all the heart and soul in me  
Went seaward as the sea winds blow  
To lands unknown, to happy isles  
Of stronger sun and warmer wave,

Where some enchantress still beguiles  
With strange, sea-tinted eyes the slave,  
Whose vessel moulders in the bay  
While Circe smiles his soul away.

You came from Athens to the shore  
Upon our Lady's holiday,  
And from that moment nevermore  
My spirit sailed across the spray  
To wizard islands, for I knew  
The City of the Violet Crown  
Was rarer, fairer, holding you,  
Than any rose-red wonder-town  
In any rose-red wonder-land,  
Troy, Babylon or Samarcand.

I sang of you : my songs were sung  
In every wine-house on the hill ;  
And lovers when they kissed and clung  
Found that my words fanned fiercer still  
The flame of love that burned their lips.  
I sang of you : my songs pursued  
The swallow's path on painted ships,  
And bronzed and bearded throats renewed  
In red Egyptian afterglows  
The rhyme of the Athenian Rose.

The fishermen through times and tides  
Made of my songs a sailor's chime ;

The shepherds on the mountain sides,  
Crushing the sweetness of the thyme  
Into the flaming morning, stirred  
The woodland echoes with your name  
Till Pan awoke from sleep and heard,  
And all the nymphs and dryads came  
Tiptoe between the trees to know  
What Grecian girl was worshipped so.

And yet in those Athenian days  
I know you never knew my name ;  
If someone chose to sing your praise,  
And fill the love-winds with your fame,  
Why should you heed ? You went your way  
Unstirred by sigh, untouched by tear ;  
And I, the rhymers, said my say  
And slept, and woke to find you here  
With blue eyes, candid as of yore,  
That I adored, and still adore.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

*ssvi.vi.mcmv.*



## TIDE-MARKS OF BATTLE.

**T**HE hot Manchurian day had clouded and blackened. There was no rustle in the leaves of the elm tree. The ponies stood with drooped ears and huddled flanks over their kiao-lang. The dogs slunk away into shelter. The wounded gasped for air, flicked feebly at the flies clustered in knots about their bandages. The surgeon stood in the shady side of the operating marquee, and meditated. All was quiet save the rasping of a saw and the low murmur of Chinese coolies shaping some derelict boards into the rude semblance of a coffin.

Outside, the boy lay still and silent in the little canvas chapel by the entrance-gate to the fangza. Rest had come to him out of war, perfect peace after much fatigue. He had been a mere spectator, a lad of London town, called to scenes of carnage by the rapacity of home-keeping citizens for the safe sensation of recorded battle. Unused to the rigours of the open, unschooled in the precautions that save life in insanitary camps, he had succumbed to an incautious draught from a trickling stream one hot day when the bare hills around us pulsed in the glow of the July sun.



The nurses stepped very softly as they passed the make-shift oratory, and the heavy-booted soldiers crossed themselves in prayer for the soul of the departed. The long-haired priest moved tenderly as a woman about the bier, hung an ikon overhead, placed candles at the extremities of the silent thing extended there. The flies hummed a requiem.

Suddenly, a Cossack clattered up to the camp, swung wearily out of the saddle, clanked his way to the *chef d'étape* and presented a despatch. The hospital wakened into life. Orderlies emerged from the hidden shade-spots. Heavy-eyed coolies roused themselves from slumber. Wondering patients gazed in alarm at the movement. The surgeon came out from the shade of the tent and queried the cause of the disturbance.

There had been heavy fighting in the hills to the east. The Russians had suffered severely, and immediate accommodation was required for two hundred and fifty wounded. In a moment, the calm of the afternoon had given place to bustle. The intendant and his staff set about preparing quarters for the new comers. The doctors indicated cases sufficiently recovered to be moved from their places in the hospital pavilions. Nurses produced stores of bandages, and orderlies were made busy erecting additional beds. The boy, all deserted now, lay silent in the little chapel, the while flies covered his shroud with a moving pall.

Slowly, stumbingly, the train of wounded came up the valley. First were rough Siberian farm carts laden with men who groaned at each lurch of the vehicles.

After them came rude stretchers carried on the shoulders of battle-weary comrades. Behind these, and out to the blue distance, straggled a line of men who staggered drunkenly, unknowingly, onward in dull hope of relief. Occasionally one stumbled and lay where he fell. More frequently, a tattered soldier sank down on a boulder by the wayside, drowsily endeavouring with numbed fingers to readjust the bloody bandages upon his arm or round his foot. Seldom did one of the grey-faced train pay aught of attention to his neighbour. Men fell out and died, and their comrades lurched past them or over them without heed and without knowledge. In time, the grisly crew attained to the hospital, cast themselves upon the litter there, and dumbly waited attention. The flies forsook their other booty for the fresh blood of the wounded, sucked at it greedily, fought with each other for the more tempting feeding places.

The hospital was sadly understaffed, and the nurses moved from one to another of the newly-arrived, endeavouring to assuage their suffering. The senior officer was a colonel, sadly shattered with shrapnel. Over him hung a young Sister of Charity, clean-cut, blue-eyed, moistening his lips, fanning the flies from his face. The busy surgeon came round to the colonel and paused a moment, took the girl gently by the wrist and led her a few paces away. Her blue eyes were clouded with tears, and I heard the surgeon murmur gently,—“Sister, there is little can be done for the Polkovnek, and there are many wounded. You may leave him to the pope. I need your assistance.”

The nurse turned for a moment to the grey-faced sufferer, settled his head more comfortably on the truss of hay it lay upon, and turned silently to her duty.

The rain danced on the canvas roof of the operating marquee in fiendish fandangoes that drowned the sound of the work within. The lightning gleamed, the thunder flashed, and the stragglers by the roadside roused themselves to attempt the last short stretch to hospital. The blue-eyed Sister of Charity, cloaked in waterproof, awkward in soldier's knee-boots, scurried across the courtyard to the pavilion in which the colonel lay dying. I followed, and stood beside her watching. As the girl gently brushed the perspiration from his forehead, the officer slowly wakened to consciousness. Deepened almost to purple by the heavy rings around, his eyes shone with the same clear mountain-blue that already I had noticed in those of the Sister of Charity. His lips, deadened now and blackened, as though stained with the juice of berries, moved, but it was hard to speak. The nurse bent lower, and his voice came as the crunching of the kiao-lang stubble under heavy tread. I could not understand his dialect, but his words reached to the girl bending over him, and shook her with their meaning. She folded her hand over his and held it tight.

For a time the Polkovnek lay very still. The lines on his face grew deeper and straighter. The Sister moistened his lips with water. He sought to smile, but could not. At length he whispered, and his voice was as the rustling of dry leaves under foot. His jaw was very square now,

and the lines were gone from his forehead, leaving it white, and cold, and even.

"Koosmina!" The voice was as the ruffling of new-mown hay. "Koosmina!"

The light had died out of the violet eyes, and the teeth shone like rime on a sloe-thorn twig from between the purple lips.

The nurse bent and kissed them, gently laid a square of muslin over the dead man's face, and sank to her knees in prayer. The flies buzzed in discordant accompaniment.

The quick step of the surgeon sounded. She rose and met him, gazed back at the thing on the trestle and shuddered at the flies settling there, then quickly returned to her work in the operating theatre.

I asked the pope the meaning of it all. Who was the officer?

"Sister Koosmina's father!"

And he, too, turned away to officiate at the burial of the boy whose claims to attention had yielded place to the needs of the living wounded.

It was seven o'clock when we gathered about the door of the tent to attend the funeral service over my dead companion. The priest, in the full robes of the Greek church, embroidered with crosses of red upon a white ground, intoned the prayers and swung the incense from a silver censer. A little choir of nurses, led by a Cossack officer, and assisted by the surgeons of the hospital, sang the low, minor music for the dead. Muffled with sobs, yet commanding in its sincerity, the grief-laden voice of Sister

Koosmina reached to me and held me. Outside, the stragglers, smeared with the blood and sweat of battle, knelt in the mud and prayed. Beyond, in the roadway, every passing soldier uncovered and crossed himself. It was infinitely pathetic, wonderfully memorable.

Led by the choir of sisters and doctors, the acolyte with the cross, and the pope with the censer, we started on the way to the grave. We followed the coffin, borne on soldiers' shoulders, across the lush, green, kiao-lang fields, under a blinding rain, to the little hillock where already three soldier-dead lay buried. There the boy was reverently lowered into the trench, the last prayers were said, the last hymn sung, a few handfuls of earth thrown in, and the grave filled up.

It was Sister Koosmina who cut a long wisp of trailing wild clematis and draped it over the wooden cross that marked his resting-place. Silently, solemnly, we trudged back to hospital, to the gaunt room where her father lay dead, and the flies buzzed unceasingly.

Those who would learn the tragedy of the battlefield must seek it in such tide-marks. It is in the little things one feels the awfulness of war, the sacrilege of battle. These things are not told in the histories. They lie strewn along the course of armies.

DOUGLAS STORY

*(War Correspondent with the Russian Forces in Manchuria).*

## DAVID'S WISH.

(2 Sam. xxiii. 13).

**H**E grasped the helmet for a space,  
And leaned upon his blood-stained spear ;  
He saw the water sparkle clear,  
With weary anguish on his face.

He thought how oft, in boyish days,  
At break of day he wandered down  
Beside the silent, white-walled town,  
Treading the little stony ways ;

Then stood awhile beside the pool,  
And watched the fretted ripple break,  
And shadows of the palm trees shake  
Across the water crystal-cool ;

Ere yet his thought had wandered far  
Beyond the sheepfold and the sheep ;  
Or wakeful traced, above the steep,  
The rising of a silver star.

In dreams he heard the trumpet peal,  
On lonely hills the battle stirred ;  
Across the stony wastes he heard  
The thunder of the armed heel.

He stared around ; too true the dream !  
There stood the comrades whom he loved ;  
They wondered, but their heart approved,  
As tinkling fell the silver stream.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.



## TOBY M.P.'s PARLIAMENTARY GUIDE.

**T**HE world is not lacking in parliamentary guides. There is the time-honoured "Dod," the veracious "Vacher," and others. None, however valuable or estimable, attempt to fill a gap long neglected. The newspaper reader constantly comes across phrases in Parliamentary Reports glibly uttered in the House, with the assumption that everyone knows exactly what they mean. If they don't, they should; and so no matter. The simple design of this work, primarily conceived in the interests of new members of the House of Commons, will, it is humbly trusted, be not without interest and advantage to the public at large.

**"The New Member took the Oath and his Seat."**—In pursuance of a resolution dated February 23, 1688, new members returned after a General Election are "introduced to the Table between two members, making their obeisances as they go up, that they may be the better known to the House." So the ancient order runs, and new members will do well to observe its spirit as well as its letter. On being introduced to the Table, they should bear themselves with frank cordiality, shaking it warmly by the



FROM  
AN ETCHING



BY  
JAMES CADENHEAD, A.R.S.A.



leg, and inquiring after the health of the family. Much depends upon first impressions. The new member should make the most of this opportunity. If, walking up the floor escorted by the two members, he were to halt midway and execute a few steps of a dance, it would be pleasing, as testifying to a light heart, and a disposition to entertain.

**The Clerk at the Table.**—Having completed the ceremony of introduction to the Table, the new member will find awaiting him a gentleman in wig and gown. This is the clerk. Ordinarily, new members, observing his hand outstretched, place in it the certificate of the Clerk of the Crown that the return to the writ is duly made. That is a mistake, and though the clerk says nothing, being of a retiring disposition, long-suffering under this persistent error, he feels it none the less. The new member should seize the extended hand, heartily shake it, and in tones indicative of keen interest, ask, "How is Mrs Kruger?" or whatever the name of the clerk may be. This he will be careful to ascertain beforehand. No man likes to be asked after some other man's wife under the impression that she is his own.

**Black Rod.**—This is a high functionary of the other House. From time to time he visits the Commons, bearer of a message summoning the hon. House to hear the Royal Assent given to certain bills. Usage requires that Black Rod should walk slowly up to the Table, his eyes fixed on the speaker with cataleptic stare. Thrice he bows, and pulling short up at the Table, delivers his message—if he can remember it. This done, he retires backwards,

bowing as before. For a member of ready wit, here is an opening for sport. If he can quietly approach Black Rod whilst he stands at the Table, and furtively thrust a pin into his black silk-stockinged calf, Black Rod's consequent movements lead to some merriment.

This device, once popular, fell into disrepute in the case of a functionary now no more. He was noted for the shapeliness of his legs, the calves perhaps erring a little in the direction of fulness of curve. One day, a frolicsome member, getting into position, used a pin with skill and force. Black Rod took no notice, went on with his message as if nothing was the matter. Which seemed uncanny.

A more popular proceeding in later Parliaments has been for a member, timing the return journey (backwards as aforesaid) of Black Rod, to lie prone in his pathway. That never fails to bring down the House as well as Black Rod. The new member, anxious to make his mark, should take the earliest opportunity of achieving this feat.

**The Speaker takes the Chair.**—This phrase, familiar through the session, flashes an interesting light on ancient Parliamentary customs. In the childhood of the Mother of Parliaments, the chair was (so to speak) the speaker's perquisite. At the close of each session, the right hon. gentleman, lifting the chair on his head, walked out of the House, and so home, literally "taking the chair."

The difficulty about vested rights and all that is got over by a device of a counter proposition. When, before

the new custom was firmly established, disposition was shown by the speaker to hoist the chair and walk off with it, a resolution was promptly submitted that "the speaker do now leave the chair." The occasion of this formula does not now exist. The history of its inception is probably forgotten. But it is in use to this day.

H. W. Lucy.



## THE SONG OF THE SEA CAPTAIN.

[DIEGO D'ALBOQUERQUE, brother of the great Alfonso, a Knight of the Portuguese Order of Jesus Christ, having landed somewhere on the coast north of Zanzibar, wandered to the Abyssinian highlands, where he saw and loved Prester John's daughter, Melisinde, a cousin of the Lady of Tripoli (*la Princesse lointaine*). He was fated never to see her again, being slain off Goa in the great fight with the Sultan of Muscat.]

I SAIL a lone sea captain  
    Around the southern seas ;  
    Worn as my cheek, the flag of Christ  
    Floats o'er me on the breeze.  
By green isle and by desert,  
    By little white-walled town,  
To west wind and to east wind  
    I lead my galleons down.

I know the black south-easter,  
    I know the drowsy calms  
When the slow tide crawls shoreward  
    To lave the idle palms.  
Of many a stark sea battle  
    The Muslim foe can tell,  
When their dark dhows I sent to crabs  
    And their dark souls to hell.

Small reck have I of Muslim,  
Small reck of winds and seas,  
The waters are my pathway  
To bring me to my ease.  
The dawns that burn above me  
Are torches set to light  
My footsteps to a garden  
Of roses red and white.

. . . . .

Five months we stood from Lagos,  
While, scant of food and sleep,  
We tracked da Gama's highroad  
Across the Guinea deep.  
All spent we were with watching  
When, ghostly as a dream,  
The Bona Esperanza cape  
Rose dark upon the beam.

Then by the low green inlets  
We groped our passage forth,  
Outside the shallow surf-bars  
We headed for the north.  
Sofala gave us victual,  
Inyaka ease and rest,  
But of the wayside harbours  
I loved Melinda best.

## A BEGGAR'S WALLET.

'Twas on a day in April,  
The Feast of Rosaly,  
We beached our weary vessels,  
Cried farewell to the sea,  
And with ten stout companions  
And hearts with youth made bold  
We sought the inland mountains  
Of which our fathers told.

No chart had we or counsel  
To guide our weary feet,  
To north and west we wandered  
In drought and dust and heat,  
Till o'er the steaming tree-tops  
We saw the far-off dome  
Of mystic icy mountains  
And knew the Prester's home.

Nine days we clomb the foothills,  
Nine days the mountain wall,  
Sheer cliff and ancient forest  
And fretted waterfall ;  
And on the tenth we entered  
A meadow cool and deep,  
And in the Prester's garden  
We laid us down to sleep.



Long time we fared like princes  
In palaces of stone,  
For never guest goes cheerless  
Who meets with Prester John ;  
Where woodlands sink to gardens  
And gardens climb to snows,  
And wells of living water  
Sing rondels to the rose.

And there among the roses,  
More white and red than they,  
There walked the gleaming lady,  
The princess far away.  
Dearer her golden tresses  
Than the high pomp of wars,  
And deep and still her eyes as lakes  
That brood beneath the stars.

There walked we and there spoke we  
Of things that may not cease,  
Of life and death and God's dear love  
And the eternal peace.  
For in that shadowed garden  
The world had grown so small  
That one white girl in one white hand  
Could clasp and hold it all.

I craved the Prester's blessing,  
I kissed his kingly hand :  
" Too soon has come the parting  
" From this fair mountain land.  
" But shame it were for Christian knight  
" To take his leisure here  
" When o'er the broad and goodly earth  
" The Muslim sends his fear.

" I go to gird my sword on,  
" To drive my fleets afar,  
" To court the wrath of tempests,  
" The dusty toils of war.  
" But when my vows are ended,  
" Then, joyous from the fray,  
" I come to claim my lady,  
" The princess far away."

. . . . .

I sail a lone sea captain  
Across the southern seas ;  
Worn as my cheek, the flag of Christ  
Still flaunts upon the breeze.  
By green isle and by desert,  
By little white-walled town,  
To west wind and to east wind  
I lead my galleons down.

But in the starkest tempest,  
And in the drowsy heats,  
Where on the shattered coral  
The far-drawn breaker beats :  
In seas of dreaming water,  
And in the wind-swept spray,  
I see my snow-white lady,  
The princess far away.

Sometimes in inland places  
We march for weary days,  
Where thorns parch in the noontide  
Or fens are dark with haze ;—  
For me 'tis but a march of dreams,  
For ever, clear and low,  
I hear cool waters falling  
In the garden of the snow.

Small reck have I of Muslim,  
Small reck of sands or seas,  
The wide world is my pathway  
To lead me to my ease.  
The dawns that burn above me  
Are torches set to light  
My footsteps to a garden  
Of roses red and white.

JOHN BUCHAN.

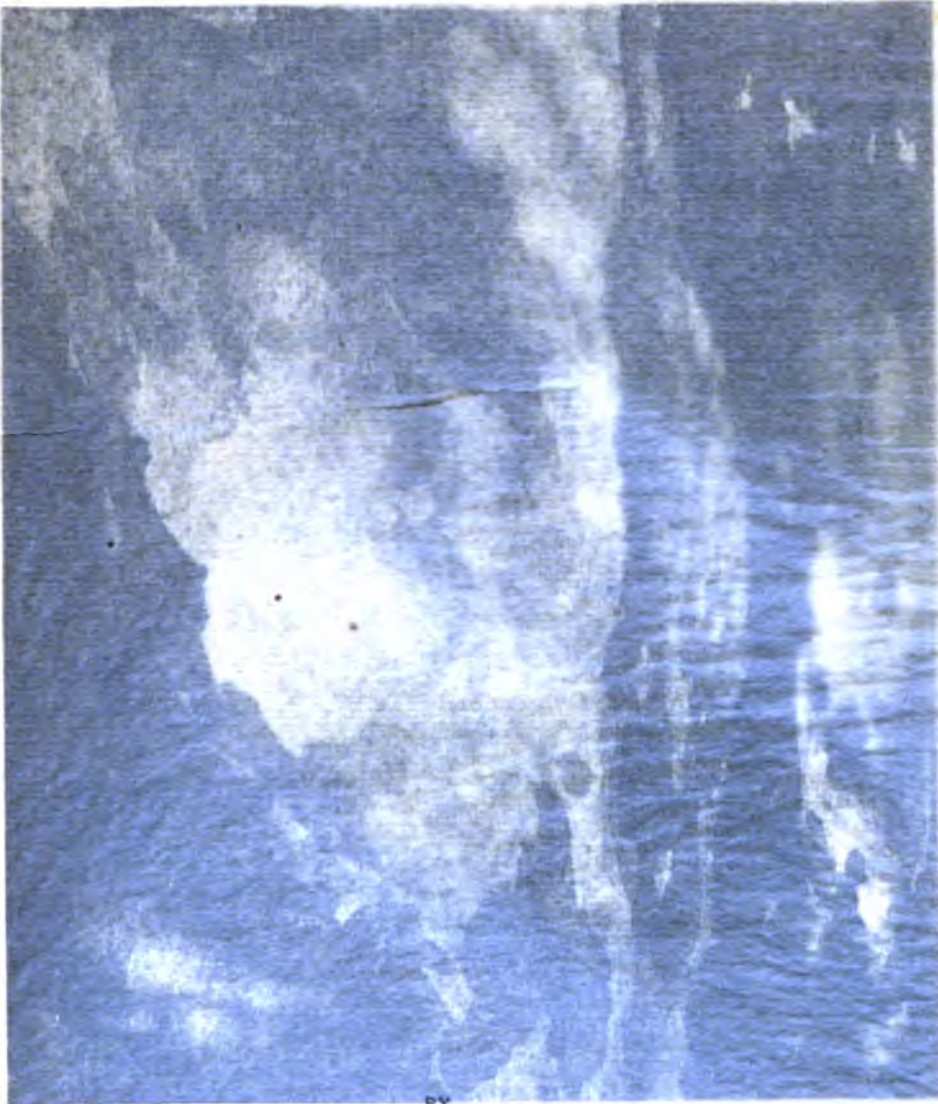
## A BATTLEFIELD.

**T**HE sun was setting in a sea of blood,  
Rippled with waves of horizontal light :  
Betwixt the spot of earth whereon I stood  
And the red west, there waged a fearful fight,  
As if some fiendish voice had from afar  
Cried, " Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war."

Anon the air was rent with battle-cries  
From those who thought they triumphed in the fray.  
I watched the combatants with awe-filled eyes,  
Nor knew which side at last would win the day.  
I saw them fall and rise and fall again,  
And wondered who were wounded, who were slain.

I mused how tender mother-hearts would bleed  
To see their cherished sons so hardly pressed :  
I asked my spirit wherefore was the need  
Of all this strife, and frenzy, and unrest ?  
I pondered why such dreadful things should be  
That froze with fear the stricken soul of me.

## STORM CLOUDS



BY  
A. G. SINCLAIR.

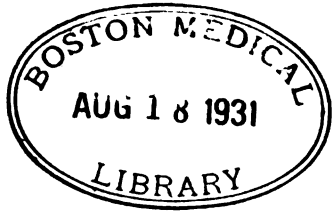


What was the sight that made my blood run cold?  
No dance of devils on the Brocken-height;  
No hosts of warriors, as in days of old,  
Arrayed to slay their fellow-men in fight;  
'Twas neither war nor tumult, but a batch  
Of schoolboys struggling in a football match.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER  
(*Mrs. A. L. Felkin*).

ELTHAM COLLEGE  
(The Royal Naval School).





## A VAGABOND DREAMER.

**A**T No. 7 Brooke Street, Holborn, on the 25th of August, 1770, there was done to death, by poison administered by his own hand, the most allusive figure in the whole romantic history of English Literature. In the short years of his *real* life—out of which stuff is carved the prose of conventional biography—presenting a tantalising picture of unreality as a precocious satirist and hodman journalist, he emerges from the vagabond shade of his *dream* life—supplying matter of too vague a character for the scientific encyclopædist—as one of those rare spirits that have swelled our common pride in the heritage of letters. Duality of experience is no rare thing in the life of man, but it receives its apotheosis in the tragic records of Thomas Chatterton. On the one hand we view him, struggling in vain to cut a presentable figure amongst the pewterers and potterers of Bristol, striving with admirable energy to keep in touch with the Philistine conventionalism of the provincial city, and on the other, we picture him as the vagabond dreamer, the friend of those innumerable knightly shades that rose in splendour from the cloud of his imaginative dreams: in one cup of his life's scale Burgum the pewterer, Catcott the illiterate collector of books, Barrett the inaccurate and pedantic antiquarian, and in



the other, the noble army of romance, heralded by the immortal, if fictitious, Thomas Rowley. The whole history of Chatterton's *real* life is almost tragic in the immenseness of its commonplaceness, and might even be termed, from one point of view, sublimely vulgar. Omitting the transient correspondence with Horace Walpole, not once during his career did he touch even the fringe of the regard of those whom he had the right to consider his intellectual peers. Other vagabond dreamers had rarer fortunes. David Gray had his Houghton, his Sydney Dobell, and his Fidus Achates to scatter roses for his descent to the grave, but Thomas Chatterton died not only "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung," but unknown, and as the imagination recalls the literary perspective of his age, it selects a certain incident at a dinner of the Royal Academy, with Sir Joshua Reynolds in the chair, when, *eighteen months after* Chatterton's death, Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith heard of his name and of his fate in the same breath. When, at a later date, Dr. Johnson had read the Rowley poems, he exclaimed: "This is the most extraordinary youth that has encountered my knowledge."

It is idle to enter upon the old worn-out speculation as to what "might have been." The game of Life is too full of anachronism, accident and inconsistency to be won merely by the skill of the individual player, but it may not be vain for us to believe, that left to realise his spiritual and mental possibilities in his own blissfully fantastic way, to work out in the silence of his own detached world the destinies of his heroic dreams, to leave the inexpressible

emotions and ambitions of his soul untranslated for the unsympathetic and phrase-limited ears of a schoolmastered and sergeant-majored world, Thomas Chatterton might have emerged a very hero of the spirit. But the world calls upon each man to prove himself in the conduct of a life formulated in a highly righteous but cramping creed ; to pass at least the little-go of respectability and hodman endeavour ; to face the turmoil and the vanities of human affairs, and to be classified in vulgar speech either as a failure or a success. And so, unhitching, for a time, his chariot from the stars, Chatterton was compelled to run the appointed race, and for such a man, born to speed to his goal on the bosom of clouds, there was no crown of wild olive to be gained in any contest on the cinder-path of life. An angel in a physicist's laboratory, a poet on the Stock Exchange, a Pegasus harnessed to a tinker's cart, were not so incongruous as Thomas Chatterton entering his name for the sprint of worldly success. And if the most adaptable of the earthy ones amongst us have not failed to appreciate the difficulties of realising our real selves under the limitations of the beaten track, what must it have been for him who, in reality, was "born in a dream, lived in a dream, and went in his dream to die." How true is the experience so succinctly expressed by Mr Arnold :—

"But hardly have we, for one little hour,  
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves ;  
Hardly had skill to utter one of all  
The nameless feelings that course through our breast,

But they course on for ever unexpressed.  
And long we try in vain to speak and act  
Our hidden self, and what we say and do  
Is eloquent, is well, but 'tis not true."

Compelled to take the road of life in the stern search for bread and butter, Chatterton, like many another, could only wonder and wander, not much more ; and so, battling for one long-drawn hour against the vicissitudes of fortune, he chose to be master of his own fate, and passed, in an hour of despair, from the waking rack of life to seek the mystery of the dream of death.

The descendant of a line of sextons, the inmate of a charity school, the apprentice of an ignorant and unsympathetic attorney,—that is the skeleton of Chatterton's Bristol career. A lodger in the home of a plasterer, a hanger-on at the offices of unscrupulous and bankrupt journalists ; with these facts as a foundation we construct the history of his four months in London, before the ghastly bankrupt garret in Brooke Street, Holborn, had become immortalised in the tragedy of letters. So frail are the legitimate records of Chatterton's career, that however closely we follow the story of his life, it never really becomes familiarised to us. It lacks the sense of conviction with which we recall, with painful yet tender interest, the stories of Heinrich Heine, of Robert Burns, of De Quincey, or of others of the vagabond men of letters. This fact springs, no doubt, from the circumstances in which the boy was placed. The Thomas Chatterton who "pulled the legs" of the pewterers and pompous anti-

quarians of Bristol, left no impression except that of a "clever, pert, and saucy youngster." The Bristol of his day was a mine of parochial Philistinism, proud in its smug provincialism, supremely self-reliant in the conviction of its civic and ecclesiastical excellence. Its superiority to even the common canons of taste and to the reverence for antiquity, may be gauged from a simple fact that stands out amidst a horde of other acts of sacrilege. We learn that a beautiful and ancient city cross was ordered to the process of demolition "because it intercepted ladies and gentlemen from walking eight or ten abreast." As in our own days, vandalism held high feast in municipal life, and was punctuated by a civic self-importance and pomposity that supplied the imagination of the young poet with the suggestion of an outlet for his gifts of satire. To the representatives of this spirit of æsthetic obtuseness, it was not likely that the young dreamer would reveal much of his real nature, with the result that any records that we possess of his Bristol career are unsympathetic and inadequate. True enough, when the time came for justice, which, though belated in its methods, never fails, to herald the name of Chatterton on the slopes of Parnassus, there were those who fed their self-importance by picturing themselves as the intimate friend of the boy poet, and who made drafts on their imagination for incidents in his career that might, while interesting the historian, minister to their own egotism. But the real touch of convincing fact is wanting, when we endeavour to search for a true picture of the boy in this unsympathetic atmosphere. Even the

family records are meagre and contradictory. So inadequate indeed are the authorised facts of his life, that having studied them with some care, we have absolutely failed, in endeavouring to play the part of devil's advocate, to find the charges proven that he was a "rogue, swindler, unprincipled impostor, liar, forger, a consummate villain (*vide* Horace Walpole); an unprincipled libertine, depraved in mind and profligate in morals—"one, in fact, whose death was of little consequence, since he could not long have escaped hanging"—nor even the later opinion of the more sympathetic Professor Masson that he was "dogged, sullen, and malicious." The majority of the earlier dicta were the ebullitions of men with the sympathy and the imagination of the parish pump. The tributes paid by these men were, in nearly every case, in direct ratio to the indignities that had been poured on their self-importance by the young satirist. The whole gamut of criticism is, in reality, reduced to a recognition of the ultimate failure of the first of all the virtues of criticism, the sense of humour. It is not difficult, indeed, to account for much of the obloquy that was cast upon Chatterton's name. He lived in an age when eclecticism in thought was, and not in provincial circles alone, considered concomitant with libertinage in morals. In the environment of Colson's Hospital one can imagine the effect of his early vagabondage from the conventions of religious thought. "Colson's directions for the government of his hospital further provides for the expulsion of any boy whose parents shall prevail on him to go to a dissenting meeting, and for appeal against the

trustees should they ever connive at dissenting teaching in matters of religion." Intellectual morality was not considered amongst the cardinal virtues, and it can be readily imagined how even Chatterton's mild revolt against the orthodox traditions brought upon him those pleasant names, which are in certain quarters still applied to spiritual and intellectual vagabonds. As a paraphrase of this consideration, it is interesting to learn, that the most sympathetic of Chatterton's biographers, Dr. Daniel Wilson, deplores the poet's honesty in the matter of belief as firmly as did the Bristol Bumbles. As we do not profess to be special pleaders, there is no need of our disguising the fact that there were elements in the poet's revolt that were not tinged with "becoming reverence" and "sweet reasonableness." But what youth of fifteen, fired by the spirit of protest and revolt, is scrupulously careful about reverence and that sugared form of reason we term reasonableness? We are not dealing with the carefully balanced sanity of a middle-aged philosopher, but with the sensitive, expanding, impulsive mind of a boy dreamer, indifferent to compromise, impatient of control, and more anxious to be a pioneer of revolt than an intellectual and moral justice of the peace.

His father was, at the time of Chatterton's birth, a master in the Pyle Street Free School, a structure standing in the inspiring shade of St. Mary Redcliffe, the stately edifice that served as the sire of the poet's imagination, and which roused him from the prosaic outlook of his provincial dullness, to those visions of antiquity and romance

whose poetic fruits were to become as *immortelles* for his memory. His father was a man with acquirements considerably above his station of life, gifted with the traditional artistic nature and inclined to follow many of the less pleasing tendencies of that frankly abused temperament; given to reading, poetry, music, antiquities, drink, debauchery and inconstancy; a man, indeed, in every way careless of the prose of domestic happiness. The mother of the poet was a meek, long-suffering woman, of no shining abilities, but tenderly attached to her children, "motherly, yet fretful and passionate,"—not a very unique specimen of a type easily pictured. Their son early evinced a wayward nature, and was so inclined to wander from the beaten paths, that discovering the inadequacy of the routine system of his teaching, he was labelled, with true consistency to the conventions in such cases, as "an incorrigible dunce." His habit of seeking consolation in dreamland led him to be regarded as one deficient in intellect, his mother even, with curious want of maternal insight into his strange moods and tastes, voting him as stupid. Once, when he was in one of his silent moods, she said, "When will this stupidity cease? I wish your father was alive. He would manage you." At which, starting from his reverie, the boy said, "I wish he were," uttering a deep sigh and speaking no more for a long time. These fits of abstraction characterised him to the last. "At seven years old he was tenderly sensitive of every one's distresses, and would frequently sit musing in a seeming stupor; at length the

tears would steal, one by one, down his cheeks, for which his mother, thinking to rouse him, sometimes gave him a gentle slap, and told him he was foolish ; and when asked what he cried for, he would say, "Sister beat me, that's all," evading an explanation of the reveries which already occupied his mind.

The misapprehension as to his character, indeed as to his sanity, had an early effect on the boy. His reticence and reserve grew into secretiveness, the more so as he constructed for himself that dream-life which meant the real life for him, and in which were evolved the poems that eventually made him the Chatterton of literature. At the same time, from all that we can gather, despite his traducers, he was a frank, companionable, domestic little chap, with a keen satirical sense of humour, ingenious, eager for books (he made a list of seventy volumes he had read in his tenth year), and altogether possessing social qualities which were remarkable in a dreamer. Characteristically enough, for a boy so constructed, he was independent and proud—"it is my *pride*, my damned, native, unconquerable pride, that plunges me into distraction")—but allowing neither qualities to interfere with a sense of duty that, despite his evident disdain of the authorities, was to all appearances a fine one.

The proud boy, free from any tinge of an artificial humility, had, at the age of ten, taken to poetry, and had announced to the world the ambition within him. He craved not merely notoriety but fame. "Paint me (as a crest)," he said, "an angel with wings and a trumpet, to



trumpet my name over the world ;" for a parallel to which we recall the "Westminster Abbey, if I live," of another young dreamer, David Gray. This idea of fame reaching far into the coming time was strong within him even as a child ; it grew and took its strange shape as he made himself familiar with the ancient dwellers in Redcliffe Church, or in studying the quaint sculpture of the tombs. On every hand the boy found that old generation reposing there in dignified contrast to the men of his own day. As Chatterton's imagination blossomed under the influence of this imposing environment, there came to him the revelation of a series of manuscripts and documents, that had lain for ages in a chest that rested in a chamber over the North Porch of St. Mary Redcliffe. From all trustworthy evidence, it can be gathered that these documents were merely old deeds or papers of law, but from the first, the parchments, with their antique orthography and their curious designs in lettering, added fuel to the fire of the boy's imagination. Safely closeted in his attic, away from the irritating circumstances of his "real" life, he gloated over these remnants of an early age, until again the antique world which they represented, gradually evolved before the sympathetic vision of the young dreamer, and the mouldy attic, thick with dust, became to him a new world, in which, on the closing of the door that shut him out from the poor realities below, there stalked "knight and page and household squire," and in which were done again those deeds which have given a glamour to the records of chivalry. It is not difficult to get some insight into the brain of the boy

at this time, to conceive how the mere discovery, in an old deed, of some name suggestive of high courage and chivalry, would lead to the renaissance of the real person in the new world of the dreamer and become to him more living and relevant than all the Catcotts, the Barretts, and the Burgums put together. As a Baldwyne, a Cannyge, an Alfwonde stalked across the boards of his dream stage, the petals of the rose of his imagination opened, the curtain of his senses fell on the monotone of Bristol parochialism, the romance of life gave birth to new realities, and the world blossomed again as in a Golden Age. Once more the heralds, dispenser of honour's joys, proclaim the joust; once more the spears glitter in the sunshine; once again the slughorn of war call for valour and deeds of chivalry; kings and knights, minstrels and servitors crowd the stage of the dreamer, who awakens at times, with almost ecstatic joy, to the reality of the many-coloured dome which illumined the sensitive plate of his fancy. How familiar these stately figures grew; how he caressed their names in his mind; how real were these combats of love and honour; how convincingly a fact that struggle for supremacy amongst the great knights of old, attaining to a new immortality in that musty Bristol attic. Then from out of the imaginative dream-world of Thomas Chatterton, "incorrigible dunce," charity boy, and attorney's apprentice, there sprang the figure of Thomas Rowley, the fabled parent who was to accept the proud authorship of Chatterton's poetry, and to supply many an aching hour for future critics and antiquarians.

In this lumber-room he would remain without food for a whole day at a time, unconscious of any needs but the physical and spiritual prowess of his dream figures, and the urgent necessities of his skilful art of manufacturing old manuscripts, no doubt to supply the needs of the world he had constructed for himself. But the boy had, of necessity, to come back to Bristol "unrealities," and in doing so was tempted by the mildly cynical and satirical trend of his nature to get one better of the Philistines who patronised and pitied him. There can be no doubt that he had early become oppressed by the hollowness of the social life around him, and had voted most of its evidences as the merest dead sea fruit. In comparison with the world of his dreams, it was glaringly sordid and stupid, and only worthy of satire or silent scorn. The story of the De Bergham pedigree is the first apparent outcome of this point of view, and the incident is familiar. The target was a Mr. Henry Burgum, a Bristol pewterer, "a presumptuous, vulgar fellow, who boasted of his ancestry," and who, in the conventional manner of a parvenu who desires to pose as a patron of letters, had assured his name being printed as a subscriber to literary publications. Chatterton, from out of the stores of his imagination, supplied the pewterer with an apocryphal and pretentious pedigree, in which it appears that Mr. Burgum's ancestor, Simon de Seyncte Lyze (is there not an excellent pun here?) *alias* Senliz, came into England with the Conqueror, married Matilda, daughter of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, and in 1075, after the execution of the Earl for high treason, obtained a gift of

Bergham Castle, &c., &c. The shot was eminently successful, and Chatterton was gifted with five shillings for the pains of his imagination.

“ Gods ! what would Burgum give to get a name  
And snatch his blundering dialect from shame ;  
What would he give to hand his memory down  
To time's remotest boundary ? A crown ! ”

Thus he wrote later in one of his satires, and bequeathed in his will “to Mr. Burgum all my prosody and grammar, likewise one moiety of my modesty.” Over the pedigree indicated, Dr. Maitland grows indignant, and flinging aside all the suggestion of the humour sense, labels Chatterton “a swindler and a fraud.”

From this date Chatterton proceeds gravely in the processes of his dual existence, bringing from time to time to Mr. Barrett, a pretentious, arrogant, commercial-spirited antiquarian who was writing the History of Bristol, many dainty pieces of fictitious yet tempting history, which the said Barrett accepted with such a condescension and spirit of patronage as to make himself entitled to the pleasantries of the young man's antiquarian frauds. There are clear evidences that occasionally, on the betrayal on Barrett's part of a little human sympathy, the young dreamer would confess to certain poems being the work of his own imagination, but finding that his confidences were turned to ridicule, he fell back upon the dreamer's subterfuge of assigning his poems to the authorship of the fabled Thomas Rowley.

He continued his poetical and antiquarian pursuits while apprenticed to Lambert, the attorney, despite the tyranny and pot-headed stupidity of his chief, who, if by chance any verses were found on his desk, would instantly tear them in pieces, exclaiming as he scattered the fragments abroad, "There is your stuff." In fact, on a careful retrospect of the faint records of the boy's life throughout the whole of the Bristol period, one recalls nothing but stupidity and want of sympathy. Seldom is the picture relieved by one touch of real human interest, though the associations with his tutor Phillips and with Clayfield suggest an occasional touch of insight, on the part of outsiders, into the character of the boy.

The pity of it is, that the poet never seemed, in that fretted pulse of time we call his career, to have come in contact with one virile refining force. There were none of the subtle persuasions of a feminine nobleness, no regard, interested or disinterested, of a pure and refined woman's influence. There was no Clarinda, no Cocotte even, in the case of Chatterton. The history of example by character or by tender suggestion is an absolute blank. Apart from the vague influences of Phillips and Clayfield, he was architect of his own moralities, and if these are carefully examined they are not found to be wanting in the primary virtues of direction and control. Vagabond he certainly was from the stereotyped vulgarities of his fated life in Bristol, nomad from the traditional creeds, wanderer from most of the tents of custom. But in many ways he was an ascetic, disdaining the fleshpots and even flinging

aside the necessary pause of sleep so as to give himself more assiduously to the duties of his dream-life and its rich fruits. He was only at one with the world when "from the songs of modern speech men turn and see the stars." When he did descend to take his bearings with the men who duped, despised or neglected him, it was to flay them with his cutting satire. When we realise with what grace he rose superior to the potboys and kitchenmaids amongst whom he was compelled to dwell as an attorney's apprentice, to the squalor of his own home, and to the unprincipled stupidity of his patrons, we must own to a capacity for keeping "the heights which the soul is competent to win" that demands the highest respect, remembering all the time that this evidence of wisdom is reported of a self-educated lad of some fifteen or sixteen years.

Circumstance and desire combined at last to draw him from the environment of trading antiquarians, duping pewterers and Philistine attornies, and to add variety to his career by bringing him to London. He had, a few months before, put himself in correspondence with that cynical *flaneur*, Horace Walpole, in an attempt to foist upon him some of his "forged" manuscripts. The attempt had come to nothing, partly through the scepticism, and partly through the forgetful indifference of this refined patron of letters. Chatterton was already famed enough, under a pseudonym, as a contributor to many of the leading journals, and on his arrival in London, "the boy, whose natural tastes had made of him the old-world poet-recluse,

and who had never before stepped outside the bounds of Bristol, steps at once into the front rank of partisan combatants, with all the ease of a veteran politician ; catching the satiric vein of Churchill, the envenomed prejudice of Wilkes, and the lofty-toned but narrow bitterness of Junius." In the Metropolis his mode of living was a fit analogy to his Bristol life. There was freer scope and more untrammelled liberty to pursue his vagabond instincts, but his life was none the less squalid. He lived in Shore-ditch with a plasterer, and, in the pursuit of his journalistic life, frequented the dens of publishers and editors, and the taverns and clubs of the denizens of Grub Street. There is no evidence of his coming into touch with any of the greater personalities that have given a distinctive note to the age in which he lived. His acquaintances were, in the majority of cases, unscrupulous and needy publishers of political and other cheap wares, for whom Chatterton worked assiduously, till such a time as he began to expect some monetary return. It is pathetic to read of the perfervid optimism that kept alight the fire of his hope during this hard struggle of four months ; of how, in the usual way of the dreamer, he pictures the time when fortune would wait upon him, and when he could dispose of £5,000 in as easy a manner as he makes a gift to his mother and sister of the proceeds of the few pounds that ever passed into his hands. But, day by day, he becomes more and more impressed by the cynical indifference, to sincerity and gratitude and to the nicer points of honour, of the life around him. "He is a poor author who cannot write on both

sides," is a characteristic reflection on the moral aspect of the literary world he frequented. On the back of a letter to the Lord Mayor Beckford, intended for the press, but unpublished owing to the unexpected death of that bold asserter before kings of the rights of man, Chatterton wrote :—

" Lost, by his death, on this Essay	-	£1	11	6
Gained in Elegies	- -	£2	2	0
„ „ Essays	- -	3	3	0
<hr/>				
Am glad he is dead by	- -	5	5	0
		3	13	6"

This, no doubt, was written half in irony, half in a spirit of frank bitterness at the monotonous cruelty of his fate. That £3, 13s. 6d. was about one half of the money he made in London during a strenuous and busy journalistic life, carried on by night and day, and never ceasing until death has closed the record.

"How he struggled against fate, or what wrongs he endured, can now only be surmised. He was resolute, courageous, and not easily daunted. At Mr. Walmsley's, where he lived in Shoreditch, he used frequently to say that he had many writings by him which would produce a great deal of money if they were printed; but he had other purposes for these than to use them for the mere necessities of the moment. The return expected from them was of a different kind. When he talked of writing something which should procure him money to get some clothes, to paper the room in which he lodged, and to send some new things to his sister, mother, and grandmother, he was



asked why he did not enable himself to do all this, by means of these writings (the Rowley manuscripts), which were worth their weight in gold. His answer was, that they were not written with a design to buy old clothes or to paper rooms, and that, if the world did not behave well, it should never see a line of them." He maintained this proud resolution to the last, and the last had now come.

For days he had not tasted food ; the tyranny of his pride even compelling him to refuse it from a charitable neighbour, for fear she might think that he was in need of it. The doors of editors and publishers no longer swung to the push of his impulsive hand. "I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution," he wrote ; "I have been at war with the grave for some time, and I find it not so easy to vanquish as I imagined. We can find an asylum from every creditor but that." Everything was against him. His body was strung to the fever of emaciation, his mind was unhinged by want of sleep, and by the despair which is the vigorous child of failure, and by the bitter reflections of a deepening cynicism, his brain was unfed by health either of blood or of ideals. He became morbid, moody and inclined to stupor. His insurmountable pride accentuated the tragedy of his circumstances, and a recollection of all his extravagant and unrealised dreams gave him an outlook on nothing but a blank deadness or a satirical tyranny of destiny. He had often before meditated on suicide as the probable end of his life, and had some months before written his will—one of the most remarkable human documents in the possession of Letters—as a preliminary to this

step. On a stray sheet found amongst his papers after his death, was found written :—

“ Since we can die but once, what matters it  
If rope, or garter, poison, pistol, sword,  
Slow-waking sickness, or the sudden burst  
Of valve-arterial in the noble parts,  
Curtail the miseries of human life ?  
Tho' varied is the cause, the effect's the same,  
All to one common dissolution tends.”

For a few months the young poet had lived in Brooke Street, the squalid environment of which has been drawn with the pen of the true artist in letters by Professor Masson, in his admirable study of the poet. Here, night after night, a passer by, if his glance had carried his vision upwards to the top story where Chatterton dragged out his wretched existence, might have caught sight of a pale face under dark clustering hair, with eyes of a bold and burning grey, looking out, not upon the squalid scenes in the streets below him, but on the summer stars. On one such evening in late August, the poet, after gazing long out on to the sleeping city, shuts the window and turns to face the last hopes of life and the first fears of death. He has already by his side the messenger to point the road beyond the stars. A small and insignificant enough thing, this chemist's bottle ! but at least a solver of the greatest of all mysteries, and certainly a strong enough hand for the ringing down of the curtain on this poor drama of a poet's life ! He thinks of Bristol ; there are tears for his mother and his sister, there are thoughts

for his friends, benedictions for his enemies, visions for St. Mary Redcliffe. He has in his hand the sacred manuscripts—the Rowley poems. There are moments of ecstatic revelation, and then they are torn up and scattered in a thousand scraps like chaff about the room. Memories, hopes, visions, fade, the black shadow passes, and in a few hours there is nothing for the law and the curious but the body of an unknown youth, ready for a suicide's grave. And the alienist will write of the appropriate end of a man of insane tendency; the prophet of degeneration will add one more to his long roll; there will be plenty of unction flowing in Bristol until such a time as fame corrects the impression; but for us there is only the pathetic picture of a young dreamer, distracted by the prosody and the cynical indifference of life, flying from a world that has no place for dreams.

Mrs. Walmsley, the plasterer's wife at Shoreditch, had once told Chatterton that she did not know anything poet-folks were good for, but to sit in dirty caps and gowns in a garret, and at last be starved. The traditions of the Grub Street of that day had penetrated eastward to Shoreditch, and there was no doubt much of truth in the observation from her point of view. Few of the tragedies of letters come to light. Many an unknown dreamer of dreams and singer of songs has fallen at the foot of the fabled mount, without leaving more than the mere entry in a parish register of a pauper's grave. If it had not been for the fact that copies were forthcoming of the Rowley poems, the name of Thomas Chatterton might have conveyed as little

to us to-day as it did to Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith in 1772, eighteen months after the little affair of No. 7 Brooke Street, Holborn. And even to-day, outside the narrow circles where literature means more than an idle interchange of names and literary tittle-tattle, the work of the young poet may be said to be practically unknown. To the "rough reader" there is a memory of a rather gilded youth dressed in velvets and silks, poisoning himself in an attic, and, what more? Perhaps in the better-furnished minds, some memory of events which have the word "forgery" attached to them! That is about the extent of Chatterton's reputation among "the tit-bitters" of the literary world.

But if not by natural means, by the artificial processes of the trade, Chatterton may come to popularity. Book-sellers and critics have methods on a par with picture-dealers. A craze is started, and, for the time, one single name dominates the vogue. Chatterton, no doubt, will one day have his boom, and amongst the many who will profess to admire because it is "the thing" to do so, will be found a few who will bless the singer for the sake of the song.

A. STODART WALKER.





Bellevue  
1874

AT SCHEVENINGEN

A SONG FOR ASLAUGA'S KNIGHT.

(In Fouqué's Romance).

I.

**B**ESIDE a forest pool,  
On errant journey bound,  
When shades crept on, when the sun was cool,  
Sweet was the rest I found.

II.

There, as an air-borne cloud  
Suffused by sunset's beam,  
She came, whom golden tresses crown'd,  
The mistress of my dream!

III.

Whilst idly o'er fresh grass  
My cropping palfrey stray'd,  
She came . . . I saw her glance and pass,  
I saw her pause and fade:

IV.

Fade as the dreams of morn—  
As notes of flute or lyre,  
On still nights o'er far waters borne,  
Melodiously expire!

## V.

In trances of lone thought,  
Thus words have reach'd mine ear,  
With mystic inspiration fraught,  
To bless, console and cheer.

## VI.

Thus, too, in holier hours,  
Her presence I divine—  
Feeling, thro' more than earthly powers,  
Her spirit turn to mine.

## VII.

And thus on world-worn eyes,  
When darkness melts in day,  
I trust to see my lady rise,  
No more to pass away !

## VIII.

Till then that image fair,  
Within my mail-clad breast,  
Thro' battle strife content I bear,  
Aslauga ! golden-tress'd.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.



## THE SPIRIT OF A PLACE.

“Dark house, by which once more I stand  
Here in the long unlovely street,  
Doors, where my heart was used to beat  
So quickly, waiting for a hand,”

. . . . .

**A** HOUSE in a London street! How many of those pretty early Victorian ladies in bonnets and shawls, as they drove down Wimpole Street, leaning back under fringed parasols by the side of the early Victorian gentlemen with the mutton-chop whiskers, looked up at all at the windows of No. 67, or, looking up, knew or cared at all that Mr Hallam, the historian, lived there; that big histories were written there, and pleasant company met there; that a brilliant and delightful family rejoiced and loved and suffered in this house?

To the Londoners of seventy years—sixty years—half-a-century ago, as to the Londoners of to-day, this was merely one of the houses in Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square. But to the young Alfred Tennyson, in those years when he mourned his friend, the young Arthur Hallam, this house in the “long unlovely street” was the dark casket that had held the radiant life. The friend

was dead ; the hand could be no more clasped ; the house remained, shrine of a sorrowful, precious memory. For Tennyson, the Soul of an immortal Friendship dwelt in this house, and would always dwell there. No mention of this Soul will be found in such books as Cunningham's "London" or Hare's "Walks," and only the vague, incomparably tender allusion in "In Memoriam" itself,—published long after the friend was dead. To-day the whole story is almost forgotten. London is living in another century. Londoners are thinking about other things. The men and women of to-day, as they pass and repass Wimpole Street—fashionable and shabby, light or heavy-hearted—on their perpetual hurried way through "poor, dear, dull, real life," do not think of looking up at the windows of the house where Arthur Hallam lived, or at the door where Tennyson stood, with a beating heart, "waiting for a hand." Why should they? Those pretty ladies in bonnets and shawls, those gentlemen with mutton-chop whiskers—are gone. The lamplighter and the muffin man are no more seen. Hearts are still : friendship itself is a changed thing. Only sometimes, in the dusk of a winter afternoon ; sometimes, when the London parks are a glad light green, and London air is sweet with the scent of the pink May trees,—a Spirit, the Spirit of a Place, still haunts the "long unlovely street."

. . . . .  
A different kind of Spirit, though no less the Spirit of a Place, confronted us one autumn long ago in a deserted cottage on the edge of a purple moor. One of our party

had discovered a few large wild raspberries, of a mellow yellow-white, hanging on a ragged bush in what seemed to be a piece of the wild moor itself. "A garden escape!" But could that be? Where was the garden? And then, a few steps further along the half-obliterated upward track, all among the heather and the juniper and the lichen-crusted stones, we came upon the saddest sight a Highland landscape can afford: — the roofless, grey, deserted homes upon a Highland hillside. Here, indeed, were the

"Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,  
And winds, austere and pure."

The sheep nibbled, and the winds sobbed among the fallen stones. White fleecy clouds moved behind the open window spaces; the broken doorways were clogged with nettles. Here were homes, indeed, deserted, empty, silent; the tangled bramble, the bronzed bracken, grew high about them; no sound was to be heard except the little burn, trickling among stones. One rowan tree, a mass of scarlet berries, stood erect against the blue sky-line, a single bright thing among ruins. And yet, as we peered sadly within those broken walls, there, on the ruined hearth, under the broken chimney-gable, not so long ago, a fire—a wood fire—had surely been lighted! The stones were blackened; the dry burnt sticks, and the soft wood ash lay there still. And that big flat stone!—Yes, assuredly it had been placed as a hob or trivet for a kettle. Who had been making a tea pic-nic in this melancholy spot?

Local report supplied the rest of the story. Quite recently, a lady—"a lady from America"—had descended from the coach where it drew up outside the post-office (locally known as the Pustāphus) in the village on the road below. She was followed by her two children, "a young lady" and "a young gentleman"; and they had all walked into the post-office, which was also the "General Merchant's"—the one real shop in the village. The lady had inquired for the old hill-road up to the ruined cottages; and she had looked round, and praised the fine appearance of the shop, and had bought—a kettle! For, she had told them, smiling, she was herself born "up yonder," and she had come all the way from America, and had brought her children with her, "to boil a kettle on the old hearth once more." And then—she was just going back again by the very next steamer—to America!

These, then, were the "hills of home" to the lady from America! Here she had sat down among the stones, feeding with bits of stick—with a small ringed hand, perhaps—the fire smouldering on the ruined hearth; watching the wood-smoke curl upwards; breathing in its bitter-sweet; listening to the kettle sing, and the sudden cry of the birds on the purple moor beyond; thinking—what thoughts? And that nice American girl and boy, with the guide-book and the field-glasses, had strolled away together among the ancestral lichen-crusts on the stones, to pick half-a-dozen wild white raspberries off one ragged bush! What had brought this woman here? She could remember nothing; she was the sleeping baby in the mother's arms

on that day, so long ago, when they all went away—a pathetic little procession, with set faces, turned towards the West. The roof was taken off, the walls fell in, long ago. The little procession, all except herself, had long ago lain down to sleep—in another continent. She alone remained, “The lady from America.” She was prosperous and happy; she had left a lonely husband in New York, contentedly occupied in adding to his pile. Why did she come to sit here, among the stones, to poke at the hot wood ashes with a faultless American shoe-tip? Why? Was it not because she had worshipped, all her life, a Spirit—the Spirit of a Place?

The exile Louis Stevenson, dreaming in distant lands of the “hills of home,” worshipped such a Spirit too—nobody more.

“The Tropics vanish; and meseems that I  
From Halkerside, from topmost Allermuir  
Or steep Caerketton, dreaming gaze again.”

And again, in this passionate, recurrent mood, comes the cry—the prayer:

“Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,  
Hills of home! . . .”

Yet it is not the green slopes of the Pentlands, but one particular noisy little bit of an Edinburgh street, that holds our most vivid memory of Louis Stevenson. It was in Princes Street, somewhere between Castle Street and

Charlotte Street ; more exactly I would not undertake to fix the spot. We were walking along Princes Street, eastward, when an open cab, piled high with luggage, came towards us westward, carrying travellers to the railway station. As it passed, out on the broad roadway of Princes Street, a slender, loose-garbed figure stood up in the cab, and waved a big white hat. "Good-bye !" he called to us, airily, "good-bye !" It was Louis Stevenson, who had been in Edinburgh—at home again—and was going away once more.

This was not the Stevenson that Edinburgh best knew. This was not "the queer lad in a velvet coat," whose pathetic little "Ordered South" in *Macmillan's Magazine* had been the first thing to ring a note that was missing in his talk, so clever, so wayward, so exotic. This figure, standing up in the cab, waving the wide-brimmed hat, was an older man, an invalid, a wanderer, but a distinguished novelist, a brilliant and successful writer, whose books were known wherever the English tongue was spoken. Edinburgh was proud of him now, though of late Edinburgh had seen very little of her distinguished citizen. Her winds, "austere and pure," had driven Louis Stevenson away. He might rail at them, and forgive them, and yearn for them, and immortalise them ; but he could not breathe in them.

The cab passed. The gay vista of northern capital—the street that is long and lovely too—was looking its very best as he looked back at it over the open cab, waving his big white hat, "Good-bye !" That little bit of west-endy,

east-windy Edinburgh, with the grey and green of the Castle rock and the Gardens on one side, and Princes Street itself, glittering in the sunshine, on the other! It was, I think, Edinburgh's last sight of Louis Stevenson, and his last sight of the city that was his birthplace, that he had been happy and miserable in, had chafed against, and laughed at—and so immeasurably loved. Sometimes, when we walk eastwards along Princes Street, dutifully keeping to the outer edge of the pavement, as it behoves all Edinburgh eastward-walking citizens to do, there comes the memory of that luggage-laden open cab, carrying travellers to the railway station; of a slender, loose-garbed figure standing up in it, waving a tropical hat, and calling airily, "Good-bye!"

And then, too, out on the broad roadway of Princes Street, all among the motors and the cable-cars of to-day, there flits a Spirit—the Spirit of a Place.

FLORA MASSON.



## **LITTLE BO-PEEP.**

### **A SMALL BOY'S LOVE SONG.**

**O** H, the girls that I meet in the lanes or at tea  
They are all very well, but they're nothing to me ;  
For there's only one girl that, awake or asleep,  
I can think of or dream of—my little Bo-Peep.

We've her picture upstairs, where she's coloured in green ;  
It's the prettiest picture that ever was seen.  
With a hand to her eyes she is looking for sheep  
Very sadly and quietly is little Bo-Peep.

With a hand to her eyes and a hand on her crook,  
Which is ribboned all round to the tail of its hook :  
Oh, I'd give all my treasures piled up in a heap  
Just to go out and comfort my pretty Bo-Peep.

There's a place that I've heard of ; I think I shall dare  
To dress up to-morrow and call for her there.  
If she comes I shall know her directly and creep  
On my tiptoes and hug her, my lovely Bo-Peep.



If she kisses me back without making a fuss  
I shall ask her to come and have dinner with us.  
She shall have all the tit-bits to eat or to keep,  
Or to do what she likes with, my sweetest Bo-Peep.

If I ask her to play and she thinks me too small,  
I shall sit there and love her, and love her, that's all.  
Oh, I'd climb up a mountain, no matter how steep,  
Or dive down a river for darling Bo-Peep !

R. C. LEHMANN.

*June 30th, 1905.*



## GARDEN VERSES.

### FOR THE GATE.

**W**ELCOME, friend ; for though our gate  
Is not high enough for pride,  
Is not broad enough for hate,  
We would have you turn aside,  
In our garden to abide,  
While it pleases you to share  
Mirth, with innocence allied,  
And to keep a truce with care.

### FOR A LAWN.

To this green turf, when we are gone  
To rest, majestic Oberon  
Invites Titania, Queen of Fays,  
And here, in link'd and moving maze,  
The Fairies foot it, till the dawn,  
Appearing, bids them leave the lawn.

## FOR A RAISED FLOWER-BED.

HERE have we rear'd, of soil and sod,  
An altar to our Garden God,  
Who claims, to crown this work of ours,  
Not dying beasts, but living flowers.

## FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE.

BE this rude cot, of wood and thatch,  
The home of innocence,  
While pomp, ambition, care, despatch  
And rumour, banish'd hence,  
Leave room for harmless mirth to hatch  
Her brood without offence.

## FOR A FOUNTAIN.

BORNE hither from the hill hard by,  
The soaring water seeks the sky,  
Forever powerless to refrain  
From effort, powerless to attain :

Yet often will the leaping spray  
Untwist the sunbeams, ray from ray,  
And deck itself, as revellers use,  
In robes of all resplendent hues.

## A BEGGAR'S WALLET.

## FOR A ROSE-BED.

THE Queen of Flowers, here keeping state,  
Bestows her boons on small and great,  
While swallows dart in giddy maze  
About her courts and hymn her praise.

## FOR A WILDERNESS.

Not over wild nor over trim,  
These trees and bushes yield  
Fair choice of trunk or fork or limb,  
Where nests may be conceal'd :

And many a bird from many a bough  
Pours forth a shower of song,  
Against whose peace our laws allow  
No violence nor wrong.

HENRY JOHNSTONE.

## YOUNG ENGLAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. D'HARICOT  
By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

### PREFATORY REMARK BY THE TRANSLATOR.

OUT of a number of sketches contributed by M. D'Haricot to *Le Bonbon* (Journal Parisien) the following has been selected with a special object. This is that the reader may learn, while it is not too late, to shun the indiscretions of their volatile author, and particularly the habit of ridicule. To be convicted of that error is to bid farewell to credit, and in view of this calamitous possibility it is sincerely trusted that the excellence of the translator's purpose may be held to atone for any appearance of frivolity in the exemplifying narrative.

**T**O be witty and also to be wise :—once upon a time that was my ambition. Now it is confined to the modest desire some day to vindicate my sanity. What has caused this change of attitude, do you ask? My friends, I answer you—England! This respectable land, mistress of the ocean, expositor of the cardinal virtues, has conquered me. Ah, John Bull, I thought I knew you; I thought you knew me! In reality we were as complete strangers as John and his good dog Tray. There seems to be between them the most harmonious understanding; but watch Tray suddenly prick up his ears and bark as he

sniffs a prowling cat ! John can hear nothing, see nothing. He tells his intimate companion to be quiet, and not to make a fool of himself.

On the other hand, suppose John lights his pipe, what does Tray make of this dangerous and loathsome operation ? He merely averts his eyes and dimly hopes that his master will return to his senses soon. In brief, they live in two separate worlds, whatever superficial appearance of sympathy there may be.

And I am in the same case as dog Tray—an absurd, incomprehensible foreigner, who amuses, no doubt, at times, but who frequently oversteps a line of decorum which the poor man, for his part, cannot, and never will be able to perceive, and who becomes a positively suspicious character when he endeavours to squeeze in a word of what he deems (the poor buffoon !) obvious wisdom.

Picture me, kind friends, an exile from my native France ; rooted to the soil of England by an attachment (in both senses of the English word) too strong to let me escape if I would.

“Are you not bored sometimes living alone in London with nothing to do ?” says my kind friend, Mrs Debenham, one day when we have been for some time *tête-à-tête* in her drawing-room.

“Diabolically !” I reply, with emphasis.

“Then why don't you do something ?” she asks, with a little air of motherly patronage, entirely enchanting, coming as it does from a pretty woman of under forty to a man of under thirty.

"The streets have not required sweeping for a week ; yet it is not dusty enough to drive a watering cart ; while skate-fastening can only be undertaken during frost. What occupation remains ? "

She laughed, but with a little frown. "Do be serious," she complained.

"But I am ; never more so."

"No ; you never are."

"Believe me, my dear Mrs Debenham, I indicated with all seriousness, but by the use of—do you call it a parable?—my unfitness for all but unskilled labour."

"That is nonsense. You can easily find something to do."

"As my servant says, 'Give it a name.'"

"You don't *need* to work—I mean——"

"Salary no object," I interrupted. "Yes ; I understand. Pray continue."

"Well," she said, "people with that advantage can always find an occupation."

"I might write and distribute tracts?" I suggested, "or engage the Albert Hall and perform on the flute?"

"You will probably end by doing something quite as foolish if you frivol away your time as you are doing at present," she said, severely.

"Here—with you?" I exclaimed. "On the contrary, I am enjoying a liberal education ! "

Mrs Debenham, most charming of women, refused on this occasion to be mollified even by a compliment. Indeed,

she looked so exceedingly serious that I began to suspect that something lay behind this solicitude for my welfare.

"With your knowledge of both French and English you ought to feel ashamed of such utter idleness."

"If my gifts increase my guilt I can only say that I am glad I do not also speak Persian and Japanese." I replied with the most sincere air of contrition, though to tell the truth I did not at the moment see exactly wherein I had particularly erred in knowing two languages.

"You might at least be instructing others," she answered, with the same motherly air.

"Should I then insert in the papers an advertisement, — 'A Gentleman, who has learned the secret of speaking both French and English, is willing to impart the recipe on receipt of a stamped envelope'?"

Still she refused to smile.

"I was just thinking last night," she said, "that it would be a very good thing for Walter if he could keep up his French during the holidays."

Then I perceived that the charming, young-motherly air was not assumed in my honour alone.

"An excellent thing," I agreed.

"Do you really want some occupation?" she asked, suddenly, looking me full in the face with a glance that would have melted a copper idol of the best Birmingham manufacture.

"Ah!" I cried. "How many hours a day shall I instruct him?"

She appeared the slightest degree in the world confused



at my quickness of comprehension, but this swiftly vanished and was lost in her smile of gratitude.

“You really don’t mind?”

“For your son’s sake I would even revive my memories of arithmetic!”

“It is very good of you.”

“Believe me, if there is a balance of gratitude, it is to your credit that it stands. I can now speak two languages without a blush!”

Yet in my secret heart riotous exultation, as of a cabman captured by the Salvation Army, was not the predominant emotion. I was, indeed, thankful enough to have something to do, but when I pictured Walter Debenham sitting at my feet, I own that an odd doubt or two visited me. Nor did these altogether dissipate when, upon the following morning, I found myself closeted with him in the library.

It was not that I grudged imparting my knowledge of my native tongue, or disliked my pupil, but somehow or other it seemed to me not unlike watering a cabbage garden with champagne.

Walter was a youth of fifteen, home on holiday from a certain distinguished and ancient public school. He was short, stiff, and stolid; swathed like a mummy in British and schoolboy conventions, and politely suspicious of myself. A nice task to read Lamartine with such an one!

His mistakes I did not much mind, nor his ill-concealed contempt for the language he was studying; but what nearly drove me to despair was his astounding indifference on every

single topic our reading happened to introduce. I declare he did not seem to have one idea within his head ; merely so many rules of thumb for the guidance of his conduct under a certain limited set of circumstances, which (it seemed) were assumed to be all the contingencies he was ever likely to face.

"Walter," I said at last, laying down the book, "do you know why you are studying this language?"

"Got to," he replied.

"But you never inquired the reason?"

"No," he answered, with an appearance of some astonishment, which I was glad to see upon his stolid countenance.

"You are fifteen?"

"Yes."

"It is time, then, you put that question, and had it answered. You are studying French for the purpose of—if possible—removing a portion of your insularity."

To qualify the harshness of this remark, I smiled pleasantly, and what was my horror to perceive a grin gather about his mouth. He thought I had made a joke!

"Walter," I said, with a graver air, "I should not be fulfilling my duty to your parents if I neglected this opportunity of enlarging your understanding. What do you know about the French?"

"They eat frogs," replied the youth, "and lost the Battle of Waterloo."

I was not without my suspicions that this answer was

not inspired by guileless ignorance alone, and in a much more emphatic manner I rejoined,—

“You should make a few more inquiries, my dear Walter, of the first Frenchman you come across. Also, you should ask your countrymen a question or two.

“What questions?” said he.

“Well, suppose you ask the next Englishman you meet whether he is proud of being called John Bull. Probably he will answer ‘Yes.’ Then ask him this question: ‘Whether it is because the bull is an animal which charges with its head down and its eyes shut, never seeking a reason for its onslaught, and answering all your inquiries with a terrific bellow.’ Finally, suggest to him gently that strangers may think that is the reason for his name unless he wakes up and displays a little intelligence. Ask him these questions, Walter, and see what he says.”

I thought I had clinched the matter rather neatly, and I could not help laughing heartily at his bewildered expression. Well, I had given him something to think about, I flattered myself; suggested a standard for self-criticism; breathed a spark of life into that petrified understanding.

It was, perhaps, a sharp method of inducing wakefulness—rather, indeed, like the schoolboy plan of the drawing pin or the tin tack; and I was sure that once he had thought the matter over he would recognise the true kindness concealed beneath my apparent sarcasm.

I had promised his charming mother that I should stay

to luncheon with them afterwards, and in the highest spirits I assured her of the obligations I was under for this delightful occupation she had provided for me.

"Getting along famously, are you?" asked her husband.

Mr Debenham, M.P., was a fine, big, bluff Englishman; a good type, I had always considered, of the natural governors of this land. I was by no means as intimate with him as with his fairer half, but always during our slight acquaintance had regarded him with the respect due to one who must surely be intelligent beyond his fellows—otherwise how came he by those two honourable letters, M. and P.?

"Walter and I have made an excellent beginning," I assured him.

"Capital, capital," said he. "Nothing like going to the fountain-head of a language, Walter. No one speaks French like a Frenchman, you know."

This oracular remark was received in silence by his son and heir. Indeed, he had not spoken since luncheon began, and for a short while longer he continued to maintain the same impassive attitude. Whether this was due to his appetite or to the throng of reflections I had evoked, I could not say. At last, having finished a second helping of sweets, he found his tongue.

"Father," he asked, abruptly, and with a curious, covert glance at me, "are you proud of being a John Bull?"

I held my breath, and launched at him my most

forbidding frown ; but he merely averted his eyes, and gazed stolidly at his father.

“Certainly, Walter ; of course I am.”

“Is it,” continued his young hopeful in a measured, deliberate voice, as though he were endeavouring to impress the importance of the question upon the Member of Parliament, “Is it because the bull is an animal which shuts its eyes and never looks where it is going, and only bellows when you speak to it ?”

My readers, I wish you had all been there to perceive the effect of this inquiry upon the family party. For myself, I wished at that moment I had not been there to make these observations.

“What the —. What do you mean, sir ?” thundered the father after a moment’s pause of consternation and wrath.

“Well,” continued Master Walter, stolidly, “strangers will think that is the reason unless you wake up and show a little more intelligence.”

“Walter !” cried his mother, with such an expression as I never saw upon her face before.

“Are you out of your senses or—or what ?” demanded his father.

Throwing a glance of mingled triumph and disdain at myself, he explained in the same half sulky, half mischievous tone,—

“M. D’Haricot told me to ask those questions of the first Englishman I met, and then say what I did say.”

Mr Debenham’s angry eye turned to me.

“I spoke in parables, and the boy has taken me

literally," I explained, endeavouring to smile as unconcernedly as ever, but, I fear, showing my annoyance for all that.

"You didn't say they were parables," said Master Walter.

"You can leave the table," his father rejoined, and I am bound to say my estimate of my pupil's abilities rose when I remembered that he had eaten all the luncheon he wanted before putting the unfortunate inquiries.

He now walked out of the room as stolidly as he had sat while in it, and his mother, with her two small, open-eyed daughters, followed him.

Mr Debenham and I were left *tête-à-tête*. Not waiting to be attacked, I began at once.

"You will, of course, see the purpose I had in view, Mr Debenham, in suggesting the advisability of your son making some such inquiry of his countrymen?"

"I confess I do not," he replied, with emphasis.

"But, surely! Is it not well that a young man should reflect, should ask himself the meaning of things, should criticise the conventions, should expand his ideas?"

I spoke, I flatter myself, warmly, and even eloquently, but I never looked into a less responsive countenance than that of Mr Debenham, M.P.

"That sort of thing may do for foreigners," he answered, with suppressed anger, "but I thank heaven my son is an Englishman, and is at an English school where he learns to take for granted what he is told is right."

"For granted?" I replied. "Ah, yes, I see."

But the delicacy of my satire, I fear, was lost upon the Member of Parliament.

I pursued the conversation no further, but rose and took my departure after my first and last effort to instruct the youth of England.

"How could you?" exclaimed the charming Mrs Debenham when I approached her to say adieu.

To my surprise she seemed amused rather than angry.

"How could I what?"

"Play such a trick on us! You are hopeless, absolutely hopeless! I don't believe you know what it is to be serious."

"Serious?" I exclaimed, "Ah, my dear Mrs Debenham, I begin to realise something."

"And what is that?" she asked, clearly taking the gravity of my tone to indicate a more than usually outrageous jest.

"That I am in a commercial country where the entire bale of goods is expected to resemble the sample."

"You are really *too* droll!" she cried, laughing brightly.

And possibly I am.

J. STORER CLOUSTON.

## A MOOR





## SERENADE.

**W**EAK are words, and song is weak,  
Heart to heart can silence speak,  
If I miss your promised token  
Then my breaking heart is broken.

Near as glove to falconer's finger  
I would have you by me linger,  
True as falconer's hand to glove,  
Hap what may, will be my love.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.



# **A MOOR**



**BY  
MORTIMER MEMPES.**



## TO VINCENT.

**S**IX years old on a winter's day,  
And though it is cold you know  
In children's hearts it is always May  
And roses bloom in the snow.  
For the years have gone like a merry tune,  
Like fairies dancing under the moon  
And curtseying all in a row.

In six years more the songs will change,  
They are wonderful years to be,  
And the music swell like a silver bell  
Warning the sailors at sea.  
Take care of the rocks, little son, and the tide,  
For life is hard and the world is wide,  
And ships have gone down at sea.

Be brave, little son, and go quite straight,  
By the compass of honour steer,  
And that will carry your ship of fate  
By a road that is plain and clear.  
And the fairies' song will be with you then,  
For they often sing to quite grown up men  
Who are good and have nothing to fear.

LAURA TROUBRIDGE.

## THE DINNER HOUR IN FICTION.

### AN INTERRUPTED ESSAY.

EATING, and particularly dining, is what the immortal Mrs. Prowdie styled "a sensual propensity," and as such, in her opinion, to be little talked about. But we have, on the other hand, to remember the statement of which Mr. Jobling (not yet "Mr. Weevle"), in "Bleak House," delivered himself: "*Il fo manger*, that is the French saying," he said, before partaking of a dinner at the "Slap Bang" with Mr. Guppy, "and mangering is as necessary to me as it is to a Frenchman." Following out this idea of Mr. Jobling's, it is not by any means uninteresting to see the hour at which our dearly-loved characters in books dined, and sometimes—a Barmecide feast perhaps, but full of good fellowship—to dine with them.

The novel, when studied from this point of view, yields many evidences of the everchanging dinner hour. We may easily dismiss the early times, as the hours—from candlelight and its cost, and the terrors of the dark (these were the "Dark Ages")—were early also. The "Ingoldsby Legends" embody this fact. Sir Guy Scrope wished to

dine "precisely at one," and when no guests came to Bolton Hall by three o'clock, though an hour before

"The rich plum-puddings are bursting their bags  
And the mutton and turnips are boiling to rags,  
And the fish is all spoil'd, and the butters all oil'd,  
And the soups get cold in the silver tureen,  
And there's nothing, in short, that's fit to be seen!"

he consigned the whole repast to the tender mercies of the Devil, and the "Devil's Dinner Party," which broke up at three in the morning, was the result, as narrated in "The Legend of the North Countrie." The Legend of Lady Jane Ingoldsby, which ended happily for everyone except the remaining eels in the pond at Tappington-Everard, shows the later dinner hour usual in the reign of Queen Anne.

"'First dinner Bell' rang out its euphonious clang  
At Five—folks kept early hours then—and the 'Last'  
Ding-donged as it ever was wont at half-past."

In "Tom Jones" dinner as late as five at an inn was considered as unheard of, whereas supper might be eaten until the small hours of the morning. Sophia Western, it is true, would ask for no more than "a little sack whey, made very small and thin"; but were not her waiting-maid Mistress Honor's wants rather more exacting? At the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century we have more ample data to go on. Miss Austen, always natural, mentions several times the dinner hour her characters were accustomed to. The Rev. Dr. Grant, that clerical *bon-vivant*, whose equanimity was so grievously

disturbed by "a little disappointment about a green goose," we know dined at his vicarage about five, when he entertained Fanny Price, Mr. Crawford and Edmund Bertram at his "great wide table," of which Mrs. Norris—his predecessor in the vicarage—thought so little. We know, too, that the rich, kind, vulgar Mrs. Jennings gave a dinner in London to "Sense and Sensibility" at the same hour. We may take it, therefore, that five was the hour of the epoch, and that Miss Woodhouse dined with the Coles, and the patient Anne Elliot (in spite of perhaps having "eaten her cold meat" at midday) with the Musgroves, at the same time. The Scottish Miss Ferrier also favoured the same hour. Her Lord Courtland dined at five, though once—to the horror of the *gourmet* Dr. Redgill—he put it off to seven; and Miss Black in the heart of Scotland also dined then, which gave the ever-delightful Miss Pratt the pleasure of self-imposing herself as hostess in her usual manner, even to the recommendation to the other guests of the fowl as "a Rosherville chuckie." Mrs. Gaskell—a very human writer, a little later—knew the value of the dinner hour also. When Dr. Gibson's lady-like wife changed the family dinner hour from midday to six o'clock, "How," she writes, "said the good folks of Hollingford, ask people to tea at six who dined at that hour? How, when they refused cake and sandwiches at half-past eight, how induce people who were really hungry to commit a vulgarity before their calm and scornful eyes?" In "Cranford," too, she does not forget to mention that the Honourable Mrs. Jameson ["Gover-

nor Walker's daughter, my dear !"] dined at five ; and this allowed her ex-maid, Miss Betty Barker, to fix half-past six for the party in her "little dwelling," to which her former mistress had promised to come with the *élite* of feminine Cranford, to be entertained with tea and cards—and as it turned out—lobsters, "little cupids," and cherry brandy !

In Mrs. Gore's novels the heroines, if they rode in the Row, dined "late," that was at 7.45. If delicate, they dined "on a boiled chicken" at six in their dressing-rooms. The hours of town and country differed we know, however, as George Meredith's inimitable Countess (the tailor's daughter) writes from Beckly Court—the goal of her social ambition—that the six o'clock dinner there "would be full seven" in town.

In Dickens's books we have many accounts of meal times. Mrs. Pipchin, the child queller, dined at one, off mutton chops (Mrs. Pipchin's constitution required warm nourishment), while her charges were fed with farinaceous food at the same hour. The Sunday dinner at Mrs. Todgers' was normally at two, but was for gentility's sake postponed until five on the occasion of the ceremonial introduction of the commercial gentlemen to the Misses Pecksniff. Mr. Wardle, at Dingy Dell, dined at five, and at the same hour Mr. Pickwick invited Mr. Jingle—"won't presume to dictate . . . Broiled fowl and mushrooms"—to dine at that expensive inn at Rochester where the charge was "half-a-crown if you look at the waiter !" Alas for this theme, we are not told when Mr.



and Mrs. Dombey's great wedding dinner took place, but from its grandeur and discomfort one fears it must have been late for these days—say half-past six !

Thackeray, as a society novelist, mentions the dinner hour with much precision. His young barrister, Raymond Gray, quoted from his favourite poet :

“ A plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,  
I prythee get ready *at three* ;  
Have it smoking and tender and juicy,  
And what better meat can there be ? ”

But Mrs. Timmins [later “ Tymmys ”] issued invitations for her celebrated “ little dinner ” very late—that is, at half-past seven ! Thackeray recognised the divergences of sets and consequently of meal times. Thus, old Mr. Osborne's dinner hour in Russell Square was five ; while Sir Francis Clavering dined much later, and Sir Brian Newcome's banquet in honour of his Indian brother was almost as tardy as nine. Then comes Trollope, now in “ Miss Mackenzie ” he tells—— But hark ! there is the Real Dinner Bell !—not that of Fiction, but the clanging one of Reality, and I see that it is now eight o'clock. I know, therefore, that I must cease writing this essay, which is not nearly finished, and descend *pro forma* to the family repast. Although I do so, I have however a very real feeling that for the last half hour I have been already “ dining at good men's tables ” and amidst a goodly company of my friends.

A. FRANCIS STEUART.



**DESIGN FOR A BOOK PLATE**



BY  
**ROBERT BURNS, A.R.S.A.**

## THE ANSWER.

**D**O YE BELIEVE? We never wrote  
For fools at ease to know  
The doubt that grips us by the throat,  
The faith that lurks below;  
But we have stood beside our dead,  
And in that hour of need,  
One tear the Man of Sorrows shed  
Was more than any creed.

Do YE BELIEVE?—from age to age  
The little thinkers cry;  
And rhymesters ape the puling sage  
In pride of artistry.  
Did Joshua stay a sun that rolls  
Around a central earth?—  
Our modern men have modern souls  
And formulate their mirth.

But, while they laugh, from shore to shore,  
From sea to moaning sea,  
*Eloi, Eloi*, goes up once more  
*Lama sabacthani!*

The heavens are like a scroll unfurled,  
The writing flames above—  
This is the King of all the world  
Upon His Cross of Love !

His members marred with wounds are we  
In whom the Spirit strives,  
One Body of one Mystery,  
One Life in many lives :  
Darkly as in a glass we see  
The mystic glories glow,  
Nor shrink from God's Infinity  
Incarnate here below ;

In flower and dust, in chaff and grain,  
He binds Himself and dies,  
We live by His eternal pain,  
His hourly sacrifice :  
The limits of our mortal life  
Are His : the whisper thrills  
Under the sea's perpetual strife  
And through the sunburnt hills.

Seek ; ye shall find each flower on earth  
A gateway to My heart,  
Whose Life has brought each leaf to birth :  
The whole is in the part !  
So to My sufferers have ye given  
What help or hope may be,

Oh then, through earth, through hell, through heaven,  
Ye did it unto Me !

Darkly, as in a glass, our sight  
Still gropes through Time and Space :  
We cannot see the Light of Light  
With angels, face to face ;  
Only the tale His martyrs tell  
Around the dark earth rings—  
He died and He went down to hell  
And lives—the King of Kings !

DO YE BELIEVE ? On every side  
Great hints of Him go by :  
Souls that are hourly crucified  
On some new Calvary !  
Oh, tortured faces, white and meek,  
Half seen amidst the crowd,  
Grey suffering lips that never speak,  
The Glory in the Cloud !

DO YE BELIEVE ? The straws that dance  
Far down the dusty road  
Mean little to the careless glance  
By careless eyes bestowed,  
Till full into your face the wind  
Smites, and the laugh is dumb ;  
And, from the rending heavens behind  
Christ answers—*Lo, I come.*

ALFRED NOYES.

## **“BROKE ARE THEIR NETS.”**

**A TRUE TALE OF 1745.**

**F**OR centuries there have been Davidsons settled up the Tweed valley, branching thence to the Eden, the Teviot, the Jed, the Bowmont, and from time to time sending an adventurous offshoot far afield, not only to Northumberland and Cumberland, but in later days to London, or across the seas to America, Australia and New Zealand. Their annals are scanty. They were not warriors with shield and pennant; they were not raiders gorged with alien beef; they were not hangers-on of baron or knight,—they were peaceable men, who sought peaceable crafts whereby to live and rear their patriarchal families. We find their names in many parish registers,—in Ednam, Sprouston, Kelso, Eckford, Linton, Lempitlaw, Heiton, Morebattle, Jedburgh and Yetholm.

Shepherds, farm-labourers, blacksmiths, their generations lived and died, married and increased, finding on the kindly soil of Berwickshire and Roxburghshire need for their sons and daughters, until the cry for men and maidens came from the west, and the Davidsons began to emigrate.

But with the travelled Davidsons we have little to do. Many of them grew rich and some grew celebrated, for they had sprung from the loins of Antaeus, and wanted only a fair field and a reasonable amount of favour. At home there were few outstanding men amongst them. One of these exceptional Davidsons was chamberlain to the Duchess of Buccleuch during the last quarter of the seventeenth and the first years of the eighteenth centuries. He lived at Eckford and Lempitlaw, and was "ruling elder" in the parish church, a notable local man, discreet and trustworthy. When he died, a slab of stone erected on four feet was placed over his grave, its engraved enconium running lamely in doggerel lines :

"Like Samuel he well could say  
What ox or ass took I away?"

The ruling elder died while Mar was busy with the ill-fated rising of 1715, but not before he had accomplished the desire of his heart, to see his boy wag his pow over the pulpit of Galashiels.

Another Davidson achieved no such outward advancement, but had an inner life more precious in our eyes than the "gig-respectability" of the ruling elder. He was a day-labourer in Morebattle, called Robert, like a full fourth of his clan, the other baptismal names recurring with unfailing alternation being Andrew, William and John. When this particular Robert was born about 1775, his "patrimony," he tells us, "was poverty and toil." But somehow he learned to read, and he shared in a kind of



instruction for which there was time in Scotland before the new schoolmaster appeared on our Borders. The women would gather round the fireside on winter evenings, and to the whirr of the spinning wheel or clatter of distaff and rock, would croon over old ballads of love and feud, or tell long tales of fairy glen and haunted tower, until the children, who crouched by the embers, knew history enough to send them grueing to bed, half bewitched and half terrorised. It was not good for examinations, but it was sovereign for poets. Boston's "Fourfold State" might lie on the press-heid and gather dust, but little Robert recked not of its import, while he drank in the uncanny oral lore with ears and eyes and became acquainted with beings who hoed no turnips and reaped no barley and danced at no boisterous kirk. He read books all his life and made verses as he followed the plough, even venturing on their publication in 1811. They are only echoes of Burns' immortal odes and lyrics, but what command of lettered language they betray, what strivings of a mind admirable in any sphere and astonishing in that of a ploughman. Perhaps the head of the Davidsons was the farmer of Wholefield or Holefield in the hilly country sloping upwards to the Cheviots. Some of the records tell us that Davidson, son, succeeded Davidson, father, in renting this farm from the Duke of Buccleuch for more than two centuries, but this may be assertion rather than corroborated statement. Certain it is that they held it for some generations during the eighteenth century. It was probably the second in succession who was farmer at the

time of Prince Charles Stuart's gallant venture for the crown of his fathers. He was a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed youth, stalwart and steady, inclined to rectitude and church-going, and something suspected of dissent; for the seceders had formed their first congregation at Gateshaw in 1739, and they worshipped in the open air, the hills echoing their psalms.

Andrew Davidson of Wholefield strode now and again over the hills to their meetings, whose faith, devotion and enthusiasm contrasted with the dull perfunctoriness fallen upon churches and ministers at that time. He did not join their ranks altogether, for Gateshaw was a far cry on foot, although easy to reach on horseback. He was busy all week with his farm, and the sales and markets where he trafficked and bought.

At Kelso market he met young Percy of Charteris or Charterhouse. This youth was descended from a younger branch of the Northumberland Percies, and owned land on both sides of the Border. He had bought Charterhouse and dwelt there with his sister Agnes, a beautiful girl who kept house for him and knew hard work and early morning hours. She superintended all the home industries and used her hands more deftly than the best of her maids; a healthy, happy girl who sang as she moved about from dairy to kitchen, from kitchen to garden.

Charterhouse had both tower and farm-house, and the Percies lived in the tower. It was not far from Sandyknowe and resembled the ruined peel which still rises there. By their time it had been converted into a peaceful

dwelling-house, and its ground floor was a comfortable parlour. Indeed, it was much like the other fortified home-steads, whose walls are to be seen in many Roxburghshire villages, and are called towers. At the present time no vestige of Charterhouse Tower remains ; its stones have been used to rear farm buildings and walls, and only its name keeps up the memory of its ancient status. For in the days of our early Stuart kings Charterhouse was an appendage of the Carthusians, where they had the right of forest and farm, and where a few of their number were housed in turns to herd and milk the cattle, to cut down and hew the trees, replacing the old which they cut down with quicks and saplings.

Early in the forties of the eighteenth century young Percy died, leaving his land and money to Agnes. She was now a desirable bride, and before her mourning was laid by, many canny suitors were eager to pay her court. But although no word had passed between them, she knew that Andrew Davidson loved her. From time to time he had ridden over to see his friend during the last long weeks of illness, and had discovered how sweet and companionable Agnes was and how tenderly she waited on her brother. He went to the funeral, but she was shut up in her own room. He was glad that he did not see her, for the will was read after the burying, and he was too manly to press his simple suit upon an heiress.

So he rode all the long way home down to the Tweed and up to the hills, revolving many things and constraining himself to be silent and forget. Agnes, on her side,

thought he had ceased to care for her and set herself to do as whole-heartedly as possible the many duties bequeathed to her. Seed-time and harvest followed each other for two years, till the spring of 1745 brought news of the Stuart Prince's march from the north and of his gay capture of Edinburgh. But news was scanty at Charterhouse, where from early to late, mistress, maids and men were busy in foul weather and fine. There was porridge to make at the dawning; there were bread and oaten cakes to bake; washings and scrubbings and sweepings; boiling of bacon and beef; accounts to pore over with the grieve; cheese to curdle and set; butter to treadle and wash; fat to melt down to tallow for candles; poultry to rear and prepare for the market; sick folk to doctor; and, by the firelight, yarn to spin for the hand-looms at Sprouston.

Other men wooed her, but got nothing for their pains, scarcely a civil word. One of them was young Corbet of Gateshaw, a reckless, roistering carle, who wooed in vain. Early every evening Agnes and her women were barred and bolted into the tower, while her men and dogs at the farm-buildings were not to be lipped to by tramps and idlers. When the days were long, the strong door was later ajar, and the maids had less to do at home, and could steal out to their sweethearts for an hour of twilight courting.

One summer dawning that year they were all busy with their weekly baking. Agnes had sent one of them for a pitcher of spring water to mix with the barley meal. The lassie came flying back in terror.

"Eh! mem," she cried, "the yaird's fu' o' sodgers, wild fallows i' the kilt."

Agnes took the pitcher and went out to the yard herself, for not a lass would venture. She found half a dozen men there and saw more coming over the bend. Those already in the yard looked tired and travel-stained. One of them came up to her and lifted his bonnet with greater grace than was common in those days. He was a young man, fair, hazel-eyed and winning.

"Madam," he said, "we have marched all night and are footsore and famished. Most of my men are seeking food at other farms, but we cast ourselves on your bounty."

Then a tall highlander joined him and begged her to give Prince Charles Stuart and his staff what breakfast was possible. By this time the yard was full of stragglers. Agnes asked the Prince to follow her into the tower parlour, where he sat down with his generals about him. The terrified maids had fled, but she placed new-made bread, bacon and sweet milk before her guests, and while they ate, she rallied the girls back, sending them to the yard with what was ready, and setting them to bake girdle cakes and barley scones in batches, till all had broken their fast. A squad of men was fed on bread and cheese that morning in the yard and farm-buildings. Then the spare bedroom was made ready and the Prince slept most of the morning, while the rest lay down on straw and hay. When the labourers came home, a sheep and a pig were slaughtered, fires were extemporised, and a great cooking of joints boiled and roasted began. Every man of the

squad got an excellent dinner, while Prince Charles and the Murrays feasted on good roast capon in the parlour. As dusk began to thicken into darkness, the highlanders formed up and started for Kelso and the south. Charles bade adieu to Agnes Percy with words of hearty thanks upon his lips, and all lifted their bonnets to the brave girl as they began their night's march to Sunlaws.

Her fame spread rapidly through all the country side, for though the cautious Border folk were slow to rally round the white cockade, there has ever been a tenderness in their dumb hearts for that gallantest Stuart of them all. The incident roused much talk at Kelso, itself excited over the Highland army's passage. In the market place Agnes Percy's pluck was well discussed, and both Davidson and Corbet were moved to keener admiration. The latter knew that of her own free will she would not have him, so he determined to kidnap and force her into marriage. It is unknown how he managed to do this, but it is certain that he succeeded so far as the kidnapping went. Perhaps as the days grew shorter, he and his men found some opportunity of seizing her on the road at dusk. At all events she was put into a carriage and driven to Gateshaw Tower. She flatly refused to marry her captor, and he locked her into an upper room of the tower, determined to keep her prisoner till she consented. The window was high in the wall; there was no possibility of escape or of appeal to the passers by. For an hour or two Agnes was dismayed at the hopelessness of making her situation known. Then kneeling down, she asked God to send his

angel of deliverance to her aid, and rose restored to peace and hope. There was no light to keep the terrors of her durance at bay, but the window was unshuttered and its glass was broken. As she sat in the dark, she lifted her clear strong voice in praise to Him who had revived her courage.

“ I to the hills will lift mine eyes,  
From whence doth come mine aid ;  
My safety cometh from the Lord  
Who heaven and earth hath made.”

People passing to their homes heard her, and stopped half in fear and half in curiosity. “It is an angel in the Tower,” said one of Erskine’s followers. “Mair like to be a bogle, man,” said another. But angel or ghost, people gathered by the wall to listen while Agnes sang on :

“ Now Israel may say, and that truly,  
If that the Lord  
Had not our cause maintained,  
If that the Lord  
Had not our right sustained  
When cruel men  
Against us turiously  
Rose up in wrath  
To make of us their prey.”

The news was soon over all the village, and before dawn it was known throughout the country-side. When Andrew Davidson came into his farm kitchen in the early morning, he found his old mother listening to a well-expanded tale of the angel in Gateshaw Tower, told by a ploughman, while the maids stood open-mouthed and the neglected porridge was burning. A few straight questions shrunk the story to its historical minimum, and

Andrew gathered that a girl's voice had been heard singing psalms of deliverance the night before in the tower's upper story. His shrewd mind discerned the rest, for he knew of Corbet's eagerness to marry Agnes Percy. Work was put aside that morning, and while Andrew saddled his horse, the men were gathered in the mirk, a cart was layered with hay and cushions, a farm-horse harnessed to it, and away went the rescue party in valiant mood to the old keep.

Agnes had fallen asleep for very weariness when they arrived and burst open the half-mouldered door below, and her lover's eager face welcomed her glad eyes in the morning light. No word was needed on either side when Andrew took her into his arms and carried her down the worn stone steps. Corbet had not reckoned with the angel of deliverance, and in after days when they were man and wife and the "books" were placed before Andrew morning and evening, he turned oftenest to the 121st and to the second version of the 124th psalms, and their voices rose with a break in thankful adoration :

" E'en as a bird  
Out of the fowler's snare  
Escapes away,  
So is our soul set free :  
Broke are their nets  
And thus escaped we.  
Therefore our help  
Is in the Lord's great name  
Who heaven and earth  
By His great power did frame."

ANNA M. STODDART.



## TO A BRICK WALL.

**T**HE sky is green, the fields are green,  
And yet for me (from ten to six)  
There stretches quite another scene—  
A waste of bricks.

Above, I note but dreary seas  
Of dingy slates, on which I fix  
A weary eye. In place of trees  
I look on bricks.

They once displayed a dazzling white  
' Ere fog and smoke conspired to mix,  
And made the mirrors fail to light  
Those grimy bricks.

Yet nature even here comes out—  
The sparrows watch their straggling chicks  
Perch reckless on the sooty spout  
Above those bricks.

Life's rather drab : its joyous pinks  
Are more or less like fluttering wicks ;  
And that's the moral that methinks  
I read in bricks.

J. M. BULLOCH.

## SOME TRUE PAGES OF CHILD LIFE.

**W**HETHER childhood, in the majority of cases, is to be regarded as the happiest period of life or the very reverse, are questions to which my own personal experience has little difficulty in supplying an answer. As my mind travels back to the days of my childhood the most prominent figure it recalls is that of an old nurse, who, perhaps, gave me a greater abundance of love than anyone else. It is true she knew but a part of that strange child for whom she would have given her life; the rest, dear old soul, was beyond her ken; but it will always be a joy to me to feel that I returned her love a thousand-fold, if that were possible. Even as a baby I must have often been a sore trial to her, for if there was one thing in which she took greater pride than another it was to present a neat appearance in public; yet no sooner had she carried me down to the drawing-room than I set up a lusty howl, by way of a delicate hint that I preferred remaining upstairs, at the same time pulling so vigorously with both hands at her white cap, that in the twinkling of an eye it was hopelessly askew, either toppling over her nose or sliding off the back of her head, in either case giving her a most rakish appearance. But these tugs,

violent as they were, would have availed me but little had not my mother suffered from nerves of so dire a description that the slightest noise well-nigh distracted her. Therefore my howls availed me much, and in a very few moments I generally found myself back in the nursery, giving vent to wicked chuckles of satisfaction over the victory thus attained.

I did not receive very frequent visits from my parents in those days, but that was hardly surprising considering my evident reluctance to visit them. My personal appearance, too, when in the nursery, could scarcely have been a credit to any self-respecting father or mother, for the moment I was dressed in a clean frock or pinafore, I made straight-way for the coalscuttle. If it was full I played with the coals, but if it happened to be nearly empty my joy was far greater, for I could then creep in and make myself a snug little house. When gently, but forcibly, removed, I only bided my time for another rush towards that coveted retreat, scorning the thought of defeat.

As my nursery did not boast of many toys, I was obliged to draw freely on my imagination with the few I possessed.

On Sundays there was, of course, a general sweep made of all toys (except the Noah's Ark), all others being carefully locked away in the cupboard. But here my imagination came nobly to the rescue, and enabled me to redeem them from captivity.

This was accomplished by suggesting to my old nurse what a Sabbatical sanctity would be shed on their heads did

I but call them by Biblical names. By thus throwing new light on old tradition, I again obtained possession of my marbles, soldiers, and other treasures, calling one Eutychus, another Jezebel, another Ananias, and so on, always choosing the names of my special favourites, or at all events those in whom I was most interested, or who appealed most strongly to my sympathy.

Like many children I revelled in playing at funerals. In the country it was specially delightful, there being such a large variety of appropriate burial places. But I can truthfully say, that though at times there was a terrible dearth in the way of dead flies on the window, never once did I try, however gently, to remove the living into happier spheres, though each morning I looked out anxiously for corpses.

A spider's web full of different insects was of course a great find, almost great enough indeed to be included in my prayers as one of the objects of thanksgiving for special mercies vouchsafed to me, and I had not the smallest compunction in helping myself in the most ruthless manner to the contents of that spider's larder. Considering his methods of procuring food far from honourable, I felt fully justified in bringing this retribution upon him.

At the funeral ceremony itself, I had for lack of companions to represent all the official characters. The corpses were placed in old pill boxes, their shrouds being generally made out of cotton wool. Having already performed the office of undertaker, I then enacted the several parts of clergyman, pall-bearer, and chief mourner.

If my toys were few, my books were even fewer—"Fox's Book of Martyrs" was perhaps the most thrilling, as well as the most blood-curdling. I illustrated the fate of these unfortunate saints by putting pieces of paper in the tongs, and burning them slowly between the bars of the grate. But one way of escape was still open to them, for if the unhappy martyr, who was supposed to inhabit the special piece of paper, confessed the error of his ways, I then stamped out the flame with the nursery shovel. Another book I had given me was entitled, "The Doom of the Great City," a work, whose main object was to induce people to consider, with greater solemnity, their latter end, and the awful consequences that might ensue, did they persist in their unregenerate ways. A terrible book it was, giving a most gruesome description of how all the inhabitants of London, save one (the writer), were supposed to be suffocated in an extra-vicious sulphurous fog. Well do I remember the picture on its cover—the figure of an unfortunate cabman sitting on his box, his head drooping on his chest, gasping out his last breath in an atmosphere of poisonous vapour. The book haunted me in a way that none will ever know, for a child's terror is peculiar to itself, and I lived through each successive fog in a perfect torture of fear. A dreary back dining-room, which represented my schoolroom, and in which most of my day was spent, did not assist much in dispelling these nightmares. Yet another book must be added to the category. Its title has for the moment passed from my mind, but what will ever live in my memory is one of the illustrations it contained—

that of a little child asleep, with an enormous eye looking in at the window. I felt convinced at the time, and I feel no less convinced now, that no child could possibly sleep did the eye of the Almighty obtrude itself in such an officious manner!

Occasionally I found a counteracting influence from this depressing literature by forbidden peeps into the pages of some of my old nurse's readings. These may not have been of a very intellectual order, but they were at any rate less morbid than the others. They consisted chiefly of stray numbers of *The Young Ladies' Journal*, and a still more interesting weekly, entitled *Bow Bells*. In these magazines one hardly ever reads of a housemaid who remains a housemaid; but after innumerable trials and heart-rending farewells, she is invariably united to her beloved earl or duke as the case may be. And as for the remainder of these interesting heroines, what splendid and astounding legacies did they not always inherit! To this day it makes me envious to think of such massive fortunes dropping into their laps.

Although asked to various children's parties, to only one was I allowed to go, as "parties" were not considered conducive to righteousness. But as the main feature and entertainment of the evening consisted of a series of magic lantern illustrations from the "Prodigal Son," my desire for parties became extinguished. Of governesses I had a large and wide experience, indeed, they numbered closely on twelve. The one necessary qualification, without which none need apply, was that they should be of some

evangelical persuasion. Even an average amount of knowledge and intelligence was not considered essential, thus I was about as great an ignoramus as could well be found.

Taking history, for example, the only kings I knew anything of were the early ones after the Norman Conquest, for each governess began at William the Conqueror, and by the time we arrived at Edward I. a new governess had generally taken her place.

I remember perfectly well an enormous history book being imported into my schoolroom, doubtless very excellent for reference; but when one moment one was struggling hopelessly with the dark ages of the Western Empire, and the next entangled in the bewildering politics and ceaseless warfare of the East, the maze at Hampton Court was nothing to the maze in which that book of history left my mind!

For drawing I certainly had not the slightest aptitude, and the only way I progressed was, when once a week, the drawing mistress rubbed out what I had done, touching in with faint outline what I ought to have done. This I naturally proceeded to pencil over before it was blurred out. Thus, at the end of two months, the creditable drawing of a large mushroom was, upon one occasion, produced for my mother's inspection, though I fear it was never sufficiently honoured to receive a gilt frame.

As a rule my governesses were elderly, hard-featured women, endowed with an overpowering sense of duty, and completely devoid of the smallest spark of humour. Their clothes were in keeping with their general appearance, for

they usually wore prune coloured dresses, or that particular shade of brown so suggestive of charity schools. Their bonnets also were of sombre hue, with a shade of magenta or black and white in them! A great deal of black, and a very little white. Poor things! I often think of them now with pitiful sympathy, for their lives must have been a dreary round, in which every spark of individuality was slowly extinguished, if ever they were so unfortunate as to possess any! But in those days I judged more by externals, and considered them chiefly in the light of necessary evils. Two out of their number were young, and once a foreigner took up her abode with us. How she ever came to be there, and from whence she dropped, is a mystery to me to this day, especially as my mother had a rooted objection to foreigners.

The two, who were young and English, stayed but a short time, as the "powers that were" came to the conclusion that youth and sobriety did not walk hand in hand. The French lady made her exit yet more promptly, owing to certain peculiarities of her disposition said to be caused by a total absence of principle. This may, or may not have been so; though, on looking back now, I rather fancy the conclusion was a right one. But in any case I mourned her departure, infinitely preferring a governess with a lack of principle and a sunny disposition to one who, though endowed with a stack of godly virtues, was as stolid as she was virtuous.

For the sake of a new sensation, I strove most laboriously to experience the first twinge of conversion, but



it never came off, so I was compelled to arrive at the painful conclusion that I was not one of the elect, neither was I predestinated. I had no particular hankering after the "joys of heaven," but thought that even if not exactly calculated to inspire joy, they would at least be preferable to the "pains" of hell. Also, I should have felt considerable satisfaction in knowing that I produced a distinctly discordant note in the ecstatic raptures of the "faithful."

As soon as my education was supposed to be finished—in reality it had not yet commenced—an elderly companion was engaged, whose special mission in life was to ward off anything in the shape of a young man. I kept the poor lady busy, I fear, and whether this had a deleterious effect on her mental powers I cannot say, all I can vouch for is, that a short time after leaving our house she entered a lunatic asylum!

With such a fund of commendable principles inculcated into my mind from the very beginning, I should surely have been content to tread the commonplace, conventional paths of life, but I was a born rebel to all written laws. Half unconsciously I realised that life was lived in a thousand varied forms, and longed for the door of this great unknown world to open. One day the door of my small world suddenly opened, and I stepped out.

GRACE A. ABERCROMBY.

(*Mrs Keith Murray*).





MARION STODART

3

With a view to  
AFTER THE PAINTING  
To bless you, love

SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.

MARION STODART



AFTER THE PAINTING  
BY  
SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.

## A WEDDING DAY.

**S**WIFT fades the wintry day ;  
Beside the darkening way,  
On bough and leafless spray  
Hang nests deserted.

The tender broods are flown  
To summers of their own ;  
And on his lonely throne  
Sits Love, sad-hearted.

Yet soon by lawn and lake,  
Bright flowerets shall outbreak,  
And chirping voices wake  
The silent covers ;  
And spring, with fairy feet,  
Bring days surpassing sweet,  
Dear hours, yet all too fleet  
For faithful lovers !

Glad Bridegroom, happy Bride,  
In Love, in Hope allied,  
Move onward, side by side,  
With Heaven above you !  
God, in His tender will,  
Your prayers, your hopes fulfil,  
With all who love you still  
To bless you, love you !

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

## HERBERT SPENCER.

### A RECOLLECTION

**T**HE first time, the philosopher was entertained un-  
awares, for the intimation that it was "Mr Spencer  
in the library" brought with it no recognition what-  
soever of the name. Had it been Edmund Spenser it  
might have been otherwise, for has not "Spenser for  
Children" long ago made Una and Britomart and Tallus  
as familiar friends as the Little Mermaid or Cinderella?  
But Herbert Spencer has never, to this day, been published  
illustrated for children: not even his "Education."

So it was with a profundity of ignorance, combined  
with no little sense of dignity in being sent for as the only  
person at home, that the descent was made to the library.  
And here the guest proved kindly-eyed and bushy-whiskered  
and decidedly genial and in nowise awesome, announcing  
himself as fresh from playing golf at North Berwick, and  
betraying at once that he was a family friend by his  
enquiries after each of those absent, and by his allusions  
to family stories and to things that had happened during  
bygone visits. And so, a mention of the Athenæum Club

proving him altogether worthy, he was directed that he would find his host at work in his room at the Register House; and he went—still a mystery.

Alas! with the advent of a better-informed member of the family, possessed of a nice sense of humour and a nasty gift of sarcasm, all the dignity, acquired by having received the guest, vanished. Not even the having asked him to return to dinner absolved the ignoramus. Mr Herbert Spencer's identity remained for long a humiliating subject; indeed, it may have been this that urged the courageous acceptance, years later, of an invitation to go and spend "a fortnight or more" with the philosopher at Brighton.

The first sight of him there was in a shady dining-room, where he was lying on a sofa. He half raised himself to greet his visitor, and instantly there was revived the same impression of humorous kindly eyes and genial manner; of long shaven upper lip and bushy side-whiskers, of critically uplifted eyebrows and jerky sentences. He was clad in a weird dressing-gown of several different shades of red, destined to become very familiar during the visit, for he always wore it. Indeed, feminine opinion was courted, later on, regarding the mooted point of whether the various reds matched; and was given decidedly in the negative. Mr Spencer had no eye for colour, but much opinion on it. He bound the grey sofa covers with mauve braid; and there is a true tale that he once draped the bookcases in his library because the titles of the books distracted him in his work by provoking new lines of thought: the drapery was of a dull



drab tint. There is another true tale that he once employed a woman to crawl about and laboriously ink over part of the pattern of the carpet, because it was too bright and so vexed his eye.

The days at Brighton passed pleasantly. There was no other visitor save one lady, an old family friend, who had come to spend the winter with him, and who therefore, with his resident secretary, formed the household. It was January; memory recalls keen cold days and a sailless winter sea—a great blue expanse, unbroken by rock or island or headland—a sea ever present, seen from every window, lapping the edge of the Esplanade along which every walk and every drive began and ended—a great sea, blue by day, black by night. And then, after the recollection of that sea, comes the recollection of the philosopher and all his kindness and hospitality, and of his talk—a talk broken by many an island and many a headland—a talk as varied as that blue English sea was changeless.

Mr Spencer was never visible till one o'clock, when he would be "discovered," as they say at the theatre, on the dining-room sofa, with a little table drawn up to his side, and near enough to the dinner table to make conversation easy. He had spent his morning upstairs in dictating learned treatises, after he had personally interviewed the cook and ordered the dinner, and he was now ready to talk—a talk continued during the drive that came next in the order of the day,—a drive generally along by the sea front, but always away from the west, with its fashion and its crowds, its hotels and shops, and all its garish gaiety.

And then the talk would still continue through the tea hour—he shared the hour but not the beverage—but more fitfully, for then it would be broken by calls for music, and by the advent of the evening paper. And, with the announcement of supper for us in the dining-room, the philosopher would wish us “Good-night,” and would be seen no more, unless he honoured his guest by a special summons to return to him in the drawing-room.

Some snatches of his talk remain in the memory. One afternoon it fell on Douglas Jerrold and his witticisms; on Lord Young and his; on Dr Keith’s “Plea for a Simpler Life”; on his favourable opinion of William Watson (he meditated writing and asking him to add another verse to “Waters Parted from the Sea”); on his unfavourable opinion of certain of the writings of Freeman and of Matthew Arnold. One afternoon was almost entirely devoted to George Eliot; but how the talk veered round from her to the nutritive properties of gelatine as an article of diet it is impossible, at this distance of time, to say. It did, however; and Mr Spencer submitted the theory that gelatine alone was sufficient to maintain life. One winter evening the great man gave a disquisition on the origin of kissing. It began, he said, with a savage tribe who expressed their mutual approval by rubbing noses. Another day, Jewish morality as exhibited in Old Testament narrative slipped lightly and imperceptibly into ladies’ sleeves and the *pros* and *cons* of crinolines. But what Mr Spencer best liked was a good Scotch story. How his eyes brightened in anticipation! How ready and

spontaneous the hearty laugh that disturbed the long, dogmatic, shaved lip! It almost went to prove wrong the generalisation that the English have no sense of humour.

In nearly all of the notices and appreciations and reminiscences of Herbert Spencer that appeared in the spring of 1904, this familiar side of him, his humour, his keen enjoyment of a joke or a story, remained untouched. Even the most graceful and intimate, penned with an appreciation and affection both personal and inherited, was written when the recentness of the event tinged all with sadness. With the others, it was no doubt because the writers regarded him only as the great philosopher, the author of "First Principles," and of "Principles of Biology" and "Principles of Psychology," and every other kind of principle, and not as a long figure in divers shades of red on a sofa, or the kindly companion, in broad grey felt hat, in the little Victoria. Ah, those drives! Sometimes Mr Spencer was not feeling well, and one would note the fingers nervously seeking the pulse, and the coachman would be bidden to "Stop, stop!" He was "rather hard of hearing," as we say in Scotland, that coachman, and he generally interpreted the "Stop, stop!" as "Trot, trot!" and accordingly the sober little steed was incited to further effort. This was very agitating; but, when the coachman was made to understand, the Victoria was drawn up, after the fashion of idle hours in Hyde Park, at the side of the road. On days when Mr Spencer was feeling well, the

drives were more extended. It was on one of these days that, on the information that we were on the old high road to London, the question was ventured, "I suppose it was along this road that George IV. used to drive in a high barouche?" The answer was prompt. "I take no interest in the criminal classes!" What a shock to one coming from Scotland, where scenes are only venerated as they boast memories of the past, and where loyalty has claimed as many martyrs as has religion! It was consoling afterwards to be told that Mr Spencer had once, when looking at a famous bust of Julius Cæsar, found, as his only comment—doubtless with the same glint of good-natured dogmatism that meant no ill will to man or Emperor—that the features of the mighty Roman were of the "criminal type."

Pneumatic tyres were then quite a novel luxury, and one day Mr Spencer pointed out the fact that, whereas every boy who was passed on the road turned round quickly to ascertain the reason why the wheels made no noise, never a girl paid the least heed to the phenomenon. This, he said, proved boys more observant than girls. As he said it for the sake of contradiction, it was respectfully submitted that it was not the degree of observation that differed, but the thing observed: every girl, it was pointed out, carefully but unobtrusively scrutinised the occupants of the Victoria, who, after all, were more worthy than the wheels. Mr Spencer was delighted, and was so busy after this noticing what the girls observed that he failed to see that never a boy heeded the pneumatic tyres.

Mr Spencer advocated games as tending to encourage observation and quickness of decision, and he also objected to seeing a woman with needlework in her hands. A compromise was arranged : the needlework was eschewed, but so was the backgammon.

A frequent subject of discussion was the art of pointing, and another very favourite one was little niceties and pedantries of speech. He would not allow that it was "a fine day" unless the sun were shining—it was only "a fair day." Again, "infinitely," so dear an adjective to the exaggerating feminine tongue, was strongly prohibited when applied to matters that were finite—and everything proved finite ! This subject was continued in after letters. "I hope your quotation from Ruskin was not made with approval of his style," he wrote once, after a page of argument that correct speech does not depend on knowledge of grammatical rules. "Applause of him is very general, but I cannot join in it. His style is to my thinking essentially artificial, leaving out questions of correctness. Further, if your quotation from Carlyle in illustration of pointing implies approval, I again demur. . . . We will discuss these and other matters when you come to see me again."

The next visit was a shorter one, and was made in spring, and again to Brighton. Mr Spencer was then in a house of his own, the experiment of a furnished house there having been a success. The familiar little Victoria and the philosopher in his grey hat were on this occasion at the station ; and daily, after that, the time was spent

in driving, in talk, and in listening to music played to us on the beautiful piano that had been Mr Carnegie's gift. Mr Spencer's love of music was purely critical, and he would stop the player as remorselessly as he would stop whoever read the paper aloud to him. "Skip, skip!"—his voice sounds clear in the memory yet.

Too much talk, he held, was bad for him—gave him sleepless nights. When it was reported that yesterday's converse had had this effect, and that dead silence was to be the order of the day, a hint that a new Scotch story had been recollected and treasured in the interval was always sufficient to remove the prohibition.

But there was one sword of Damocles held above the head of any guest—two strange pads joined by, if the recollection be accurate, an elastic band. The purpose of these was explained with glee. They were invented and constructed for placing over Mr Spencer's ears when he desired silence, and yet wished to put no restraint on the company. It remains a negative triumph that those ear pads were never donned!

Casual callers were a great abhorrence. Three Cabinet Ministers had once been granted five minutes, and a watch laid on the table had kept them to the given time. This dislike of callers led to a characteristic incident. On one occasion a voice, with a decided trans-Atlantic suggestion, was heard demanding at the front door if Mr Herbert Spencer could be seen. Mr Spencer was just round the corner, on the dining room sofa, waiting for luncheon, and the supposition that the maid might be overpowered, and the enquirer

admitted, proved insupportable. When the American on the doorstep became urgent, an amiable emissary went forth and parleyed.

"Mr Spencer is unable to receive visitors," he was heard explaining.

"But I have come all the way from Noo York on purpose, sir! I assure you that with us the name of Herbert Spencer——"

"Mr Spencer will very much regret it, but his health precludes——"

"I assure you, sir, that I would not detain him. The reverence that his great achievements cause him to be held in is——"

"I am afraid, however, that Mr Spencer——"

"If I could merely be allowed to hold his hand and tell him——"

But this proved too much. The agonised philosopher raised himself on his sofa.

"Send him away! Send him away! Don't let him come in!" he called out.

A pause—everybody's breath held—and then, in the hall, in awe-stricken tones,—

"I have heard the voice of Herbert Spencer! I can now return to Noo York satisfied!"

. . . No marble tomb in Westminster Abbey: no quiet, green knoll in an English God's-acre: "neither son nor nephew among his people," to bear his name. But the memories of his friends are rich in cherished

recollections and thoughts of him,—not only of the works of his lifetime,—not only of his great intellectual power and his fearless devotion to what he considered truth,—but of the kindly eyes and the old-world chivalry of manner and the unforgettable voice, and of the hundred-and-one little ways and whims and eccentricities and sayings and kindnesses of the great philosopher.

ROSALINE MASSON.





## THE WILD SWAN.

**J**UST as the stars are peeping,  
Just as the night glides by  
With the switch of her dark broom sweeping  
The half-lights out of the sky ;  
With beautiful wings a-quiver  
A tired white swan floats down  
To the breast of a Border river  
In the shade of the reed-beds brown.  
Step through the dewdrops lightly ;  
Brush through the boughs, unheard.  
Here to the same spot nightly  
Hometh the same white bird.  
Lift not a hand to scare him !  
Move not a lip to fret,  
Lest those tired white pinions bear him  
Further and further yet.  
Ere the dew is dried on the daisies,  
Ere the dawn in the East glows red,  
With broad wings fanning the hazes  
Our guest of an hour is fled.  
“A wild swan came to the river  
Last night, and at dawn was gone !”—  
'Tis the exile's heart that for ever  
Comes home as a wild white swan.

WILL H. OGILVIE.





THE LATE  
ROBERT BROUGH, A.R.S.A.

ROBERT BROUGH, A.R.S.A.

DIED 21st JANUARY, 1905.

**N**OT when the flames of life were flickering low,  
And laming went had blotted the dreamer's  
quest ;

nor when the central fires were all set low,  
The stilling hands of sleep were laid on his breast.

His fluttering footstep marked his fearful flight,  
His fluttering beat his motive's pulse of flight,  
He had scarce o'er-reached its boyhood's end,  
But yester-year he entered on the race.

And the cypher he had writ  
His quivering spirit of his aim ;  
And the shadow in the pit  
His ignorant acclaim.

Those who sat in his room, remember best,  
Of his blood, and of those of love-born ties ;  
And a mother harried in her nest,  
And a Flipped Promise, moulded and ravished of their  
fate.

BY  
JAMES CADENHEAD, A.R.S.A.

**THE LATE  
ROBERT BROUGH, A.R.S.A.**



**BY  
JAMES CADENHEAD, A.R.S.A.**

## ROBERT BROUGH, A.R.S.A.

DIED 21st JANUARY, 1905.

**N**OT when the flames of life were flickering low,  
And laming wont had blanched the dreamer's  
quest ;

But when the central fires were all aglow,  
The stilling hands of sleep were laid upon his breast.

No faltering footstep marked his fearless climb,  
No fluttering beat his motive's pulse did trace,  
His age had scarce o'er-reached its boyhood's prime,  
It was but yester-year he entered on the race.

In Art's majestic cypher he had writ  
The free unconquered spirit of his aim ;  
Nor cast his pure ambition in the pit  
Of academic death and ignorant acclaim.

Let those who suffer most, remember best,  
Those of his blood, and those of love-born ties ;  
Pale Art, a mother harried in her nest,  
And full-lipped Promise, mourn, rude ravished of their  
prize.

A. STODART WALKER.

## LAGO MAGGIORE AND ITS DELIGHTS.

**I**F anyone wants rest and change but can only devote a short period of time in search of the same, what more delightful trip can be found than to take the swift express from London to Milan *via* Basle, and from thence to Pallanza or Baveno and spend ten days in drinking in the delights of beautiful Lago Maggiore. I will not descant on the magnificent scenery one passes through from Basle, and in crossing over the Mount St. Gothard, it can only be taken in by seeing it, for nature's grandest handiwork defies description. A day, at least, should be spent at Milan and its beautiful cathedral visited; also Leonardo de Vincis', alas, fast fading picture of "The Last Supper." Steaming down the lake reveals many of its beauties to you, but its real beauty is all round the shores of Pallanza, Baveno, Luina and Intre, as near these places are the far-famed Borromean Islands, which are indeed islands of fairy creation. One of the princes of that great Borromean name in '1671 devoted his whole life to transforming them into a dream of delight. On Isola Bella, the largest of the group, he spent the most of his energies, and as time, money and labour were of no object, he turned what had been till then an arid rock "into a fairyland," so writes

Mathen, "which might serve as a model for the gardens of Calypso." As in the hanging gardens of Babylon, here flourish, in the open air, orange and lemon trees, magnolias, myrtle, pine, azaleas, cactuses and camphor trees, and the sweetest of flowers—roses, lilies-of-the-valley, gardenias, fuchsias, tube roses and geraniums—all in the most luxuriant and wild profusion, and within view of the snow-clad Alps. Beautiful terraces rise one above the other from the edge of the blue lake, each of them laid out with all the vegetation of the tropics. It ever seems to me to be such a spot in which Shelley's gentle lady, whose sweet spirit watched over the sensitive plant and all things living, great and small, beautiful or uncomely, might have roamed. No one but those who visit this lovely isle of delight can form any ideas of the impression its lovely creation makes on one, with its romantic woods, groves and dells, its flourishing and aromatic shrubs, its manifold-coloured flowers, and, above all, its glorious situation, bathed by the blue waters of the lake, which reflects each detail of its beauty, with the view of white-housed villages sparkling on the slopes of the distant snow-clad Alps. The sweet perfume of oranges, lemons, myrtles, roses, lilies, intoxicate you; while the songs of the countless birds and the buzzing of the varied insects soothes the soul with raptures of delight. The stately marble palace which rises from the midst of the enchanted garden vies with it in artistic beauty within it and without. The care bestowed on all its priceless treasures of sculpture and paintings, shows plainly that the present owner is well worthy of his



ancestors. The sister isle of Isola Madre should also be visited, and also the monastery of Santa Catania near Lavena. Its situation on the summit of a cliff is unique, and the view from it defies description. The chapel must be specially visited, for within it is the body of a saintly abbot which was miraculously preserved two hundred years ago, when a terrible landslip overwhelmed the then existing monastery and chapel, which was all destroyed except the spot where the abbot lay, and you can see the huge rock, which was arrested from falling on him by just a thin layer of brick. It is impossible to write or describe all the lovely spots that can be visited on Lago Maggiore, either by water or land. By water, in the small hired boats, you can row about into endless bays and corners and land just where fancy leads you, always, however, having an experienced boatman with you ; for this placid lake is subject to fits of temper when the wind sweeps over it, raising its calm surface with by no means to be despised waves, and then great care is needed. By land you can drive for miles and miles into the mountains and visit curious old-fashioned villages and churches. So endless are the expeditions, so varied and lovely, none will ever regret staying some days to enjoy them, and will, I guarantee, return home greatly refreshed in mind and body.

CONSTANCE DE LA WARR.

## “WHITHER AWAY?”

“**T**RAVELLER, to what distant bourne,  
Beyond regret, beyond return—  
Beyond the dim blue vine-clad plain,  
The snow-capt mountain brow—  
What fairer land, what prize to gain,  
O, traveller ! travellest thou ?”

“Child, whose deep, dream-haunted eyes  
Plead in so strangely moving wise,  
How should I answer what to know  
Is veil'd from every eye ?  
Dark is the goal toward which I go,  
And bears no name but Destiny !”

GEORGE DOUGLAS.



## ELFIN-WOOD.

### I.

**T**O you, that teach by learning,  
Come we, that learn by teaching,  
And well enough discerning  
The foolishness of preaching,  
Own that you show yourselves to us  
Forbearing and magnanimous.

### II.

The language that you utter  
Is offhand and emphatic,  
Not overlaid with butter,  
Nor prunish-and-prismatic ;  
But though in word you may be rough,  
Your hearts are made of tender stuff.

### III.

We blunder in our blindness,  
We bore you sadly often,  
But your goodwill and kindness  
Our stony hearts might soften  
And show us, did we care to see,  
What boys are and men ought to be.

### *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

*EUAN, a Boy.*  
*FAIRY-KING.*  
*FAIRY-QUEEN.*

*FAIRY-PRINCE.*  
*FAIRY-MINSTREL.*  
*FAIRY-HARBINGER.*

*FAIRY-RANGER.*  
*FAIRY-CHOIR.*  
*DWARF.*

PLACE—*A corner of Elfin-Wood.*

## SCENE I.

EUAN—(*Sitting on edge of crag*)—

Now, isn't this a jolly wood ?  
At first I thought I never should  
Have climb'd the crag, but then, you see,  
I'm light, there isn't much of me,  
So here I am and here I go—  
Scotland for ever ! Heads below ! (*Jumps.*)  
Great goodness, but that was a drop !  
It looks as if I'd come to stop,  
At least, it's very far from plain  
Which way I'm to get out again ;  
But not to know how things are done  
Is what makes doing them such fun !

(*Enter FAIRY-RANGER.*)

FAIRY-RANGER—

It is some human trespasser :  
An earthquake would be quieter,  
And having come and gone, would leave  
Us Woodland-Elves less cause to grieve ;  
Nor would the Dwarf, late banish'd hence  
For his malicious turbulence,  
Work half the ill we have to fear  
If mortals once win entrance here :  
For men are wreckers ; where they pass  
Their clumsy footprints mar the grass,

And when they settle they begin  
To fill the air with dust and din,  
To fell the trees and from the place  
To banish greenery and grace.  
You there! I see you: do not stir,  
But yield yourself my prisoner.

EUAN—

Hands up to you, good Johnnie Boer?  
Now, do you think I cross'd the moor  
And climb'd the crag, and all for that?

FAIRY-RANGER—

You offer me defiance flat?  
Good—but if once I blow my horn     *(lifts horn*  
You will be sorry you were born.     *towards lips.)*

EUAN—

Blow till you burst, wee angry man,  
And when you've summon'd all your clan,  
Gentles and commons, we shall see  
The worst that they can do to me.

FAIRY-RANGER—

Although your courage I commend,  
I ought to warn you, as a friend,  
That mortals, here found trespassing,  
Must answer to our Fairy-King.

**EUAN—**

The Fairy-King ! But is there one,  
Or are you only making fun ?

**FAIRY-RANGER—**

The ignorance these mortals show !  
Have you not heard how, long ago,  
True Thomas met the Fairy-Queen,  
And if Fair Janet had not been  
Faithful and fearless, Young Tamlane  
Had ne'er seen Middle-Earth again ?  
By Aberfoyle the Fairy-Knowe  
Yet keeps its name, to witness how  
An age less ignorant and dense  
Once paid the Fairies reverence ;  
And is it possible that you  
Suppose the Fairy Tales untrue ?  
What do they teach you, pray, at school ?

**EUAN—**

Oh, there ! They tell me I'm a fool :  
It's beasts, you see, I like, not books ;  
To search the squirrel's hidden nooks,  
To count the wild deer on the braise,  
To watch the plunging seals at play,  
Or see the heron's wings outspread  
Like a great cloud above my head,  
Tickles my heart, but books, I own,  
Are things that fairly make me groan.

I've heard about True Thomas, though,  
And Young Tamlane, of course, and know  
The Fairy-Knowe as well as you ;  
And I am very glad it's true  
That there are Fairies—you yourself  
Seem such a jolly kind of Elf !

FAIRY-RANGER—

Sit down and talk. (*They sit.*) You cross'd the  
moor,  
You said, and must be tired, I'm sure.

EUAN—

No, no; I'm thirsty, though, I think,  
And I should like to get a drink.

FAIRY-RANGER—

Wait here then.  
(*Climbs bank, fills horn at spring, and returns.*)  
There ! For miles around  
No sweeter water can be found.

EUAN (*takes horn and sips*)—

That's good, indeed ! How cool to touch  
The horn is ! (*Empties and returns horn.*)  
Thank you very much.

FAIRY-RANGER—

I see you've cut your knees a bit.

**EUAN—**

Oh, that's all right; they're used to it:  
But tell me—can I see your King?

**FAIRY-RANGER—**

Why not? It would not be the thing,  
Coming and going, to neglect  
The usual tokens of respect:  
He will be here anon; meanwhile,  
If you are rested, to beguile  
The interval, I'll spare no pains  
To show you what our Wood contains—  
The vixen's earth, the badger's lair,  
And where the otter lurks, and where  
The tufted duck has hid her nest:  
But promise you will not molest  
Feather or fur, or there will be  
Trouble betwixt the King and me.

**EUAN—**

Man!—but I promise: hurry though;  
I'm wild to see what you can show.

*(They go out.)*

SCENE II.

*(Enter DWARF.)*

**DWARF—**

Hirrie, hairie, hobbleshou—  
What's a poor, banish'd Dwarf to do?



I'm out of luck and out of grace,  
 And very sadly out of place,  
 For here the King and Queen, forsooth,  
 And all the dapper Fairy-Youth  
 Convene to-day, to sport and play,  
 And ere they come I must away.  
 Here's one already of the crew;     (*hides*)  
 Now, let me see what he will do.

(*Enter FAIRY-MINSTREL, dancing and singing.*)

(TUNE—"My Peggie is a Young Thing.")

FAIRY-MINSTREL—

We serve the Queen o' Fairies,  
 Her praises we proclaim,  
     Her winning words, her angel-face,  
     Her angel-face so full of grace,  
 Her truth that never varies,  
     Her favour still the same,  
 The joy of all the Fairies  
     That name her honour'd name.

Was never heart so tender,  
 Was never wit so keen;  
     And where's the Elf that would not die,  
     That would not die to serve thereby  
 A flower so fair and slender,  
     Of such a royal mein,  
 So stately and so tender,  
     Our loved and loving Queen?

(*DWARF shows himself.*)

DWARF—

Sing ha, ha, ha ! Sing ho, ho, ho !  
A very pretty wit you show,  
And, doubtless, must be well content  
With your own turn for compliment.

FAIRY-MINSTREL—

What, Dwarf ! The Court comes here to-day,  
And at your peril here you stay.  
Your bitter tongue and busy hand  
Wrought many mischiefs in the land,  
Till, banish'd by our King's decree,  
You left us to our harmless glee.  
But now, what brings you here again ?  
Your presence is rebellion plain.  
Begone ! 'Tis dangerous to delay ;  
The King's at hand : begone, I say !

DWARF—

Pray, who may you be buzzing at,  
You little, paltry, peevish gnat ?

FAIRY-MINSTREL—

You call me "gnat," but gnats can bite.

DWARF—

And men can crush them, angry mite.

FAIRY-MINSTREL—

Men ? So you call yourself a man !  
Come on, then, crush me if you can !

DWARF—

I find you very combative,  
But 'tis my whim to let you live.

FAIRY-MINSTREL—

A prudent whim—but what if I  
Indulge the whim that you should die?

DWARF—

You'll earn the fate in store for Elves  
That bluster till they burst themselves.

*(Sings and dances.)*

Ha, ha! Ho, ho!  
Before I go  
I'll plainly let you see  
That never a Fay  
Can get his way  
By bragging it over me.

I think it sport  
When you stare and snort,  
And the angrier that you get,  
The more I please  
To torment and tease  
Such a sweet little Fairy-Pet!

Suppose your Queen——

FAIRY-MINSTREL (*catches him by throat*)—

Enough, you die:  
Look your last look upon the sky.

DWARF—

Mercy, good Fay! I did not mean——

FAIRY-MINSTREL—

Hence! And if ever you are seen,  
From this day forth, in Fairyland,  
Your life is forfeit to this hand.

(DWARF *slinks out*, FAIRY-MINSTREL *following*).

SCENE III.

(*Fairy March: Enter FAIRY-MINSTRELS, CHOIR, KING,  
QUEEN, INFANT PRINCE and COURTIER.*)

(*Choir sing.*)

CHOIR—

This is our King that comes in state,  
Honour'd and loved is he,  
Mighty where counsellors debate,  
Merciful Judge and Warrior great,  
Him and his deeds to celebrate  
Happy and proud are we.

This is the Lady we revere—  
Fairer was never seen—  
Gracious and wise, august and dear,  
Tender as love, as truth sincere,  
Known to us all this many a year,  
Mother and Wife and Queen.

FAIRY-KING—

Where is our Fairy-Harbinger?

FAIRY-HARBINGER—

Here at your orders, mighty sir.

FAIRY-KING—

Was this well done, to such a place  
To bring our Fairy Court,  
Where every eye may plainly trace,  
Endlong and overthwart,  
The signs that one of mortal race  
Has made it his resort?

FAIRY-HARBINGER—

Dread Sovereign, do not argue thence  
Your servant's guilt or negligence ;  
When, scarce three hours ago, I view'd  
This ground, 'twas all a solitude,  
Nor on the lush untrampled green  
Could any sign of man be seen.

FAIRY-KING—

Then where is he, our Ranger stout?  
Since mortal has been here,  
'Twas his concern to seek him out,  
In bush and brake to peer,  
Through all the Woodland ways to scout  
And find him far or near.  
Uplift your voices, clear and strong,  
And sweetly summon him in song.

(CHOIR *sing*).

CHOIR—

Hither, come hither! The order we bring  
Sprang from our King,  
Therefore we sing  
“Hither, come hither!” till all the woods ring.

Hither, come hither! No longer delay!  
Come, come away,  
Wandering Fay,  
Hither, come hither, your King to obey!

(*Enter* FAIRY-RANGER).

FAIRY-RANGER—

Hail, mighty King and gentle Queen!  
What is your will with one so mean,  
Call'd hither by your Fairy-Choir?  
Instruct me and command me, Sire.

FAIRY-KING—

Are you our Ranger, and are we  
To teach you how to read the sward?  
Or are your eyes too dull to see  
What trampled moss and fern record?

FAIRY-RANGER—

My Liege, it were a foolish thing  
To play the trifler with a King :  
A simple Elf, I mind my trade,  
I range through covert and through glade,  
I guard, as your decree prescribes,  
Your finn'd and furr'd and feather'd tribes,  
I seize on every stranger, found  
Without your leave on Fairy-Ground,  
Nor have I ever blame incurr'd  
For duty overlook'd or slurr'd,  
Until, to-day, I must confess,—  
Though not intending to transgress  
The Fairy-Law—I waiv'd the letter  
To follow out the spirit better.  
Here—as your royal eyes detect—  
Dark-hair'd, brown-ey'd, alert, erect,  
Merry and proud, a mortal stood,  
And I, the Ranger of your Wood,  
Had not the heart to strike or bind  
So trim a slip of human-kind,  
So brave, so joyous, and so true,  
So Fairy-like and King-like too.

Pledged to observe your high decrees  
Yonder he waits among your trees,  
And at a word I shall, with joy,  
Before your throne present the boy.

FAIRY-KING—

The Boy!

FAIRY-QUEEN—

The Boy!!

FAIRIES—

The Boy!!!

(*Sing*) Ah, what is this that we have heard?  
Recall, recall, that hasty word!  
Consider, reckless Ranger,  
Should boys be suffer'd to intrude  
Upon our Woodland quietude,  
How dismal were the danger!

A boy's a nuisance and a tease  
To birds and beasts, to moths and bees;  
A boy's a total stranger  
To courtesy—and you would bring  
This boy of yours to mock our King!  
O heedless, redeless Ranger!

(*Enter EUAN.*)

EUAN—

Allow me, please : how charmingly you sing!  
First I salute his Majesty the King (*bows*)





FAIRY-KING—

Then, Euan, though your frankness we prefer  
To flattery, you must learn you have no right  
Here, in our royal presence, to show fight.

EUAN—

Forgive me—I was angry, and had clean  
Forgotten. Will you plead for me, my Queen?

FAIRY-QUEEN—

My honour'd lord and husband, in your face  
I read the tokens of relenting grace;  
Be pleas'd to favour Euan, and to take  
Pity upon your Ranger, for my sake.

FAIRY-KING—

Thus Queens prevail and easy Kings are sway'd;  
I did not know that boys like this were made:  
Euan, the Queen has conquer'd; kiss her hand,  
And from it take the freedom of our Land;  
(EUAN *kneels, and kisses QUEEN'S hand.*)  
And you, my breezy breaker-of-the-laws,  
Are pardon'd too, and for the self-same cause.

(FAIRIES *sing and dance in a round.*)

TUNE—"Cumberland Reel."

FAIRIES—

Our King is famous from of old,  
Our Queen, she has a heart of gold,  
Their gifts and graces are untold,  
And happy Elves are we.

EUAN—

Your King's a King beyond compare,  
Your Queen—with what a gracious air  
She listen'd to a stranger's prayer  
And urged a stranger's plea !

FAIRY-RANGER—

My King—how gladly he forgave !  
My noble Queen was pleas'd to save  
A subject, and to gain a slave,  
As all the World shall see.

FAIRY-KING—

Your King, good People, does his best,  
But in your Queen you're truly blest ;  
Of Wives and Mothers tenderest  
In all the Land is she.

FAIRY-QUEEN—

Your King adorns the Elfin throne,  
By merit and by birth his own ;  
Your Queen desires your love alone,  
For love's enough for me.

FAIRY-RANGER—

Good Elves, ere we dissolve our Fairy-Ring,  
Your comrade bids you cheer the Fairy-King.

*(They cheer.)*

EUAN—

Sweet Fays, before you scatter o'er the green,  
Show your devotion, cheer the Fairy-Queen.

*(They cheer.)*

FAIRY-KING—

We give you thanks, our spouse's and our own,  
And now, our new-made Freeman, be it known  
To you, that since the moon is full to-night,  
We hold high revel till the morning light :  
Come, will you share our frolic, will you stay,  
Dance, as we dance, and lift with us the lay ?

FAIRY-QUEEN—

Do, Euan ! See the day is almost done,  
And moonlight dances are the best of fun.

EUAN—

Dear King and dearer Queen, you're very good  
To bid me stay, and so I gladly would—  
My mother will be dull without me, though :  
First let me thank you, and then let me go.

FAIRY-QUEEN—

You will be miss'd ? Alas, how strong a claim  
You offer, when you name a mother's name !

FAIRY-KING—

Go, Boy ; the Queen permits you, and our voice  
Approves her judgment and allows your choice.

EUAN—

I take my leave, Sire (*bows*), and I kiss your hand,  
Fairest and kindest in the Elfin-Land.  
(*Kneels and kisses.*)  
Good-bye.

FAIRY-QUEEN—

Nay, not “Good-bye”!

EUAN—

Then let me say  
“Until we meet again,” as meet we may.

FAIRY-QUEEN—

As meet we shall : remember you are still  
Our Fairy-Freeman, wander where you will.

FAIRY-RANGER—

Good friend, so lately found, so soon to be  
Foregone, have you no parting word for me?

EUAN—

See me so far. Just here was where we met ;  
Think of me sometimes when your woods are wet  
With dew in summer mornings, and you lie  
Beside the otter's diving-pool. Good-bye.

FAIRY-RANGER—

This is the secret way. (*Opens clump of bracken.*)  
Adieu, adieu !  
Remember me, although the hours were few

We spent together. When our help you need,  
We shall be nigh to succour you and speed.

(EUAN *goes off by secret way.*)

FAIRY-QUEEN—

How could you be so cold? How could you say  
Simply that he was free to go away?

FAIRY-KING—

Not as I would, but as I could, I spoke;  
Kings may want words as well as other folk.  
It were a mockery to dance to-night;  
When hearts are heavy how can heels be light?  
The Moon may light her lamp for us in vain:  
Elves, lift your voices in the parting strain.

(FAIRIES *sing as they go off*)—

(TUNE—"Will ye no' come back again?")

Trusty heart, o' mettle true,  
Will ye no' come back again?  
Sair we sigh and sigh for you—  
Will ye no' come back again?  
Will ye no' come back again?  
Will ye no' come back again?  
Better lo'ed ye canna be,  
Will ye no' come back again?

When the Spring o' Life's awa',  
Will ye no' come back again?  
When the winds o' Winter blaw,  
Will ye no' come back again?  
Will ye no' come back again?  
Will ye no' come back again?  
Better lo'ed ye canna be,  
Will ye no' come back again?

*CURTAIN.*

HENRY JOHNSTONE.

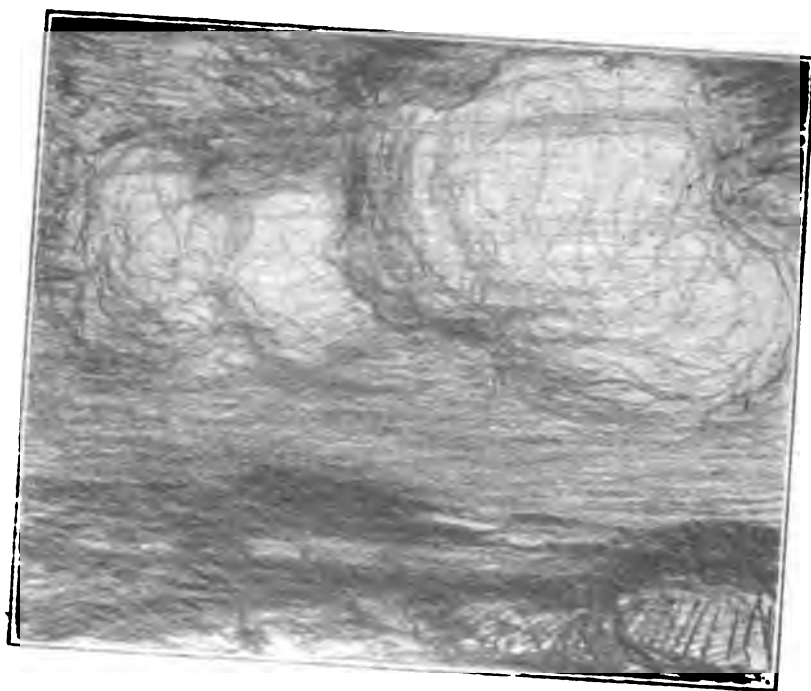








# NAMELESS HILLS



BY  
JAMES PATERSON, A.R.S.A.

## SOME STRANGE VISITATIONS.

"FRAE ghosties and ghoulies, long-leggettie beasties,  
And things that go bump in the night,  
Good Lord deliver us."

—*From a quaint old Litany.*

**A**S one goes along through life, if one chooses to listen, one may hear many strange tales of the supernatural, some of which are inventions, some the delusions of peculiar or highly strung minds, and a very few indeed of which may possibly be genuine, being accounts of strange apparitions or sounds that have puzzled the minds of people of steady nerve and sound common-sense, upon whose statements one may place reliance. In such latter cases, where something of genuine interest occurs, the story usually becomes public property at once, as every endeavour is made to clear up the mystery, but there are a few cases, I believe, which like sizeable fish in the river, seem to escape the public for a time, but are finally landed either to be swallowed or set up to look bigger than they originally were. There are four accounts of most remarkable visitations that were related to me personally by those who experienced them, which I offer here to the public in the hope and expectation that they

are unfamiliar to the majority, and with an assurance that they have not undergone any stuffing or enlargement at the hands of a literary taxidermist.

## I.

## THE RYEFIELD COACH.

THE Black Isle is a name that might be indicative, to those who are unfamiliar with the place so-called, of almost any atrocity and ghostly tale, and I have no doubt that in bygone times, before it became the great agricultural district that it is to-day, that it was a very suitable haunt for criminals and spectres, for I have been given to understand by the old folk living there that it was at one time almost covered with a dense dark growth of Scotch firs, with here and there stretches of black peat-bog. But very little of the old forest lands remain to-day, the bogs are mostly drained, and the general aspect of the Black Isle is that of a fair and fertile district, with little about it to conjure to the mind ghostly visions of any sort. And yet—and yet—I know of a little mystery that happened there; a mystery that some ascribe to the supernatural; a mystery that has never been cleared up. It happened at the writer's old home in the August of 1879, and was considered a very strange affair at the time; but nothing with reference to it has ever happened since, that my family, or myself, have ever been made aware of.

. . . . .

The hour was approaching midnight, and the only members of the household not in bed were my father and eldest brother and my mother and eldest sister. The two former were in the smoking-room and the two latter in the drawing-room; both rooms at that time had windows looking on to the front of the house. Just before the clock struck twelve my mother rose and went up to her bedroom, which was over the front drawing-room, while my sister went and stood at the front door looking out on to the avenue. It was so fine and warm, and so wonderfully bright, that she stood for some time fascinated with the scene, until reminded of the lateness of the hour by the old clock on the stairs solemnly striking forth midnight. Just as she was about to turn to go in she observed issuing from the dark trees that form the end of the avenue a carriage drawn by two horses, with two men seated on the box. There was something about the whole appearance of the equipage that struck her as rather curious, but not suspecting anything uncanny, and supposing it to have been some carriage that had got off the main road, and whose driver had come to ask the right way, she called to my father, who had just entered the front hall behind her, to come out and see what these midnight visitors wanted. Now I must here explain that there is an open space of gravel in front of Ryefield House between the two old wings, approached by the avenue on the left, and carriages must on leaving turn round on this space to regain the avenue. To the right is, or was, a broad gravelled footway leading to a small burn that flows down past the house.

Before my father could reach the carriage it had swept past the front door and was heading for the burn straight down this path on the right. Candle in hand he sprang out after it, followed by my brother, who had also appeared on the scene, both shouting to the driver to stop or he would fall into the burn. The point where the path meets the burn is thrown into deep shade by the wood on the opposite bank, which rises on a sharp slope ; but it seemed as if the driver knew his way, for he drove on, heedless of the cries for him to stop, until he reached the very brink of the stream. Here he pulled up and awaited the approach of my father and brother. The night being very calm, the candle that my father held kept well alight, and by its aid he was able to see fairly clearly the whole turn-out. It was a distinctly old-fashioned-looking coach, with an empty rumble at the back, two men on the front seats, so muffled up as to be almost unrecognisable, and, inside, the figure of a woman, clothed in white from head to foot, reclining far back in a corner ; white fly-nets on the horses' ears showed clearly in the candle - light. Very strange as the whole appearance of this equipage was, it never struck any of those who saw it at the time as being possibly something supernatural. My father asked the driver where he came from and what he was doing driving into private grounds at such an hour, but the man might have been deaf and dumb for all the attention he paid to the questions. Neither he nor his companion would utter a word and, without heeding the expostulations made to them, they turned their old coach round on to the lawn and drove

straight across it to the avenue above the house and in full view of the latter, so that my mother and sister who were watching from a window could see it again quite plainly. On reaching the turn-off to the stables, a little way further on, it took that route, and presumably went that way round on to the main avenue, awakening neither men nor dogs as it went. There were two men sleeping at the stables then, and the kennels of several sporting dogs had to be passed before reaching the house where the men slept, but neither men nor dogs were disturbed. The coach has never been seen or heard of again.

Enquiries were made next morning in all directions, but no one knew anything about it. The lawn at Ryefield, which is well known to be a very soft grassy one, was in no way marked or injured. The mark of a barrow wheel will leave an impression on it that will last for some days; but this old heavy coach, with its pair of horses, and two men outside and a woman within, passed over it like the soft night-breeze without leaving a sign to show that it had been there.

There are several points to be considered about this apparition. Firstly, no vehicle of the kind was known of anywhere in the part of the country where it appeared. Secondly, fly-nets on horses' ears were as little known in Ross-shire as were motor cars in those days. Thirdly, it left no impression on an exceptionally soft lawn. Fourthly, the occupants of the coach seemed totally unaware of any human presence in their vicinity. They paid no attention when called upon to stop or to explain the cause of their

visit. If they had lost their way it would be natural to suppose that they would only be too ready to enquire from the first individual whom they met which was the right road, and drunk they certainly were not, for the driving was not only steady but skilful. It is quite wonderful how they managed to turn the coach where they did, in a strip between a tree and the burn, scarcely wide enough to turn a barrow. Fifthly, no one can remember to have touched it. Sixthly, and lastly, no one can remember to have heard it.

Those who are firm believers in ghosts have many theories about our phantom coach; perhaps the most romantic one being that of the runaway couple. In bygone times there stood an ancient castle rather more than half a mile ahead of the point where the driver turned his horses, and lying right in the direction which he took after he had driven past the house. This castle is now less than a ruin; mere stony outlines alone marking the place where it stood. But in the days when it flourished they say that it might have been the home of some gay young laird, who, flying to the shelter of his own roof with the lass whom he had stolen from an angry parent, was brought to bay at the point where the old coach, with its white-robed burden, stood by the burn-side at home. Here perhaps the laird was slain on an August night many, many years ago, and to this spot the wraith of his lamenting bride returns at times to view the scene where she parted with her lover, her happiness, and her peace of mind on earth. Once in a hundred years perhaps she comes again. Who knows?



## II.

## IN THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM, CULLODEN HOUSE.

IF any of the famous houses in Scotland might lay claim to a ghost, surely Culloden, with its great historical and family associations, is among the first that one might expectantly turn to learn of something of the kind; but I think that I may safely say that Culloden is not known to be haunted, and I know of only one instance in which anything that might be attributable to the supernatural occurred there, and that is long ago—about twenty-six years. However, that occurrence, although quite unexciting, was of so curious a nature that it seems to me to be worth recording, as an instance of one of those strange happenings that remain altogether unexplained.

After the death of my uncle, Mr Arthur Forbes of Culloden, the house was for a time closed to visitors, and the butler had orders to admit no one, except relations, under any pretext whatsoever. These orders were very strictly obeyed. Now it so happened that, one afternoon, the day being fine and warm, Mrs Forbes went out for a walk round the beautiful and extensive gardens—so well known to visitors to Culloden House—and, on returning indoors, went straight upstairs to her own room, to get to which it was necessary to pass the room known as the President's Room—called after the great Lord President, Duncan Forbes, so celebrated for the part he took in the '45, and for his devoted loyalty to a thankless Government.

This room contained the bed and all the furniture that had stood in the room occupied by the Lord President in the old castle of Culloden, on the dungeons of which the centre of the present house was built. Three nights before the Battle of Culloden Prince Charlie took possession of the castle, and occupied the Lord President's bedroom and bed. His departure therefrom must have been a very hurried one, for he left, standing by the bedside, his walking-stick, a very uncommon-looking and probably much-valued companion, which, after remaining at Culloden for about a hundred-and-fifty years, has passed back into royal possession in the person of that descendant of the House of Stuart that governs this kingdom by the unanimous consent of its people.\*

On arriving opposite the door of the President's Room Mrs Forbes observed that it stood wide open—not a very unusual occurrence—but, happening to look through the open doorway into the room, to her utter astonishment she saw the figure of a tall man, dressed in some dark kind of clothes, standing between the ends of the horse-shoe dressing-table, apparently either regarding himself in the looking-glass, or gazing beyond through the window on to the open fields that lie away towards the east. Who could this stranger be, she wondered? Feeling considerably annoyed that her orders had been deliberately disobeyed, as she supposed, and that some person had been

\* The late Queen Victoria was graciously pleased to accept the Prince's walking-stick from my father, to whom it was left, and it now reposes at Windsor Castle.

allowed in to view the house and relics, she remained just outside the door, and called peremptorily to the butler, whom she heard crossing the hall below, to come up to her. He did so at once, when she interrogated him upon the presence of the stranger in the President's Room. He assured her that he had permitted no one to enter the house, nor did he believe that anyone else would have done such a thing in direct opposition to her wishes to be left undisturbed, and he suggested that possibly someone had effected an entry unknown to them. Thereupon they both entered the room; but no human being was visible within. They sought everywhere, under bed and table and behind curtains, but no one could they find. The only entrance to the room was by the door at which they had entered, and by which no one could have passed out without having been seen. The windows are a considerable height from the ground, and not possible of access from without save by a long ladder, but no ladder was there, nor anywhere near. And yet the stranger had absolutely and totally disappeared, and no sign remained to show that anyone had been there. Enquiries made among the servants produced no evidence to show that any stranger had been seen either in or about the house. My aunt was quite positive that she had seen the man standing before the dressing-table in the President's Room; she had, from her own statement, felt that he was someone with whom she was unacquainted; it was broad daylight when she saw him; and at the time any thought of the supernatural was not in her mind.

Who this visitor was no one has ever discovered.

There have been many speculations as to his identity. Of course, many people said that it was the wraith of my uncle, Arthur Forbes, which seems to me a most absurd idea, for who should have known his figure better than his widow, who was devoted to him, and yet she maintained that the person whom she saw was an utter stranger to her, and that she felt that his presence was quite unfamiliar.

Another suggestion made was that the figure seen was that of the great Lord President himself. A very unlikely suggestion also. Duncan Forbes did his duty nobly and faithfully in life. One has never heard that he ever was guilty of any action towards his fellow-man that could be called mean, dishonourable, or cruel. He went to the grave an honoured and respected man, and history will not suffer his name to be forgotten. There was nothing to call him back to earth when once his spirit was free. He must have been glad to leave a world that took all he had to give, and gave him little in return, and his great mind was not the one to return in search of worldly gain. No, the Lord President's wraith it certainly was not.

Could it have been the Prince—Bonnie Prince Charlie? Ah! that, I think, is far more likely. It would never surprise me to hear that the wraith of Prince Charlie haunted every house that he had ever entered into in Scotland, England, France, and Italy, for he brought sorrow wherever he went. There must have been much done in his life that in death he would have undone: there must have been one great thing left undone that he must

ever after have wished that he had done. Prince Charlie should have died on the battlefield of Culloden, and spared himself and his brave Highlanders the misery that must and did entail on his defeat and flight. He should have turned upon Lord Elcho's call, and charged with the remnant of his force—charged for death or victory, and saved himself that bitter taunt: "There you go for a d——d cowardly Italian!" Death or victory, victory or death, was his sleeping and waking thought in the Lord President's Room that night before the battle. Victory was denied him; he did not accept the alternative—that alternative that would have left everlasting glory on his name. Poor Prince Charlie! Had the spirit returned to the scenes of its worst indecision when the material body was no longer at its call? I hazard the suggestion.

### III.

#### STRANGE APPARITION AT BOULOGNE.

SOME thirteen or fourteen years ago I happened to walk round after dinner from my own rooms, in London, to those of a cousin to have a long promised smoke and chat with him. On my arrival at his quarters I found him in the smoking-room with several friends, among them a Mr James Gould, who has since passed to the majority. I found Mr Gould a quiet, pleasant, unassuming man, whose statements I believe most people would have accepted

as facts without questioning. He spoke very little, and when he did it was usually seriously and in a convincing manner. We met on several occasions subsequently, and in course of time became well acquainted. One evening at a gathering of four friends in my cousin's rooms Mr Gould was again among the number, and upon this occasion the conversation happened to turn upon ghosts and things supernatural. I was asked to relate the story of the Ryefield phantom coach, which two of those present had not heard before, Mr Gould being one of the two, and somewhat to my surprise he appeared quite strangely interested, remarking when I had finished that he was not sure whether to believe in ghosts or not, and that his own experience led him to suppose that there might be such things. I fully expected a man of Mr Gould's stolid temperament to smile a pleasant denial to all things savouring of the supernatural, so that his reference to his own experience in such matters caused me to prick up my ears, so to speak, and to anticipate hearing something interesting. I was not disappointed. After many requests for him to tell us to what he referred by his own experience we elicited from him the following remarkable story, which I will endeavour to give in his own words as nearly as I can remember them :—

. . . . .

“A good many years ago I was returning home from a trip on the Continent, via Boulogne, at which town I resolved to spend a night before crossing to England. I

engaged a room at the old Hotel du N——, upon the site of which, I believe, a bank now stands. I retired to rest some time before midnight, and slept soundly until after the first light of dawn had stolen in at the windows. What awakened me I do not know, but on opening my eyes I instantly became aware of a figure standing at the end of my bed looking at me. It had the form of a French 'bonne,' or nurse, with long coloured streamers of broad ribbon depending from her cap down her back. Her gaze was intently fixed on me, and I can say with truth that I have never beheld a sadder expression on any woman's face. My first impression was that she was some sleep-walker who had wandered into my bedroom from another quarter of the hotel, so I lay still to observe what she would do. She presently left her position at the end of the bed and moved up the right-hand side to within touching distance, all the while continuing to keep her gaze fixed on me with the same rapt expression of melancholy. The perfect ease with which she had moved up the bedside, between it and the wall, struck me at once as something strange, for the bed was as close to the wall as it could go, and apparently there was no room for any human being to approach me on that side! I lay back, returning her gaze without the slightest feeling of alarm, being merely curious to know who this woman was and what she required. I remember quite coolly considering that no material body could have moved into the place where she stood, as I distinctly saw her move, and I recollect putting out my hand towards her and seeing it pass across and

through her form as one sees a child putting its hands wonderingly through a sunbeam. Then she moved away, back to her former position at the end of the bed, where she vanished. I instantly rose, and taking up my watch went with it to the window to make sure of ascertaining the right time. It was about four o'clock. I then returned to bed, and, while considering what had occurred, I fell asleep. I was not disturbed again, and in the morning when I was called had forgotten about the strange apparition. It was not until I had finished breakfast that the matter returned to my mind, and then, as I was going out to make a purchase at a certain shop, I resolved to ask whoever served me if they had ever heard of my nightly visitor before. An elderly woman was behind the counter, and, like all others of her nation, I found her a polite and ready listener to the enquiries of a stranger and a foreigner. I began by leading her into conversation over various changes in Boulogne since I had last been there. Then I told her where I had stayed, and asked her if she had ever heard of visitors to that hôtel being disturbed by *quelque chose surnaturelle*. She informed me that she had been in her shop about thirty years, and during that time scarcely a year had passed without her hearing that some visitor to the hotel named had seen the figure of the 'bonne.' No one knew who she was or why she came; there was no story in connection with a nurse known that anyone could make a ghost-tale out of; and apparently the apparition was quite harmless."

Such was Mr Gould's account of his very remarkable



experience. I asked him if he had ever been back to Boulogne since. He said that he had, but that the hotel in which the "bonne" had appeared had been pulled down before his next visit, so that if he had wished for a second interview with her melancholy shade it was then altogether impossible of accomplishment, unless the shade had been known to have flitted elsewhere, but he had not heard if such were the case.

I shall not hazard any speculation as to who the poor "bonne" might have been as a material body, or as to the reason for her reappearance on earth. The strange manner of her comings and goings seems to me to be sufficiently wonderful in itself.

#### IV.

#### AN EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCE AT TRINCOMALEE.

MANY strange tales come from the East—the ever-mysterious East—but I do not remember to have heard many stranger than the one that I am about to relate. It was told to me by a relation of my own—Stuart C. Munro, the laird of Teaninich, Ross-shire, N.B.—whose permission I have to publish it, and to give his name in connection therewith as a guarantee of its genuineness. I have been given to understand that others besides Mr Munro have had a similar experience at the same place, but as I have not come across them, nor had any definite account of what

their experience in the matter was, I will only state here what I had from the lips of Mr Munro himself. Perhaps the publication of this version may chance to meet the eyes of those others referred to, if they are still in the land of the living, and to call from them some further interesting information regarding an unseen wonder.

Mr Munro has been a great traveller in many distant lands, and many years ago, before succeeding to his father's estate in Scotland, he purchased an estate on the east coast of the island of Ceylon, upon which he resided for long periods, paying close attention to its working. In the course of business connected with this estate he found it necessary at one time to visit the town of Trincomalee, situated also on the east side of the island and considerably farther north than where he resided. He arranged to travel to Trincomalee with a companion of the name of Treahy, since dead, and he took with him one or two native servants, including a cook, and a tent and camp bed. On arriving at Trincomalee, Treahy suggested that, instead of going to the rest-house, they should occupy an empty bungalow which he had acquired there. As they had beds, servants, and all the necessaries for camping out, Munro thought it a better plan than going to the expense and discomfort likely to be met with at the rest-house. So to the empty bungalow they went. It was veritably empty, for there was not a stick of furniture of any sort to be found in it; but as their idea was simply to sleep under a roof and feed outside they were content with the place as it was, and, having each selected his sleeping quarters, they had.

their bedding brought in and placed where they wished it. The rooms they chose to sleep in were two adjoining one another. They were built one behind the other. The front room had but one entrance, and that was through a door that opened on to a verandah. The back room had also but one entrance, and that was by a door that could only be approached by going through the front room. Munro chose the first and Treahy the second, and their beds were placed respectively in the centre of each.

I cannot remember at exactly what hour I was told that they retired to rest, but I believe that it was a reasonably early one, as there was very important business on hand to attend to on the following day, and the distractions of Trincomalee at that time could not have been either very absorbing or of a late order. Munro had been asleep for an hour or two when suddenly he was awakened by hearing an exceedingly curious noise proceeding from the direction of Treahy's room. It was as if a branch was being dragged along the floor. He sat up in bed and listened, and as he listened the sound seemed to enter his room through the doorway, and to proceed round it close by the walls. After wondering for a little time what it could be, it occurred to him that it might possibly be a large snake, and, if it were such, that he had better see about getting rid of it; so he felt quietly for his match-box, and struck a light. Instantly the sound ceased, and nothing could he see but the bare floor, walls, and roof of his furnitureless apartment. The match went out, when immediately the low, trailing sound began again, going

round and round the room as before. Greatly puzzled, he lit another match. Again the sound ceased, and nothing strange of any sort could he see. When this second match went out the sound began again at once. He lit several more matches, but, finding that the same thing happened each time that he did so, he gave up wasting his lights, and lay down in bed to discover, if possible, what the Thing would do if left to itself in the dark. A plucky resolution, I think most people would say! But was there ever a Munro who knew fear? Nothing further happened that night. The Thing, after trailing itself once or twice more round the room, departed through the doorway on to the verandah, and, apparently, away. Munro then rose from his bed and went in to see how his friend was getting on and if he had been disturbed. He found him sitting up in bed in a state of considerable alarm. He had had exactly the same experience, but not being a man of iron nerve it had frightened him horribly. He could sleep no more that night. Munro, however, returned to bed and slept soundly and undisturbed until the morning.

The next day was a very busy one for both of them, and although doubtless the occurrence of the night before was occasionally in their minds they had no leisure to give it more than a passing thought, nor to make any enquiries regarding it, and when bedtime came that night sheer weariness so obliterated poor Treahy's dread of the supernatural that he was glad to seek repose anywhere, even in his haunted bedroom of the previous night. Munro, who I believe would rather relish an interview with the super-

natural than avoid it, again occupied the room with the verandah. Sleep soon closed his eyes, and he slumbered peacefully for some hours ; but a little while before the dawn came he was awakened by a sound similar to the one that had disturbed him the night before—the sound as of a branch being dragged round the room in which Treahy was, and immediately afterwards entering his own. He at first lay still, listening to it trailing round the walls, and when he felt sure that it came right opposite to his gaze he struck a light. The sound stopped and he beheld nothing. The match burned itself out, when instantly the sound recommenced. Several times he lit matches, but always the same thing happened. The Thing that caused the sound was evidently not to be seen, and was only to be heard in the darkness ; therefore Munro argued to himself it must be aware of the light. Could it be a trick played by someone watching from outside, he wondered. As the room was in total darkness it was easy for him to test that, so, fearing nothing, he sprang out of bed and went after the sound, bare-footed and clad only in his pyjamas. But the Thing was not to be caught. He found that if he went fast it went faster ; if he turned to meet it, it turned too and fled in the other direction. Then he tried to jump on it, it seemed so very close to him ; but he told me that as he sprang it sprang too, for he could plainly hear the soft swish it made as it landed again on the bare floor in front of him. Nohow could he come up with it, and at length, weary of the attempts that he had made, he returned to bed intending to leave it to its apparently harmless perambula-

tions ; but just as the dawn broke it passed out, apparently right through a closed door, on to the verandah. With a bound Munro was after it. He pulled open the door, he could still hear the swish of the Thing as it passed down the verandah in front of him, but nothing could he see, although it was light enough now to see quite small objects beyond the line that the Thing was taking. At the end of the verandah the sound of this trailing Thing ceased. It was gone for good or for evil ; but it did not disturb him again, and curiously enough, upon this second night in the bungalow, it had not disturbed Treahy, who had slept peacefully. They never discovered what it was. But they afterwards learnt from the natives that the place was well known to be *haunted*, as they said, by a man who had hanged himself in a tree that overshadowed the verandah. They said that the devils dragged him round and round the rooms at night. These kind of tales I have little belief in as a rule ; they are usually invented by someone to fit a mystery, and Indian natives are as good in this respect as many of my own countrymen ; but as exceptional experiences go of strange visitations, that one may be better entitled to connect with the supernatural than many stories that one hears, I think the tale that I have here related is a very fair example, and if it could be proved to be true that *a man had hanged himself* in the tree over the verandah it would lend a horrid probability to the native's gruesome tale of his body and the fiends.

HUGH WARRAND.

## AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

**H**ER eyes are dim, yet nathless bright,  
And wide-awake, yet nathless dreaming,  
Like moonbeams on a summer night  
Athro' a nimbus softly streaming—  
Or Morning's opalescent light  
The blind unhappy Dark redeeming.

Her eyes are bright, yet nathless dim,  
As tho' with joy they had been weeping ;  
The lashes 'broidering the brim  
Have tiny teardrops in their keeping ;  
And rainbows reach from rim to rim  
Where-under little stars are peeping.

O eyes so bright, O eyes so fair,  
Sunbeams and moonbeams intertwining,  
Weeping and laughter, pride and prayer  
Within your lily lids enshrining,  
Your beauty fills me with despair,  
You blind me, blind me, with your shining !

You blind me like the lissom blade  
Of sudden summer-lightning flashes,  
Your magic makes my heart afraid,  
Your beauty baffles and abashes.  
I creep ; I seek an ambuscade  
Within the shadow of your lashes.

Yet some day though the lightning dart  
And in a cloud an anger hover,  
Out of my ambush I will start  
And leap your eyelids like a lover,  
And entrance to the hidden heart  
Down your bright ways I will discover.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.





## SONNET.

### DOLLAR GLEN.

**S**INCE to this deep green glen we two alone  
Came hand in hand on that first morn of May,  
How many leaves have fallen on the way,  
And, 'mid those singing waters wavering down,  
Softly been gathered into oblivion.  
So long ago ! yet still these shadows stray  
Unchanged, and radiance lingers since that day  
Whose passionate dawning splendour o'er us shone.

Love, let me not forget thy golden hours,  
Give me their fragrance constantly to cherish :  
Lest, numbed by Autumn's chill, or icy showers  
Of Winter, all their gracious memory perish :  
But for my heart's repose, a sanctuary,  
May these thy haunted places ever be.

JAMES CADENHEAD.

## SCHILLER.

**T**O many, the greatest charm of any of Schiller's writings is possessed by his ballads—so pathetic, so simply picturesque, so beautiful, so tender—which, as long as human feeling and simple taste survive the infection of the literature of passion, or of the fleshly school, or of decadent mysticism, will appeal to men and women of every age. It has indeed been argued that Schiller's poetry appeals specially to the young. No doubt these ballads do win the hearts of the young in a special manner by their tender pathos and hearty freshness, just as by their simplicity they penetrate understandings which subtler and more elaborate verse would fail to reach. Who of us, if we know German at all, have not revelled in Schiller's ballads in our earliest days? I have forgotten much; quotation is beyond my power; but in the recesses of my memory, there still linger, as living voices, not as mere echoes, the delightful poems which I learned when I was twelve. Still I hear the

“Sich da, sich da, Timotheus, die Kraniche des Ibykus.”

Still, with the King's daughter in the “Diver,” I lean over the brink of the deadly abyss to see whether once more the white arms of the swimmer, the “Edel-knecht sanft und

**SCHILLER**



**AN UNPUBLISHED DRAWING  
BY  
THE LATE OTTO LEYDE, R.S.A.**



keck," would gleam on the crest of the seething waters in the horrible pool. Oh! the graphic power of these pictures. What chords of emotion, struck by an exquisite and delicate hand in the perfection of their art, convincing the most captious critic, and surely the choicest flowers of poetry for the young to pluck. And see with what delicacy when, under the discipline of art, the poet had subdued the more unruly flights of his earlier passionate imaginings, he handled in his ballads the element of love. There is a touch of tenderness, of pathos, of innocence in all his ballads, of dainty chivalry, or sometimes of gallant devotion or of melancholy constancy, as in the "Ritter Toggenburg" or of budding worship, as in "The Bell," that lovely picture of life in which love plays a gentle, not a passionate *rôle*.

Schiller was an idealist—not a dreamy idealist, for idealism was with him a driving force. He believed in the greater perfectibility of mankind by moral means and the spell of art and beauty, by Grace and Dignity. It is true that he too much disregarded the realities of life. He looked upwards, not downwards, for the subjects of his canvasses. In how few of his writings does he deal with the meaner or more sordid aspects of existence! I thoroughly believe he would have thought that he had soiled his soul if he had taken in his hand that realistic pen which in these latter days draws detailed and revolting pictures of the seamiest side of life. Apart from some of his youthful literary extravagances and aberrations, he stands out as one of the purest writers who ever achieved immortal fame.

But the key to Schiller's immense hold on the imagination of the German people is not to be found in his literary supremacy alone. Goethe has done more for literature, Schiller more for national life and humanity. Schiller was, in a sense, a national prophet who felt in advance, ay, and prepared in advance, the greater life, the freer existence, the future possibilities, within the reach of his German Vaterland. His gospel was a gospel of duty and high purpose. To this day he wields a vast influence for good over German youth. They could have no nobler teacher, and to the world at large he still stands out as a glorious figure on a pedestal which a hundred years have left unshaken, with laurels on his brow still green ; and long may it be before iconoclastic criticism, or musty unintelligibilities, or the hard and heartless teaching of materialism, weaken the hold on generations to come of Schiller, the poet and the man.

GOSCHEN.



## THE ESCAPE.

**T**HE bolt's from the door, let us rise and go.  
What shall we take?—A violin,  
Poems in plenty, a coin or so  
And a leather purse to hold them in.

Down the high-road and up the street—  
And the whole will make a beautiful song.  
Oh ! the merry heart and the heart's wild beat,  
And the mirth in the eyes that had wept too long !

And now all tunes that ever you play,  
And the wise things said by your fiddle-strings,  
Are perfectly sure to come true some day ;  
And you and I will be queens and kings.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

## SONNET.

### FREE LOVE.

**N**AME the thing knowledge—name it liberty—  
To me this laughter and light sundering seems  
Dark with the dismal anarchy of dreams  
Where everything is false and therefore free :  
The ringing bird-bolt shot with certainty  
Shrieks past exultant as a sea-bird screams ;  
The thistledown, on every air that streams,  
Floats ever in a sad frivolity.

You too that toy with treacheries, you too,  
You (if the perfect one should come in power),  
Having the terrible human heart within,  
The trumpet of the valorous voice in you,  
Shall sell your days like dung for the great hour  
When liberty shall end and life begin.

G. K. CHESTERTON.



## A JACOBITE INCIDENT.

**E**VERYONE knows the story of Prince Charles Edward's splendid and futile adventure in 1745, and most people know something about the '15. A part of the Jacobite story, however, which to a great extent remains to be written is that relating to the doings of the exiled Court in the earlier years of the eighteenth century—when a Stuart restoration was by no means outside the pale of practical politics, and the Chanceries of Europe still maintained a more or less clandestine communication with the somewhat out-at-elbows government which found temporary quarters at St Germain's, at Bar-le-Duc, at Avignon, and at Rome. The Stuart Papers at Windsor, now in the hands of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, are a mine of information about this curious world, with its atmosphere of plot and counterplot, its clink of rapiers and rustle of skirts.

For example, there is a letter from the Earl of Mar, "Bobbing John," to Lord Panmure, dated at Rome, March 21, 1719, which contains a vivid little story. In the early weeks of 1719 a famous project was brewing. War had broken out between France and England on the one hand and Spain on the other, and Cardinal Alberoni had determined to help the Jacobites in attacking King

George's Government. Expeditions for the invasion of England and Scotland were in preparation—the former destined to be scattered by Atlantic gales, the latter to meet disaster on the hillsides of Glenshiel.

The hopes of the Jacobites rose high. The Chevalier de St George, *jure divino* King James III., was then at Rome, and it was clearly to be desired that he should find his way to Spain as soon as might be. A land journey through France into an enemy's country was out of the question, and it was dangerous to enter Imperial territory, as the Emperor Charles VI. was most anxious to cultivate friendly relations with the British Government. So early one morning James slipped quietly out of Rome, reached the fishing village of Nettuno, where a small vessel awaited him, and got safely out to sea. He reached Spain in due course, and found little comfort there.

It was all important that Alberoni's project should be kept secret to the last moment, and the Mediterranean swarmed with British cruisers, so every precaution was taken to conceal James's departure. On the same morning on which he left Rome a party set out to the northward. It consisted of Mar, James Drummond, titular Duke of Perth, and a third person, who was understood to be James himself, but who was in reality a member of the household named Paterson. The wildest rumours were circulated as to the object of the journey; James was gone to mediate between the Emperor and the King of Spain; he was to be Regent of Sweden; King George was dead, and he had been sent for by the English Ministry.

Mar describes the adventures of the party. "The rout we went," he writes, "was once thought of for his Majesty, but happie it was that he chose the other, as you'll see by what happend to us. . . . The Duke of Perth and I about two hours after his Majesty sett out in three chairs w<sup>t</sup> our servants on purpose to make it appear as if the King had been in the company and the bite toke as you'll see. We continued our journey to Bologna without endeavouring to make great haste, as was concerted, in case his Majesty had not got saild so soon as he intended. . . . A courier past us on the road twice, who we suspected had some eye upon us. We made our servants speak to him and he said he was sent from Naples to Milan to hasten on the march of the troops. This added to our suspicion, which we find since was not ill grounded, he being a servant to Count Gallass who he had sent on purpose to dog us, believing the King to be in the company. . . . [Count Gallas was Imperial Ambassador at Rome].

"From Bologna we went the rout that had been given us towards Genoa by Modena, Parma, and Piacensa, and when we came two posts further to Vogera on fryday morning 17th of ffeb. a post short of Tortona, where there is a German garison, and where we apprehended difficulty if we met with any. We were told at the post-house that we could have no horses without an order from the majestrats of the toun. As we were thinking upon this what was next to be done, the Podesta of the toun as they call the chief majestrat for the Emperour, an Italian, and

a German Lieutenant-Colonel came into the room where we were and askt if we had a passport, and whither we were a going, and who we were. We told that we were going for France by Turin, that one of us was a Frenchman, Mr Le Brun (the name the Duke of Perth went by) and the other two English, Mr Johnston and Robertson (the names for me and Paterson), that we had mett at Rome where we had been for severall months for our diversion and curiosity, and were now a returning to our own countrys, that we did not know a passport to be necessary, haveing had none when we came into the country, and knew of severall of our acquaintances who had o' late gone back for France without any. 'Then,' said they, 'we cannot help stoping you here till we give an account of you at Millan, since we have received orders about fifteen dayes ago to let no body pass without a passport,' and so they desired that we might go along with them.

"I had not many papers of consequence along with me, but some few I had, and others, I should not have liked falling into their hands." In the momentary absence of the Imperial officers these papers are hastily destroyed, "and that done I was easie since neither the King's service nor any of his friends could suffer by any discovery by what was about us. When we came along with the officers to the gate we found a guard on our chaises and baggage. . . . We were carried to the Podesta's house, . . . and there we were kept til Sunday morning under a guard of ten or twelve soldiers. The Podesta, who is a very civil

man, entertained us very well, but he had but one room for us all, . . . the door was not allow'd to be shutt, but two sentries kept at it looking at us." An express was sent to Milan with news of the capture; on the following Saturday orders came that the prisoners were to be sent to Milan. "Our boxes and things were sealed up, and next morning airly we were caried from thence under a guard of Husars." They were accompanied by a secretary to the Governor of the Milanese and a local adjutant. "When we came near Pavia these two went before us into the toun where we thought we should have stopt to dine, but we were caried out at another port as soon as we entred, and so round the toun without to the port for Millan. There we were made to halt above an hour till our guard was changed. We sent to our two governours to desire that something might be sent us out of the toun to eat since we were not allowed to stop in it, but had word sent us that there was an Hoslaria some miles before where we might eat. We were kept after this waiting for our two Governours, and wearying be their not comeing soon we sent again desiring that the guard might be ordered to go along with us to the Hoslaria, where we should wait their comeing. Upon this we were ordered to march, but when we came to the Hoslaria, our governours not being come up, the Captain of the Husars woud not stop, so hungrie enough we were before we got with their slow march to the next post, where we were to change horses, and before we came to it our two governours past us without speaking and stopt at the post till we came, and then told us that

they were kept at Pavia by some officers, friends of theirs, to dine, which made them be so long away from us, and until the horses were got reddy we might eat a bit there, which we did and then advanced on our march towards Millan." Milan is reached in due course, and there the travellers suffer a not very rigorous imprisonment. "We had our dinner and supper sent us from the Governor's every day all the time we continued there, which was very good, and drest after the French way, and beside the wine of the country we had at each meal a flask of Ranish wine, and two when we desired it. . . . General Broun, who has been long in the German service, and was accidentally in the town, came to see us on Wednesday along with the Lieut. Governor. . . . We fell a talking, . . . he told us that he who he calld the King of England was gone from Rome privately, nobody there knowing whither save the Pope, . . . and a little after said: 'Well, gentlemen, whoever you be, there is no dishonour done you,' upon which I asked him who they took us to be and sure they did not take us for the Pretender; no, God forbid, says he, and then left us. We believed he had been sent to see if he knew us, and if the King was of the company, but we never saw him again nor heard more of him."

After some three weeks' detention the prisoners were released, and found their way back to Rome. "When we shall find a way of going to our Master is more than we yet know," writes Mar, "but we are at liberty again which is by no means disagreeable, and we hope the

King nor his cause will not suffer by the accident which happened to us without our fault. The loss is ours by our not having the pleasure of attending him and giving him all the assistance in our power, but we hope to hear soon of his Majesty's being well and in a good way, which heavens grant."

The heavens did not grant it, and all that is left of Jacobite loyalty is a romantic story. But what a romantic story it is, how full of colour, of incident, of picturesque detail! Mar's letter reads like a chapter of Dumas. The suspicious courier, the arrest in the posthouse, the furtive destruction of the papers, the hospitable Governor with his flasks of Rhenish—they might all have come straight out of "The Three Musketeers." Meissonier might have painted the three hungry Scotchmen, with their escort of Austrian hussars, waiting and "wearying" at the gate of Pavia. The letter may serve as a sample of the abundant material which still awaits the historical novelist.

WILLIAM K. DICKSON.



## TITANIA'S SONG.

**I**N these days of peace and plenty,  
When honeycombs are never empty,  
And butterflies are painted blue,  
And the long spring grass is full of dew,  
—I and my maidens sit and sew, sew, sew,  
Under the hyacinths, where sunbeams glow.

Through the long warm nights of summer,  
When the moonbeams faintly shimmer,  
And bats are out, and owls about,  
And through the woods you hear them shout,  
—I and my maidens lie asleep, sleep, sleep,  
Under the mossy wall, where spiders creep.

ROSALINE MASSON.









ROOM A

## BARNCRAIG REVISITED.

**T**WAS here we met. The low, old, shabby  
Seems all unchanged since that day  
The sunbeams piercing through the  
The glasses sparkling in the  
The fishes from the water here

[illegible]

Its breadth of board the table spreads,  
Scrubbed white with sand through half the room,  
And half is streaked with golden threads  
Of light and half is sun in gloom.

A MOOR



BY  
MORTIMER MEMPES

## BARNCRAIG REVISITED.

'T WAS here we met. The low roof'd room  
Seems all unchanged since that far night :  
The sunbeams piercing through the gloom,  
The glasses sparkling in their light,  
Which flashes from the water here  
A bridge to vases on the shelf  
To hang from each a silver spear  
And gem the round-rimmed plates of delf.

It might be that the room had slept  
And dreamed of us through all those years,  
Till vases, plates, and pendants kept  
Our memory crystalised in tears,  
Our joy compelled, as they had known  
Our youth, and clinked upon their shelves ;  
Enshrined in facets now and grown  
Through time a portion of themselves.

Its breadth of board the table spreads,  
Scrubbed white with sand through half the room,  
And half is streaked with golden threads  
Of light and half is sunk in gloom.

A jackdaw stares with glassy eye  
From perch above the drowsy door :  
He cawed and pecked in days gone by  
And hopped about the sanded floor.

And we were easily amused  
That night, and thought it fun to tease  
The bird with crusts which he refused,  
Yet cawed his thanks for toasted cheese.  
We laughed, as, thrusting back his head,  
He fixed us with a judge-like eye,  
And laughing, wondered if he read  
Our thoughts, and let the night slip by.

Now there it's perched with beads for eyes,  
And here I blink with eyes like beads.  
But where are they? Mine host, though wise  
In saws, is poor in port that needs  
No bush! And yet his wine seemed good  
Until I'd met that jackdaw's stare.  
It's evil eye has changed my mood  
And grief grows from the joys that were.

I turn my back upon the bird :  
A dead eye's stare who can endure?  
And what on earth is more absurd  
Than a taxidermist's caricature?

The wine sips sweet. These were the days !  
Our days ! None like them now I know ;  
But through the mists of time I gaze  
On that one night of long ago.

A summer night, a seaside town,  
And four companions flushed with health,  
With not a single care to drown  
Nor overweighted with their wealth,  
But high in hopes ; our hearts aglow  
With dreams of fame in future days !  
What wonder we were happy, though  
We'd reached the parting of our ways ?

For morning dawned and George was gone—  
“The double-bass of our quartette”  
We called him. Now, an Oxford don,  
The childish jest he may forget.  
We missed him. Lengthy letters came,  
Embittering griefs they would assuage  
Whilst spurring us to heights of fame  
From depths of doubt he could not gauge.

He talked of fame by labour earned ;—  
Our work grew hateful in our eyes—  
Of life at College ;—we but learned  
The village routine to despise.

His letters read like lyric prose  
When hopes long hid were nigh fulfilled.  
We only grew the more morose  
The more our hearts ambition thrilled.

And Jack, with eyes where mischief lurked,  
Grew thoughtful even beyond his age,  
And while his elders slept he worked  
And read and scribbled page on page,  
In secret toiling, for he feared  
The jibes and sneers of Ridicule,—  
The laugh that many a heart has seared  
Although the laughter of a fool.

And thus was Jack the next to go.  
One morning we awoke to find  
That he whom we did hardly know  
A student was not far behind  
Our college friend in race for fame.  
While Jim and I with dreams beguiled  
Our slothful souls, he'd made a name,  
And on him Fame and Fortune smiled.

'Twas London was our writer's home,  
The daily press Jack made his sphere,  
To study art Jim went to Rome  
Soon after. I stayed sleeping here



And ate and dreamed and drank and slept,  
So lived, if life such might be styled ;  
While steadily to fame they stepped  
As each were Fortune's favoured child.

Now George is known 'mong learned men  
For Latin verse and classic Greek ;  
Jack's caustic wit and facile pen  
Mould men's opinions week by week.  
Jack writes, " My picture 's on the line,  
And critics in their praise agree."  
An uncle's shop is to be mine—  
A glorious opening for me.

For I have only measured time  
As I have measured yards of tweed,  
Or thrummed in feet a weary rhyme  
Which very few have cared to read.  
Of intellect I need no more  
Than what makes buyers grin with me ;  
My science has no need to soar  
Beyond the simple Rule of Three.

And after many years I come  
To this familiar spot again ;  
But holidays are wearisome  
When all reflection brings is pain.

The while they toiled, behind I lagged  
And plucked at evanescent flowers :  
They've lived in deeds, I have but dragged  
The dull years out in days and hours.

I wonder if the idle day  
Makes memory run to wordy seed ;  
To blame such wine would be to play  
On fond credulity indeed.  
That weazened landlord has a plan—  
Or is it the blear-eyed maid's design ?—  
To keep one sober if he can  
By serving water labelled wine.

It's this old room that makes me speak,  
Like me, of little use since then !  
It hears, as I, from week to week  
The same dull jokes ; the same dull men  
Forgather here. But once it thrilled  
With youthful laughter when we met,  
And as that spot, the wine we spilled,  
These walls retain our memory yet.

Some day, perchance, bright youth will come  
And break again the dull routine  
Of village joke and life's humdrum  
Monotony ; and what hath been

Within these walls revive once more,  
The glasses clink, the pendants ring,  
And on his perch above the door  
The jackdaw look a living thing.

And even into the daily round  
Of life's dull duties there may stream  
A flood of light, and age be crowned  
With what hath yet but lived in dream.  
Perhaps ; but well, I dream again  
The dream I've dreamed through all these years,  
As sunlight through that dingy pane  
So hope shines through all doubts and fears.

I've touched the past ; an hour has slipped  
As glide my years, with nothing done,  
Save that this watery wine I've sipped  
And let my fancies riot run.  
Good-bye, Jackdaw ! We're kin I think.  
You look as if you were alive.  
What more do I ? than eat and drink  
And doze through life at forty-five.

GABRIEL SETOUN.

## DREAM THOUGHTS.

**T**HE ancient Greeks declared that Eros was the greatest of the gods, and so were wiser than we who have come to think that love is a disease of the brain ; and to quote the words of Henry James, “when . . . happiness passes into that place in which it becomes identical with pain, a man may admit that the reign of wisdom is temporarily suspended.” But with many this “falling in love” is a most mundane affair, and there need be no fear of raising the question of sanity ! The possessor of this particular species of heart has been compared to a “fashionable hotel,” which seldom remains vacant or long occupied by the same tenants. Carried away by every emotion, life consists of a series of love episodes ; and so fair an imitation are they of reality, and so contradictory is the human heart, that these effervescent characters often attract the deeper natures, whose heart roots are embedded beyond the reach of time and change. The eager illusions of the latter are thus shrivelled in the light flame of a passing sentiment, while they learn in the bitterness of their soul that the tragedy of life may even surpass the tragedy of death. Possibly they expect too

much of life these earnest ones, but man seeks ever after an ideal, whether it be love, art, or ambition, and his greatness consists in the fact that his ideal recedes as he seems to approach it.

To some natures love is a necessity of life, even as the air they breathe, the sun that shines above them ; while to others love is but a luxury of existence, a pleasant pastime, a soothing influence. There is apparently a great waste of affection in the world. We continually see it poured out in rich abundance, for which the giver seeks and receives no return.

Others, there are, restless, passionate, analyzing every emotion, who, though they attract love, never find a satisfying affection ; yet, living a dream life among the stars, cannot ever be wholly content. For one moment the gates of paradise open to them, but alas ! they close again, leaving them outside in the cold and dark.

And again there are some who have just fallen short of the capacity of a great passion, so near have they approached to the sacred shrine that, conscious of what they have missed, they look with wistful eyes at those who can lose themselves in a great love—that golden link between earth and heaven. We are growing very cynical, we narrow down every emotion until we can microscopically dissect it. But love is a born rebel, one of nature's flowers, it can neither be forced nor fettered, but must live its own life how and when it will.

For love there exists neither age nor decay, night falls suddenly, and there is no twilight.

But some of us dreamers still believe that the wings of a great love are strong enough to carry us across to the other side of that long night, because love is born—not of time but of eternity !

GRACE A. ABERCROMBY.

*(Mrs Keith Murray.)*



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

**T**HEY saw from out their high-built balcony  
Egypt asleep beneath a burning sky,  
The Nile through sombre Delta rolling by  
A sluggish wave toward Sais and the sea.

The Roman soldier cradling on his knee  
Her infant slumber, while his heart beat high,  
Felt through his steel cuirass, arise and die  
In his locked arms her pulse voluptuously.

And turning with pale face and falling hair  
To him intoxicate with odours rare  
She lifted up her mouth and shining eyes,  
And o'er her bowed the impassioned Lord of Rome,  
Beheld in those great eyes, twin stars of doom,  
A vast and rolling sea, a ship that flies.

H. J. C. GRIERSON.

## TO HIS MISTRESS' EYEBROW.

**W**HEN Sylvia affects surprise  
(Alas at times her tender heart  
For me has cause enough to smart),  
She opens wide her lovely eyes,  
The softly pencilled eyebrows rise,  
And 'twixt those lids so far apart  
Love shoots another barbed dart,  
When Sylvia affects surprise.

When Sylvia designs to frown  
(And, sometimes, I confess that she  
Has ample reason wroth to be),  
Those eyebrows lower darkly down ;  
And, if I were a king, my crown,  
My kingdom and regality  
Were naught but rascal's rags to me,  
When Sylvia designs to frown.

When Sylvia is pleased to smile  
From 'neath those eyebrows Love lets fly  
At once his whole artillery :



So that Enchantress of the Nile  
 Her valiant Roman did beguile  
     From reason, sense, and policy :  
     Like him contented I could die  
 When Sylvia is pleased to smile.

To Sylvia my vows I pay.  
     Her lover, kneeling at her feet,  
     Browbeaten thrall whose bonds are sweet  
 So sweet the gentle tyrant's sway,  
 Oaths of allegiance every day  
     All unconstrained shall repeat :  
     So bound while this my heart shall beat  
 To Sylvia my vows I pay.

JAMES CADENHEAD.



## **“VIOLETS.”**

**“V**I'LITS, vi'lits, only a penny a bunch?” The flower-girl eagerly questions each hurrying face.

A London street, its rows of gaunt houses ; the heavy atmosphere suffused with a faint veil of grey fog ; the dull monotonous rumble of traffic ; the weary feeling of struggling humanity ; the sound of anxious footsteps hastening along the paved road of life. The only colour in this dim picture a patch of violets ; violets heaped in profusion on the flower-girl's tray. Violets, whose breath, laden with a thousand memories, floats on the stifling air and creeps unbidden, it may be unwelcome, into the very heart of every passer by.

The city man, his mind running in figures, pulls up short to buy a bunch of the flowers, whose sweet scent stirs his dull memory into activity, telling him that he still possesses a heart. Emotions long-stilled, memories bitter-sweet, youthful dreams awakened by the fragrance of those violets, rise persistently all day long, following him, tugging at his sleeve, even in the midst of the all-absorbing worship of Mammon.

“Poor little modest flower !” A youth, battling with the harder side of life, looks down with pity on the bunch

of violets in his hand. Like a soft caress their breath touches his sensitive heart, raising him above the hum of city life into the "fool's paradise" of fancy.

Two girls approach; one is richly dressed. The flower-girl steps eagerly forward, her monotonous cry changing to a note of earnest interrogation. The elder of the two waives aside the modest English flower; the more expensive Parma violet is selected—they remind her of Nice and of the Carnival. Her companion in the plain brown dress scarcely hears these flippant remarks. Bending over the tray of English violets, she has become unconscious of her surroundings. The violets whisper in her ear of babbling brook and the song of birds. She sees her home—the tiny cottage; her mother's smile; her little brother, for whose sake she has left that simple happy life to live in the glare of London Society, where she must silently endure a thousand veiled insults that only a dependant can understand. When she turns away a violet glistens in the feeble sunshine—a tear from a lonely sympathetic heart lies like a dewdrop on the violet's breast.

All day long the violets pour out their fragrant life on the sullen air, growing fainter, fading away, as the day wears on. Hundreds hurry past. Few allow themselves to catch the sweet thoughts that hover round the flowers; fewer still have time to stop and buy. The flower-girl knows nothing of this magic fragrance. The scent of a trayful of fresh violets brings back the picture of a cold bleak morning, a noisy market, the beginning of a hard

day's work, and vague, uneasy questionings prompted by pangs of hunger. Far dearer to her heart than the fairest flower is the sight of a little heap of dirty coppers, counted out on an empty tray.

A fashionably-dressed couple stop before the flower-girl. The man offers his companion a bunch of English violets, but, as before, they are scornfully declined.

"Parma violets look so well on fur; English violets are so common!" she explains.

The man puts the rejected bunch of violets in his buttonhole—his thoughts leap back to a forsaken memory. The street fades; the sound of traffic grows less, he answers his companion mechanically; his thoughts are far away.

. . . . .

Violets, violets, nothing but violets! There, at least, in the cool solitude of the wood that shy, most modest of flowers was not afraid of being seen. The ground was carpeted with them, the air was filled with their fragrance. A girl sat on the stump of a tree with violets in her hands; violets in the basket at her side; violets profusely at her feet; violets, soft and dark, in her eyes. As someone drew near, her colour deepened, an expectant smile hovered round her lips.

. . . . .

They come to a more crowded part of the street. The man draws closer to his companion; the insidious scent of the Parma violets she is wearing penetrates into the very

heart of that enchanted wood. Forbidden dreams, forbidden thoughts, a thousand regrets rush for a moment through his brain; but he had deliberately scorned the modest country flower; he had chosen her rich, her more precious rival. In the press of the crowd something falls to the ground; it is his bunch of English violets—they lie in the mud. For a moment he hesitates, then goes on his way, not daring to pick them up.

. . . . .

"Vi'lits, vi'lits, only a penny a bunch!"

GLADYS MITCHELL BRUCE.



## LOVE AND KNOWLEDGE.

**T**O hear the note and name the bird,  
To view the track and sum the herd,  
To read the blown rose in the bud  
Back to the fount to trace the flood,  
On earth, in water and in air  
To find one order everywhere,  
Nor lose it even in the strife,  
Close and confused, of human life—  
All this were less than to obey  
Unfaltering the unfailing ray  
Of love, which through the darkest night  
Has power to guide our steps aright.

HENRY JOHNSTONE.



# A GLEN AT GLOAMING



BY  
A. G. SINCLAIR





## A SPRING SONG.

**T**HE breeze-blown blossoms the grasses cover,  
The thrush is calling, the sun is high.  
Who is so glad as I?  
Who but my lover !

The air is sweet with the scent of clover,  
High up in the sky the lark doth sing :  
Love is love, Spring is Spring,  
All the world over.

MARIA S. STEUART.



## “MY HUSBANDS.”

“MY Husbands.” This does not mean that I “collect” them, only that, whenever I feel bored with life, I look up my list of future husbands and indulge in a trance of expectation and fancy over each one. I had no hand myself in the selection: the record consists of the different specimens that have been allotted to me by various palmists.

I never go in search of fortune-tellers, but I seem to trip over them wherever I go—both amateur and professional—and invariably find them panting to tell me things they see in my face. I met a lady in Scotland last autumn who asked to be introduced in order to tell me that my eyes had revealed to her what a sore, sore heart I had borne all that spring—but, “That it was coming all right, as he *did* care for me though he was concealing it so markedly.” I wasn’t sure who *he* could be, but was much impressed, and bit my lip, smiling bravely, though a little wistfully, with the result that she nearly wept over me. She then went and told my mother; I had not seen my parent so excited for months, and the whole family have treated me with the most unwonted sympathy ever since, in consideration of this deplorable affair.

The first woman who told my fortune looked in a

crystal and saw me in three different places with a fair young man. She ran through a list of alternative professions he might be in, lingering hopefully round "soldier" for some time—but, evoking no response, she moved reluctantly on till she came to "barrister," when my face lighted up with a beautiful smile. She pressed my hand warmly, and plunged into a short forecast of his brilliant legal career (no dinners for *my* judge the days he makes a joke in court, unless, by any chance, it is a witty one). She said I would marry him before I was twenty—I was then twenty-one. She told me that the turning point in my career was to take place as I drove away in a carriage, with three other people, from a long, low, white house. I suppose I shall be killed at the gate—not a bad death, but not my idea of a turning point—more like a *cul de sac*. I told the family. My brother said he thought the building was a lunatic asylum, and that *they* were all driving away, having just seen me comfortably installed in a padded room. My father thought it was the workhouse we are all sure to come to—it really depressed father—and I was sorry I had mentioned it. My sister suggested a prison. That I put out of the question, as I have not enough concentration to commit a crime. Of course, I might be locked up on a false charge—I hadn't thought of that—and I shall linger on there for years picking oakum, until I marry the chaplain—or the jailer, who would be a strong, silent man like Merriman's heroes. Yes, I think that is rather a promising-looking turning point. I must follow up that vista of romance next time I want to day-

dream. However, my opinion of the palmist went down from the moment she informed me that my strong point was needlework. It is an extraordinary mania they all seem affected with. I must have a domestic face or something revolting of that kind. The only time I have ever attempted to work was from a feeling of patriotism during the Boer War. I was asked by a friend to assist in making Balaclava helmets. I spent a frightfully arduous and wearing afternoon at her home, and as I left, my friend pointed out to me, rather unfeelingly, that all I had accomplished, besides a huge tea, was to break one of her best large bone needles, and to entangle hopelessly all the wool I had handled. I explained to the palmist that I had never yet succeeded in threading a needle, and that at a Progressive Games Party—at which I had been a victim the day before—I had had the misfortune to start at the “threading the needle” table, and as the rule was that you stayed there till you won, I was there from 3 till 6.45, when I had to tear home and dress for dinner. She said that what I actually did had nothing to do with the question—all she meant was that I had wonderful latent capabilities for the art, and it would be a pity, if not a sin, to neglect their cultivation.

The next “genius” I came across was at an afternoon “At Home.” She opened with the usual preliminary sketch of character. “You are inordinately devoted to gaiety and society, yet you love best to be by yourself with Nature. You are delightfully unselfish, though, of course, you like

to get the best of things for yourself; that's only natural, dear. Reason governs all your actions, though you are wise enough never to let it hinder you from following your own spontaneous impulses, if you understand what I mean. And I think you are so sensible you won't mind if I candidly tell you your one great failing. You are inclined to be hot-tempered—mind you, I know well it is under perfect control, and would never appear unless outrageously provoked; still it *is* there, and I feel easier in my mind now I've warned you." She then said that I should probably go on a voyage some time before extreme old age, but, seeing an expression of doubt on my face, she diluted that bold prophecy by adding, "If not a voyage, it is a railway journey." Knowing that I was going to Tunbridge Wells for the following weekend, I gladly acquiesced, expressing, I hope, in my eyes, the dumb wonder and awe which I felt at her acumen. She said my line was needlework, and then dashed into the momentous question of my future husband. She said I would hesitate long between a very young boy and a very old man, which seemed to me in fancy as an extraordinarily unattractive and lopsided choice. She begged me with tears in her eyes to marry the old man, so I willingly promised. Then she told me that he was fifty-six, and that I should meet him within two years. This, I can't help thinking, is a mercy, as he must be getting rather groggy already, and with influenza, pink-eye, and what not going about, the least thing might carry him off, and I should miss him altogether.

The next fortune-teller I experienced seemed to be in a state of catalepsy. As I came in at the door she said : "There is a white hand over your head, accompanying you wherever you go." I took her word for it, and demanded further details of the uncomfortable phenomenon and its owner. She said : "it belongs to your husband, who takes great care of his hands, and keeps them wonderfully white"—a loathsome trait I thought, and immediately began to regret the old thing of fifty-six. "You meet him in a wide, vast, open place—he puzzles me—he has a peaked cap and yet it is not connected with a uniform. I see him gazing into some machinery that seems to play a large part in his life; he is not in your social position." I saw it at once—a chauffeur, of course, and I suppose I am to meet him the next time I go to the Sahara; unless by any stroke of luck it should be a railway porter—I always get on well with them—and I should be glad never to have to look out my trains in Bradshaw again. She added a few reflections on my character, praised my skill with the needle, and said I was of such a hot-tempered and passionate disposition that, when angry with anyone, it was a mere toss-up whether I killed him or not. I thanked her very much, and went home, feeling rather a bold dog, to tell the family—who said if I *had* a fault, it was meekness carried to excess.

Well, there followed a course of seven or eight other prospective husbands, none very striking or convincing,—including "a young man in a good trade" (this from

a Hindoo), "an elderly man, engaged in scientific pursuits," worse than any, I should imagine. He will look like an attenuated beetle, and will keep pet ichthyosauri about the house. I shall shove him down a rabbit hole to study Natural History, as soon as possible, and get on to the next one, "a horsey man"—a jockey would be too minute, but I wouldn't mind a hansom cab driver, if I might be allowed to drive on alternate days, and "a man who will be in a position entailing constant travelling abroad." In mentioning these prospective voyages the palmist advised me to rub up my languages so that I might help him in his career. She hinted at an ambassador, and thought she saw me swaying the destiny of Empires—of course if I am selected to mould the future of humanity I will not turn nor flinch from it, but personally I cannot help thinking that he sounds more like a commercial traveller, especially as another prediction foretold that I should meet my creature in a train, and not be introduced. The last but one of the seers depressed me. After having advised me to take up needlework, she went on to say that I should get most happily engaged to a man without a profession (or a penny I could swear), but we should have a misunderstanding, and I should go into a womens' settlement in the East End instead. The man's name was Tony. I'm sorry I'm going to bungle it, but I expect its largely his fault—"Tony" sounds like a good-natured blunderer.

The very last destiny prognosticator I suffered this afternoon, and I admired her enormously. There was

a dashing definiteness about her predictions which thrilled me, and which was totally lacking in all the others! She thought, of course, I would shine at needlework, but she couldn't help that—the usual disease had gripped her. She alarmed me at first by solemnly repeating several times: "Do you really wish me to say all I see in your hand? *All?*" and I faltered in a quavering falsetto "All"—prepared of course to hear that I was going to die in an earthquake before tea-time. However, she continued, "You are either engaged now, or just going to be, amidst fearsome opposition from your family, but you will go on with it, and the man will die the day before the wedding." Really dramatic, I call that. A momentary spasm of fear made me ask: "Do look again and make sure that it isn't I," but she said: "No, it's the man all right," but as she told me that I would marry someone else a few years after, I think she was harrowing her feelings rather needlessly over a comparatively unimportant incident.

That's the lot. If only half of these prophecies come true, I ought to have a fascinatingly chequered career. A husband in every rank of life should ensure one having a wide and varied experience.

CHRISTINA C. CAMERON.



## MY GIRL.

**I** HAVE no fancy for a life  
In Holland's flats so tame,  
I have no fancy for a wife  
That's everly the same.  
But Scottish rills that foaming flow  
In music to the lea,  
And towering hills and valleys low,  
Entrance my soul to see.  
O there's a joy that cannot cloy  
In sweet varietie,  
And that's my girl, the pink and pearl  
Of womankind to me.

Italian skies and baby eyes  
They well consort together,  
Mine be the grace of Flora's face  
And Scottish April weather.  
Night sinks in gloom, the tempest wakes,  
And there the lightning flew!  
The thunders boom; but morning breaks  
And lo! the heavens are blue.  
The sun pours in, and scattered thin  
The mists of morning flee,  
Now that's my girl, the pink and pearl  
Of womankind to me.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.  
(*"Hugh Haliburton."*)

## THE EDUCATION OF THE EYE.

**T**HAT there is great need among us for the education of the eye, is apparent immediately on reflection. In our complacency we say we see, and imagine that we see, when all the while our outlook is often limited by narrow horizons, and confined to certain traditional lines of direction; and our insight has hardly begun. For there is literally nothing so unnoticed as the obvious, and the education of the eye opens two new worlds for men—the world around and the world within.

Everybody knows that the untrained eye misses much, but few imagine *how* much it misses. It is a trite saying that “the eye sees only what it brings with it the power to see.” Yet that saying means more than at first appears. It is not a question chiefly of natural capacity for seeing, of inherited or individual characteristics of long sight or strength of the optic nerve. The range of our outlook and the accuracy of our insight are limited also by experience and tradition—we see what we saw before, or what our fathers saw. They are limited also by individual point of view—we see what life has set us to look at and led us to see. Still more are they limited by prejudices and habits

for which our reading is largely responsible. Fielding Hall expresses this with exaggeration, regarding the Burmans: "He does not care for books. . . . Few men who think their own thoughts care much to read the thoughts of others, for a man's own thoughts are worth more to him than all the thoughts of all the world besides. . . . No great thinkers are at the same time great readers." This, of course, is so absolute as to be absolutely untrue. Yet there is truth in it, however startling the statement may be. Professor Butcher more finely says: "The language of Greek authors owes its beauty in no slight measure to their directness of vision. They see the object they mean to describe, they do not recall it through the medium of books from literary reminiscences. The sharp outlines of the thought stand visibly before the mind." Walter Pater ascribes it to Flaubert as the secret and chief excellence of his style, that he sees *exactly* what he would express, and then laboriously searches for the *exact* word in which to express it. Matthew Arnold complains of many men that "their eye is not on the object." We are "hypnotised," Professor Geddes tells us, "by our books, and are apt to see nothing but what they tell us." Finally, another great source of illusion is the worship of idols. Our interests and desires pervert our vision, and we see what we want to see. And of modern idols as of ancient it is true that "they that make them are like unto them; eyes have they but they see not."

These are the sources of illusion that beset our ordinary vision of things around us, both near and far.

No object is seen exactly alike by any two people. They all read into it much that is not there (for it is not the idealist but the untrained casual observer who sees what is not there), and they all miss much that is there.

Thus a first object of education should be to produce trained seers. We have to get rid of all sorts of prejudices, habits, and conventionalities of vision, that we may learn, as Penn said, to "see with our own eyes, not another's." It is notorious that the first impressions of a traveller in a foreign land are far more direct and real than anything he will see after the first few days or weeks—so soon do custom and routine overcome the eyes of men with blindness, and set each man walking in a vain show. The most important fact to remember is the hiddenness of the obvious. Our favourite authors are our favourites, not because they surprise us with novelties, but because they surprise us with that which is at once convincing, and which (though we had never noticed it before) appears to be the most familiar truth in the world. Unquestionably, in the intercourse between man and man, the easiest way to originality is just to say the simplest and most patent truth. Under the chronic blindness which possesses us, "seeing, we have seen and have not perceived." There is an apposite if familiar story of Turner, to whom came a Philistine while he was painting and exclaimed, "But I can't see any of what you're putting in the picture!" "No," said the artist, "but don't you wish you could?"

The training of vision is thus neither more nor less

than a return to such simplicity as that we shall see all that is there and only what is there. It is what Ruskin has happily called "restoring the virginity of the eye." Sight is to be lost and regained—seeing for ourselves, looking and looking again, without thinking or asking what we are to see. It is, in one sense, "a return to childhood from the ideals of the intellect and the market-place"; it demands not only childlike simplicity of intellect, but also that childlike fearlessness of intellect, which has been called "the first condition of seeing truly."

The chief requisites for this are three. First, a changed point of view, such as that with which his travel supplies the traveller; and second, an unsparing and systematic application of thought to detail. Nothing is too trivial for notice. From the school-boy's lesson-bag to the fallen leaf that lies upon his path, nothing should be taken for granted as a thing known—everything should be thought out over again, that the habit of detailed thinking may be gained. The third requisite for restored vision is leisure, rest of eye, and time for thought to compose itself. Things will not show themselves in their true forms to men suddenly; and in the rush and hurry of our modern life, it is good for us to keep our vision free by peaceful and leisurely thinking.

There is more, however, in the art of seeing than the recovery of the power to see things accurately as they are in themselves. Nothing is "in itself." No fact in all the world is a mere isolated unit. Each has relations,

both in time and space, and educated vision must see things in these relations. Indeed facts unrelated cease to be facts at all and become untruths. It is only when they take their places in the general system of things that they can be truly known at all. Thus we pass on from literal to intellectual or scientific vision. Every fact has relations in time or space—*i.e.* everything has both a Historical and a Geographical meaning. The man educated in these relations sees with an enlarged vision. He sees more than the uneducated man thinks there is to see, for he sees beneath the surface and beyond the edge of the object seen, to those far-off connections it has with the universe which give to it its true meaning. That is to say that the educated man sees objects, not with his eyes only, but with his understanding and imagination.

May I be allowed to take the illustration of a great river? The *ordinary* observer sees in it a mere mass of moving waters, with perhaps certain associations connecting it as scenery with past events or days of his own life. The *trained* observer sees its contour and its bank-lines—sees pools and shallows, hard rock-beds, and places where the force of the stream is under-cutting the bank; or perhaps, if he have had a special training, he sees the places where the big fish lie, and knows the spots where they come to feed. But the *educated* eye knows the river as a phenomenon of watersheds, which is there in consequence of geological facts; and he knows too the towns it has created and refreshed, the armies whose march it has checked, the industries by whose mills it has enriched

the people, the commerce it has received from or sent forth to the ends of the earth.

There is yet a further and final stage in the education of the eye. Beyond the Scientific Vision comes the Vision of the Artist. It is an exploded fallacy that Art is the rival and antagonist of Science. So far from deadening our sense of the beauty of the world (which is the proper field for Art-work), true Science reveals it through other harmonies which suggest it. No one has proved this better than Professor Arthur Thomson, whose scientific books are full of true poetic vision. There is more needed for perfect vision than the power to see the thing in itself accurately, and the thing in its relations scientifically. The power is also needed to see the thing in its beauty, and this is the artist's work. Just as, at an earlier stage of the education of the eye, we passed from the environment of prejudices and conventionalities to the purified and direct vision of the thing itself; so now again we pass from the historical and geographical environment, back to the thing in its beauty. In both cases the process is from outlook to insight, and in each case the insight corrects the outlook, and brings us nearer to the truth.

Here we pass from the picture as story (which helped us to the historical vision) to the picture as colour. At no point more than at this does the eye need education. The artist sees colours which we do not see: when he paints them, the vulgar laugh at them and call them unnatural and impossible. All that he can answer is that he *saw* these colours there. The brown wall of an old

building, or the grey of (say) the Old Town of Edinburgh sky-lined in faint mist as seen from Princes Street, are for others flat brown and grey. For him each is opalescent, with a delicate play of subdued blues and reds, giving the general effect of violet and amber tones. There is a fine tale of a cameo-cutter who travelled from Naples through stormy weather, and, landing at last at the top of Waverley Steps, saw the Old Town view just mentioned, and exclaimed, "Ah! this is not a city; this is cut out of the inside of a pearl." Now this is not vain imagination. All that colour is there, only the common eye has been blinded to it by looking upon ledgers and other such things. The artist sees the colour filtered and purified by an eye that is sensitive to the finer shades.

For gaining this finest vision there are various devices. Perhaps the most perfect and wonderful instrument for achieving it is the Camera Obscura, which, by means of well known optical contrivances, filters the flood of dispersed light and clarifies it, and throws upon a white table a picture of that point in the landscape, near or far, towards which you turn its mirror. The colouring of the picture is wonderful in its beauty. Subtle purples, violets, yellows appear in the old masonry. Seen through the one on the Outlook Tower at Edinburgh the old city of tragedies becomes a new city of dreams; and the commonplace of the very near is exchanged for the witchery of a land of beauty that seemed very far off.

Nor does this vision of the old city made new in beauty



necessarily fade. Having once seen these colours, it is not difficult to retain the power of seeing them, until that is how the city always looks. This beauty is actually there, and so the vision can become permanent. But for that another thing is needed. Art is essentially *personal*. With the vision already corrected from illusions, and educated by geographical and historical knowledge, the seer must blend his personal individuality and emotion. He must love what he is looking at, steep himself in the city, give himself over to it. It is this loving blend of personality with the external world that creates the artist and the idealist—those who literally live as they that see the invisible.

JOHN KELMAN.



## AFTER MANY DAYS.

**H**E passed from where the flambent rays  
Of fleeting passion gild the ways,  
And where the flowers of faith and trust  
Are grey with languor of the dust :  
He fled the streams whose bitter freight  
Glides tear-stained to the orchard gate,  
Wherein the Dead Sea Monster's roots  
Feed from salt waves its coreless fruits.

A pilgrim on the paths of love  
He'd wandered far, nor ceased to rove  
Till all the flowers that reached his grasp  
Crumbled to dust within his clasp.  
Fresh hope, new trust, would rise and gleam  
Like cloud-check'd rays that glint a stream,  
Then, like a wraith, would fade away,  
As dream-born joys at break of day.

He sought out love with blue-crowned eyes  
Reflected straight from cloudless skies,  
The love too young to own a sigh,  
Too blind to see that faith may die.

The love that asks no price but trust  
And simply loves because it must,  
And seeks its ends without surcease  
Within the still soul's walls of peace.

He found it where, in vagrant tones  
Glad nature spoke : by flower-decked loans,  
Within the murmur of the trees,  
Amidst the humming of the bees,  
Beside the summer hedgerow's choir,  
Beneath the north-flung sunset's fire,  
Where purple shadows kiss the heath  
And far-called runlets lilt beneath.

He found it in a maiden blythe,  
Whose trustful glance was like a scythe  
With sweeping blade of light to dart  
And shear the weeds that clogged his heart.  
Her sun-washed hair, a funeral pyre  
To burn distrust in passion's fire ;  
Her pure eyes bedded in a blush,  
Blue stars that prink a wild-rose bush.

The languor of the tired stained eyes  
Shadowed with doubt and otherwise,  
That passed him in the city's glare,  
An epos of the heart's despair,

Fled from his thoughts when he descried  
This snow-white soul so open-eyed,  
That called him from their fruitless wiles  
To gather blooms beneath its smiles.

And though her ways were gentler far  
Than clouds that court the evening star,  
And though her heart could scarce o'er-reach  
The earliest lessons hope could teach,  
He caught beneath her pansied lids  
Moods quick to breathe when passion bids,  
And swift awoke from listlessness  
To spring to life beneath her kiss.

And then he knew why all the creeds  
He'd learnt of love held barren seeds,  
And why the weary, restless past  
Was but a pearl in ocean cast.  
No longer by the torpid streams  
He basked in dalliance of dreams,  
But found his wandering heart at rest,  
In trustful bliss, within her breast.

A. STODART WALKER.



THE LATE  
**W. E. HENLEY**



FROM "ENGLISH PORTRAITS"

BY

**WILL ROTHENSTEIN**

## THE HEAVENLY GRAFTING.

### AN EVOLUTIONIST'S DREAM OF THE GARDEN OF GOD.

**G**OD, the great Gardener, looked upon that little patch of garden ground—a mere speck among the myriad worlds in space—which we call the earth.

And God said, "Many and fair are the flowers abloom in My earth garden. Yet in all the world there is no flower so fair as a good woman, and in all the world there is no woman so good as Mary, the maiden of Nazareth in Galilee. Here is Humanity at its highest. Out of the dust have I fashioned man, and upward from the dust have I led him step by step and stage by stage. Here is the culminating point. Higher than this, unaided by Me, Humanity may not attain, for in this maiden I behold Humanity's fairest and most perfect flower. Yet the earth-flowers bloom but to wither and to fall. Here shall the old order change, for upon this, the fairest and most perfect flower abloom in the garden of earth, will I engraft the Flower of all flowers that blooms in the garden of heaven. Upon mortality I will engraft immortality; upon the human, I will engraft the divine. And the blossoming of the Flower, that shall

come of that union, shall bring to all the gardens of the world Eternal Spring. The dead weeds of the world shall lie lifeless where they have lain, but wherever a flower has bloomed and fallen,—there shall come with the coming of that Flower which is called the Christ, a stir at the dry roots, a quickening of the sleeping sap, and lo! all the gardens of the world shall bloom again, and no flower which has once bloomed shall ever die.”

. . . . .

And man—man that until the coming of the Christ knew scarcely more of God than the caterpillar which has climbed to the top of its blade of grass, and can climb no further, knows of the heaven beyond—who shall say where the upward evolution of man shall end, since into humanity has come a power outside itself that makes humanity divine?

COULSON KERNAHAN.





## THE GHOST OF AUNT ELIZA.

**O**H ! once I was gay  
As a child at play,  
I 'm sadder now and wiser,  
For it 's mine to boast  
I 've seen the ghost  
Of my maiden aunt Eliza.  
I own, with a sigh,  
That never I  
Much did idolize her.  
A vigilant  
Old termagant  
Was my gaunt aunt Eliza.

I did not know,  
When I laid her low  
Beneath the ancient minster,  
That her coffin lid  
Could fail to keep hid  
That venerable spinster.

## A BEGGAR'S WALLET.

She told me oft  
(But I fear I scoffed)  
That nought on earth could stop her,  
She'd rise from her grave  
Should I behave  
In a way she thought improper.

So I tried for days  
Her ghost to raise,  
Committed crimes by the dozen,  
I forged a will,  
Ran a private still,  
And scragged my second cousin.  
But she heeded nought,  
And I rather thought  
Perhaps she didn't want to,  
Or else, no doubt,  
She couldn't get out  
From the place where she was gone to.

But on Christmas day,  
Sad to say!  
(It was somebody else's sister),  
I saw her go  
'Neath the mistletoe,  
Then and there I kissed her.

Then, gaunt and grim,  
Through blue lights dim,  
Appeared my aunt Eliza,  
And froze my bones  
With moans and groans  
That I did surprise her.

And, since that night,  
A weary wight,  
Haunted by aunt I wander,  
That vigilant  
Old termagant  
Keeps up her mournful daunder.  
And never a whit  
Can I get quit  
Of that grim moralizer,  
I'm always watched,  
And mostly "cotched,"  
By my gaunt aunt Eliza.

J. W. BRODIE-INNES.



## SIR HENRY IRVING AS BECKET

### SIR HENRY IRVING'S BECKET.

**N**O character in the modern English drama is so strongly associated with an actor's personality as Becket is with Irving. In the course of his remarkable career, this actor has put a memorable impress of himself on several dramatic figures in varying degrees of significance. We think of him as Hamlet, as Shylock, as Louis XI., as Dr. Primrose, as Richard III., as Benedick, as Gregory Brewster. But most of us, perhaps, have the clearest vision of him as the martyred Archbishop in Tennyson's play; partly because the character has of late been so conspicuous in his repertory; chiefly because it is the most striking illustration of his imaginative power.

It would be difficult to name any historical personage less sympathetic to our age than the fanatical prelate who defied Henry II. There is an ecclesiastical party which feels the bonds of the State rather irksome, and may revere Becket as the first great Churchman after Anselm to set his face against an impious Sovereign. It used to be said, in the old days of "Becket" at the Lyceum, that many of the younger clerics in the dress-circle where, inspired by Irving, they plotted the emancipation of the Church from all secular control.

But to the average layman to-day what can be less attractive than Becket's denial of State jurisdiction over criminous clerks? He lacked the disinterested virtues of





Anselm. He had loved the pomps and vanities when he was Henry's boon companion. He had rather a capricious memory of finance. Look at it dispassionately, and you may say that his martyrdom was due as much to his own obstinacy as to De Tracy's sword. If he had not seized the opportunity of Henry's absence in Normandy to launch anathemas at rival prelates, for no better motive than the assertion of his personal authority, the King would not have expressed that unlucky desire to be rid of "this pestilent priest."

"Pestilent priest" is pretty near the verdict of posterity on Becket. But you do not think of that when Irving is hurling defiance at the brawling bishops in the hall of Northampton Castle, or when he meets Henry's demand for an account of a forgotten disbursement with the exquisite rebuke: "I thought it was a gift." There is not much in the words. No other actor I ever heard could have given them such incomparable point. On Irving's lips they have a kind of beautiful disdain for a monarch who, in his rage, forgets his bounty and turns into a money-lender.

As for the ecclesiastical argument, and Becket's conviction that he cannot subscribe to the "customs of the realm"—which Henry, with the instinct of a statesman, knows to be the foundation of law—without sacrificing "God's honour," we should not heed them much but for the air of noble authority that the actor gives to these expressions of arrogance. Very different is the scene where Becket, with the shadow of doom upon him, recalls

the love of his youth for the little Norman maid who died of leprosy. In all the achievements of contemporary acting nothing surpasses that in pure emotion. Of the great qualities which have given Sir Henry Irving so wide a command of his art, this quality of emotional delicacy is signally exhibited in Becket, and will live, perhaps, most vividly in our memories of his work.

L. F. AUSTIN.

[The publication of this article is shadowed by tragedy. Barely had the proof been passed for press, when there came, with startling suddenness, the news of Mr Austin's death. In the vaguely balanced perspective of popular fame it might be difficult to discover the personality of the distinguished critic, whose facile and sane, yet ever graceful pen added distinction to the pages of many of our journals. For he was a man who shunned the systems of the literary advertiser and the artistic marionette. He belonged to the class of craftsmen who reveal themselves in the reticent speech of their art, and do not plaster the public places with the trivial details of their fireside affairs. Those who know most of what the higher journalism is capable valued him as a supreme worker, with more than a touch of genius. He had much of the delicate insight and ingenuous humour of the best periods of the English essay, and to the easy and graceful rhythm of his style he added the occasional expression of a Celtic enthusiasm. It is not easy to write in cold terms, nor would it be seeming to enthuse



in public over one who, for fifteen years, has proved himself a very genius in the art and science of friendship. For above all things he was a man, strong-hearted and straight-minded, with a capacity for understanding sympathy that approached the subtle tenderness of a patient woman. His is not a name that will be trumpeted in the market place, but one which will be remembered with reverence by his fellow-workers, and with affection by those who were privileged to discover the inordinate richness of his nature.

To complete the tragedy of circumstance it is our painful duty to mourn the friend who inspired Mr Austin's tribute. It will be for others to elaborate the question of the artistic distinction of the elder Irving. It will suffice for us to recall a man who may be described as the apotheosis of personality. There are many who cross the stage of life as mere men of skill, inspiring nothing but respect for work achieved. But Henry Irving did more than this. The potentiality of his subtle sympathy and insight was often startling in its intensity. No man possessed so powerfully the skill to create an atmosphere—no one showed greater ease in realising an alien environment. He possessed a glamour which was more than the mere resultant of a superb art. Nor was it a capacity grafted on to a personality, but an instinctive part of the man himself. So convincing, indeed, was this characteristic, that it prompted recognition even in those unsympathetic to his art. Such being the case, our loss is immeasurable. A man's art may be reproduced or imitated—his personality never.—A. S. W.]

## A BABY SONG.

**D**O you know, little babe, that your dear little lips  
Are like ripe little cherries for me?  
Do you know, little babe, that your dear little eyes  
Are like stars in a misty sea?

Do you know, little babe, that your dear little hands  
Hold my world in their tiny embrace?  
Do you know, little babe, that your dear little heart  
Is my heart's little resting-place?

GLADYS MITCHELL BRUCE.



## THE SONG OF THE FAUNS.

**A**LL Summer long we laugh and dance and play.  
We know no thought but pleasure : when we care  
We run mad races with the swift-limbed hare ;  
Or, in the waterfall's refreshing spray,  
Bathe coolly, howsoever hot the day.

We know where all the treasure of the bee  
Is hidden, if we wish it, and the grain  
The careful squirrel hoarded up with pain.  
We know the movements of the stars, and we  
Could tell the secrets of the mystic sea.

When Wintertime creeps nearer then we weep  
To know that Autumn's wealth is almost done ;  
Frost kills the leaves and flow'rs all one by one,  
And, when the snow comes, in the woods so deep,  
Buried in leaves, we hide ourselves and sleep.

With Spring's returning we forget the snow,  
And, with the sun, we wake again and live,  
Tasting the joys that light and warmth can give,  
Sing with the birds and see the rivers flow,  
Laugh with the nymphs and watch the grasses grow.

MARIA S. STEUART.

## THE FULL MOON, THE TAJ— AND TWO OTHERS.

### I.

MIMI, her sun helmet throwing a blue shade over her eyes, and with a lighted cigarette held between her lips, walked silently under the shadows of the mimosa trees in the Taj gardens. It was imprudently early in the afternoon, and there was no one else in the whole place. On every side stretched away the marble watercourses of an Eastern garden, and trees, and roses, and green grass, and sun, sun, sun everywhere. And up against the sky—dominating the whole scene, hung the Taj, its dome and minarets blazing in the sunlight, so that it became a pain to look at its dazzling whiteness.

“I will stay here,” thought Mimi, “a week—and perhaps more, all alone in Agra. I haven’t been alone for a single day now since I left home—not for nine whole months. It is good for people to be alone. I want to be alone; have my meals alone; go to bed when I like; come to see the Taj alone;—and think about India. After all, I never *told* Mrs Galbraith that

I would go straight back to Aunt Mary's. She just concluded I would. So it isn't even deceitful."

Meantime Ramsammy and the ayah were in consternation unpacking their mistress' things in one of the dark, bare bedrooms of Laurie's Hotel. Of breaking the journey at Agra they had heard never a whisper until the train stopped in the station and the Miss Sahib stepped out and commanded them to call a gharry.

"Missy-Sahib not going on to Bombay to-day, please?" Ramsammy had mustered resolution to ask. The Miss Sahib merely shook her head and said, laconically, "See about the luggage."

"The Burra Memsahib, she will be plenty angry with poor ayah. She will be asking ayah, 'Why you not bringing missie safe back to Bombay? Why you letting missy stay 'lone in Agra Hotel? The Burra mem calling ayah one bad woman, and sending her away,'" said the ayah, tearfully.

Mimi burst out laughing, and got into the gharry.

So for three days Mimi lived quite alone at Agra. She sat at a solitary table in the big hotel dining-room, and with much *savoir faire* pretended not even to see the one or two stray men, who stared at her and wondered what the deuce a little girl, five foot nothing, whose grey eyes were the only big thing about her, and whose hair came down even when she was sitting quite still, was doing all by herself at Laurie's Hotel.

Upon the morning of the fourth day—a Tuesday it was—Mimi had scarcely seated herself at her table

for breakfast, when she noticed that three other places had been laid as well as her own. Raising her head indignantly to order the chief butler to take them away, she observed a middle-aged couple being ushered towards her. Mimi drew herself up fiercely, and prepared to contest the possession of her table to the last gasp. The old couple, observing her attitude, slowed down, and she heard them enquire in some embarrassment if there was not a table free for their party. The chief butler, however, smilingly waved them on, and in an apologetic silence they seated themselves opposite Mimi. The soup was served, and consumed without a word spoken. Then Mimi politely remarked that the weather was hot, but that Agra was a singularly lovely place. The old couple eagerly responded, and in a few minutes they were talking together as if they were old acquaintances.

"What a long time Stair is taking to change. The dinner will be quite cold," said the old lady presently.

"Sarah — ah, a daughter. Probably not half so nice as the parents," thought Mimi, and her heart sank a little, for she had been speculating in silence upon the empty place.

"Stair always is late," said the old gentleman, shrugging his shoulders, and continuing a story which he had been telling, when he was interrupted.

"Here you are," exclaimed the old lady suddenly, with a beaming smile. "We thought you were never coming."

A middle-sized broad man with a thick crop of the brightest red hair, had come into the room. He sat down in the vacant seat without even looking at Mimi. "Well, I was taking a bath, Mrs Larrymore. It's a curious habit of mine. When I was a young man I always used to take a bath when I had been travelling more than two days on end. And now I can't break myself of it," he said, beginning his soup.

Both the old people laughed delightedly. There was something about the man's mouth which made one inclined to laugh even when he had said something quite ordinary. He might have been anything between thirty and forty, and Mimi, glancing silently at his face, came to the conclusion that he must have been either a pirate king or a highwayman in a previous existence, for there was something devil-may-care and whimsical under the gravity of his face.

"It would have been better bred to have bowed to me," thought Mimi to herself, and went on talking to the old gentleman. Presently the three strangers fell to discussing what they were going to do that morning; so Mimi rose, and, smiling a little to the old gentleman, walked away, looking very small and composed in her white muslin frock.

Now, it was not Mimi's custom to partake of lunch in the middle of the day, therefore I am at a loss to explain how it was that two o'clock found her making her way, under a big umbrella, across the patch of sun-heated gravel towards the dining-room. Her new

acquaintances were already at the table. The old lady's face was quite pink with the sun, but she began to tell Mimi with a great deal of simple enthusiasm of the fort which they had been seeing.

"You haven't seen it?" she said. "Oh, what a pity you didn't come with us this morning. We would have been so pleased, but we're going to drive out to the tomb of someone or other this afternoon."

"Why shouldn't you come with us then; there's lots of room in the carriage?" suggested the old gentleman.

"I should love to, but are you sure I wouldn't be in the way?" began Mimi. The old couple broke into protestations to the contrary. The red haired man said nothing as usual. All this time he had never so much as looked in Mimi's direction. And once, when necessity obliged her to ask for the salt, he had given her one glance, and passed it in silence.

"Some men are queer!" said Mimi to herself.

It was moonlight that evening. There are two places where there always is a moon. One is if you are on board ship in the Mediterranean, and the other is at Agra. This evening it was a pretty good moon, as it only wanted three days of being full. Mimi and Mrs Larrymore had strolled out after dinner into the garden, and were walking up and down, and the red-haired man had joined them, and was walking, silent as ever, on the other side of Mrs Larrymore. In the lighted verandah Mr Larrymore might have been observed leaning back in a lounge chair, with his eyes shut and his mouth open.



“Well, now, if that isn’t Larry gone to sleep in the verandah, and when he knows the night air’s death to his rheumatism,” said Mrs Larrymore, vehemently, “and it’s no use calling at him, for he just pretends he doesn’t hear me, which is very deceitful of him. I must just go in, and then he’ll come too.”

“Good night,” said Mimi. “You’ve made me enjoy my day awfully. It is sweet of you to be so kind to me.”

Mrs Larrymore bent impulsively forward, and kissed the girl’s round young cheek. “Oh, my dear,” she said, “if it isn’t just the greatest luck in the world for us to find a dear girl like you stopping at this hotel alone. It’s a thing that wouldn’t have happened once in a hundred years in India. And you’ll come everywhere we go with us after this, won’t you now?”

She bustled up on to the verandah, and her stout form was seen silhouetted against the light as she bent over Mr Larrymore. “Larry, ye’re snoring; I’m ashamed of you. Come away to your bed.”

Mimi and the Pirate King were left standing together in the moonlight. “Good night,” said Mimi, gravely, and bent her head. She wasn’t going to shake hands with him, she said to herself, as he hadn’t once spoken to her of his own accord all day.

“I’ll take you back to your own part of the hotel,” said he, looking thoughtfully at her.

“Thank you very much, I’d rather not bother you.”

“You don’t bother me,” he answered, with a half smile.

They walked in silence through the moonlit garden. The frogs were snoring in chorus in the grass, and the crickets chirping like mad in the trees. The moon hurried coquettishly across the sky, as though she were anxious to be gone, but always kept on shining after all. It was a lovely night.

"This is my room, and I see the ayah waiting for me, so good-night," said Mimi, and held out her hand.

The Pirate King started as if wakened out of a dream.

"Be charitable. Walk a little further," he said softly.

"It's quite early yet."

Mimi thought of her hot lonely room, with bits of poetry littering the writing table; the punkah-woman asleep; and the ayah with her everlasting refrain, "Missy going Bombay to-morrow."

"All right," she said, and they walked on under the shadow of the trees.

"Do you like moonlight?" asked the Pirate King, glancing at Mimi, who tilted her head back to look at the moon, and answered softly, "Yes."

"There was a moon like this—yes, just like this—when I was coming out in the 'Persia,'" she added.

"Was there? Yes, there would be. And did you make as much use of it as possible?" asked her companion.

"I don't quite know what you mean, please," said Mimi.

"Make use of the moon? Well, people do it in such different ways, don't they? Some people walk up and down the deck with their relatives and talk of how much

their tickets have cost them. And other people play bridge in the smoking-room all the evening, with the doors and windows shut, and at two in the morning, when they're going along the deck to bed, 'By Jove, there's a moon,' they say. These are two ways of using a moon on board ship," said the Pirate King.

"How interestingly you talk! Tell me some more, please."

"Well, then, another person stands all alone in the shadow at the edge of the ship. He looks down at the sparks in the water and up at the moon; and he thinks what a hash he's made of his life, and what he used to feel about it when he was ten years younger, and what he means to do with it now, and how perhaps it wouldn't be a bad thing for the world—if he made a ring in the water where the sparks are and never come up again."

"Oh! But why does he think that?"

"Why? I don't know. Then there are other people——" He paused.

"Do go on!"

"Who don't play bridge, and don't walk up and down the deck either. They sit—close together—over the little gangway, you know, in the very front part of the ship. They don't look at the moon,—they don't look at the sparks in the water;—they just look at each other all the time. That's another way of using the moon."

There was a long pause; then Mimi said, with a heavy sigh, "I walked between my uncle and aunt up and down the deck."

"Very proper and correct."

"And what did you do?"

"I played bridge. Sometimes when I was 'dummy' I went out into the moonlight and walked about alone."

"We were both rather unfortunate, weren't we," said Mimi, rather wistfully.

"Were we?" said the Pirate King, half-shutting his eyes, as if he were amused inside.

"Do you think," went on Mimi, "that there's any harm in being happy and doing the best things always?"

"Well?"

"I mean—it is very sad to think of the happy people in the front of the boat."

"While you are walking between the uncle and aunt?"

"Yes. Why shouldn't I be there too?"

"Why do you think?"

"I see no reason. Perhaps aunt Sophy was afraid," Mimi flushed up suddenly, "that I might have let somebody hold my hand or speak stupidly—as if I should ever have been guilty of such vulgarity."

"Impossible!"

"I despise a girl," said Mimi energetically, "who can't go anywhere without people being rude or familiar to her. People *never* are to me. I would go to the Sahara desert alone with any man I liked, for I know that he'd always be kind—and not *stupid*, you know."

"Are you quite sure of that?" said the Pirate King, looking at the ground and kicking a stone out of his path. They were ever so far along the road now. The

hotel lay somewhere in the night behind, and the road stretched before them quite white in the moonlight.

"*Sure.*"

"That was why you came out walking with me to-night without being afraid."

"You are a gentleman you see," said Mimi simply. The Pirate King drew a long breath almost like a groan. They walked on in silence.

"Now tell me how you come to be alone in Agra, and who your uncle and aunt are, and where you lived before you came over the seas—in fact all about it?"

Suddenly a mingled impression of lights and strange smells, and droning chattering voices, drifted into the road before them.

"Oh, what is that?"

"The bazaars—"

"The bazaars—Agra? Oh but what a long way we've come. We must turn at once. I forgot—"

"We will turn. Yes, now. But we haven't come very far. You needn't hurry so. Don't be frightened. I'll take care of you."

"I'm"—Mimi's breath was coming very fast—"I'm not frightened of anything. Only I fear it was indiscreet to come so far."

"But then you see," suggested that comforting voice, "As you say, I'm a gentleman, and so it doesn't matter a bit."

Mimi slackened her pace, "And now please," she said coaxingly, "It is really and truly your turn to tell

me all about yourself. So would you mind beginning at the beginning and going on to the end?"

The Pirate King stood still in the middle of the road, and looked at her steadily in silence. "If you don't mind, that is," added Mimi, fearing she had hurt his feelings. "I really am to be trusted. I honestly never repeat things."

A dark shape loomed along the side of the road creaking and groaning as it went. It was a bullock bandy, and as usual its lamp was not lit. The man slept in the front of it. When it was past the Pirate King came suddenly close to Mimi, and exclaimed involuntarily, "You *are* a little dear."

Mimi's breath came quickly, her eyes looked at him suddenly like those of a startled gazelle. But he was walking quietly forward by her side, and her heart beat regularly again.

"You don't mind my saying that do you?" went on the Pirate King in his ordinary grave voice. "You see you are a little dear, and I couldn't help telling you somehow. I've travelled all over the world for about fifteen years, but I never knew that there was a little girl in it like you."

"Do you really think I am?" half whispered Mimi.

"Yes. Really and truly."

"Then it's very nice of you, and if only you'll tell me about some of your travels I shall be very glad that I came out walking with you."

II.

It was half-past nine upon Saturday morning, but Mimi was still sound asleep in the bed under the punkah in the middle of the room. Her "chota hazri" of tea and bread and jam stood untasted upon the table beside her. The ayah raised her voice into a shrill but apologetic wail,—

"Missy Baba, Missy Baba, waking up now—please waking up."

Mimi turned half over, and buried her cheek luxuriously in the pillow. "Go away, ayah. How dare you wake me!"

"Very well, missy. Then ayah telling mem sahib that missy sleeping all the time. Mem sahib coming to say good-bye, but missy sleeping, sleeping."

"My dear child, I'm sure I'm ashamed to disturb you this way, but I couldn't go without saying good-bye to you."

Mimi started up into a sitting attitude. Her eyes, still mysterious with sleep, gazed in perplexity at Mrs Larrymore, who, in a grey topee and travelling dress of holland, stood at the bedside.

"Mrs Larrymore! You aren't going away?"

"Oh, my dear, we just are. A telegram arrived at six this very morning recalling Larry to Calcutta. So we're packed up and off by the ten o'clock train. But I couldn't go without seeing you, to say good-bye, and tell you how much pleasure you've given to us all by going

places with us. Good-bye, my dear child. And ye've got my address in Calcutta. We're not very grand folks, you know, but we'd love to have you stay with us for a bit, if you'd care, any time."

The curtain fell into its place again. Mrs Larrymore was gone. Mimi sat up in bed, and pushed the untasted "chota hazri" away from her. So they were going away to-day. She heard the wheels of the carriage which was taking them to the station. She would probably never see any of them again. It had been a pleasant episode, that was all. Mimi lay slowly back upon her pillows again. Her eyes, full of something very like bewildered pain, gazed unwaveringly at the swooping punkah. Yes, it had been pleasant; wonderfully pleasant. There was the first day—Wednesday, when they drove to the big place outside the city; and Mimi—and he—climbed to the very top of the tower. Mr Larrymore was too rheumatic to go up the stair, and Mrs Larrymore stayed down below to keep him company. Then on Thursday there was the place with the garden. They all went to that, only Mimi and the man—Mr Drumlanrig was his real name—walked very quickly from place to place in front, whilst the old people followed some distance behind. Then on Friday morning the conjuror with the mongooses came, and they all sat on the verandah and watched him. And he stuck silver things into his eyes; and turned a scorpion into a rupee; and sang a strange song without a tune; and would have ended up as a grand finale by allowing the grey mongoose to kill the fangless snake—only Mimi cried out that he was to put



the mongoose back in its bag "Ek dum!" and not let it kill the snake. At which remark the Pirate King bent forward and said, quite under his breath, so that no one else could hear,—

"You're a dear; you're a perfect dear."

That afternoon they had gone across the river to the Tomb of the Lovers, which stands above the muddy Jumna like a piece of marble lace. It had been when they were going back towards the carriage after this that the Pirate King had told her that they were going to the Taj after dinner that evening, and asked her to walk with him all the time. And Mimi, who had screwed up her mouth with the intention of saying, "We shall all be walking together, of course," found herself saying instead, as if she were the echo of his voice, "All the time."

Oh, to think of it! Last night it was the full moon, and they were walking side by side through the Taj gardens, the Pirate King and she; and now he was gone, and not even a good-bye said. She could have *killed* the ayah for not waking her.

Listlessly she got up and bathed and did up her hair. Listlessly she put on the pretty pink muslin which she had so gleefully made the ayah unpack and iron the day before. And when the ayah ventured, in spite of a tingling memory of rebuffs, to repeat once more her querulous question, "Missy sahib going Bombay plenty soon?" Mimi replied wearily, "Perhaps to-night, ayah. I don't care."

The sun was very hot indeed, for it was nearly ten o'clock, but Mimi walked across the gravel without even

putting up a parasol. She went up to the empty table, still laid for four, and as she sat down at it alone she felt, for the first time in her life, that to be dead would be rather pleasant than otherwise.

An uncertain step sounded on the parquet. Mimi raised her head and looked round ; then a flood of colour rushed into her face, for Stair Drumlanrig, with a sheepish yet obstinate look on his face, had advanced to the table and sat down in his old place beside her.

After a few minutes, when the fireworks had quieted down and people had become used to the rosy light which had suddenly flooded the dark dining-room, they began to talk in their ordinary manner ; but there was a dull glow in Drumlanrig's eyes and the face of Mimi was like a newly-opened primrose as it looks up to the sun. She knew that it was "quite unsuitable" if not actually wicked. She knew that she ought to look stiff and surprised when Drumlanrig told her that he had wired for, and received, an extra fortnight's leave before going to the post which he had been given in Persia, and that she ought to leave for Bombay that evening just the same. She knew that was how she *should* behave ; but when she spoke joy transformed her words into the lowest, sweetest sounds, like pearls upon a string. When Drumlanrig said that he was going to take her to see the fort, and that he had ordered the carriage at eleven, she merely remarked that she would go and put on her bonnet. And when at about four she was roused from her afternoon rest by the ayah's remarking, in sepulchral tones, "Sahib's boy he





## ON THE SEINE TARRYING BARGES

"I don't know what to do," said Mimi, looking at her watch. "The carriage is late, and I don't want to go to bed yet. I shall wait for it." Drumlanrig looked at her and then at the clock. "It is late," he said. "I shall go to bed. You may wait if you like." Mimi looked at him and then at the clock. "I shall wait for it," she said. "I don't want to go to bed yet." Drumlanrig looked at her and then at the clock. "It is late," he said. "I shall go to bed. You may wait if you like." Mimi looked at him and then at the clock. "I shall wait for it," she said. "I don't want to go to bed yet."

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Mimi drank a little water and took her medicine.

"I think we had better not wait," said Drumlanrig.

"I ordered the carriage in case you could not go," said Mimi.

"You know I can't go," said Drumlanrig. "I love the big night, oh how I love it. But I mustn't."

"What shall you do then?" said Drumlanrig sadly. "Go to bed."

"I shall go to bed before nine o'clock, and all for a nonsensical idea of what's suitable."

"I don't know. Things seem to be mixed somehow," said Mimi wearily.

They left the dining room and strolled into the verandah. Drumlanrig lit a cigarette. It was the brightest moon that there had been yet, and the garden was as light as day. As they stood there, a rumble of wheels was heard on the other side of the house.

"It's the carriage. Listen—I can't send it away. I want



say master salaams; tea ready over in verandah; Missy please come to it;" she sprang wildly on to the floor and insisted upon putting on a new muslin dress, although the pink one had hardly a crumple in it. It was very mistaken, but oh what delicious happiness it was to find herself again in the carriage, with him sitting in the most natural manner by her side.

That evening as they sat at table over their dessert Drumlanrig asked "Is it your pleasure to go to the Taj with me to-night, Madam?"

Mimi drank a little water and shook her head slowly.

"I think we had better not" she said.

"I ordered the carriage in case you cared to."

"You know I care to. I, I *love* the Taj at night, oh how I love it. But I mustn't."

"What shall you do then" said Drumlanrig sadly.

"Go to bed."

"To bed? Before nine o'clock, and all for a nonsensical idea of what's suitable."

"I don't know. Things seem to be mixed somehow," said Mimi wearily.

They left the dining-room and strolled into the verandah. Drumlanrig lit a cigarette. It was the brightest moon that there had been yet, and the garden was as light as day. As they stood there, a rumble of wheels was heard on the other side of the house.

"It's the carriage. Listen—I can't send it away. I want you to come so much. Do come," said Drumlanrig, gently.

Mimi's eyes fell on to the ground. For a moment

she stood in silence, twisting her hands together, a prey to conscience. The next she gave a delicious peal of laughter and softly clapped her hands.

"We *will* go. *We* will go. The Taj gardens will be more beautiful than Paradise to-night. Besides I have thought of a way. Ramsammy must go with us and your servant too. That will make it quite suitable, for I know one can go anywhere with servants."

### III.

"I WONDER how much longer this fairy tale can go on," said Drumlanrig, half aloud. He was sitting alone upon the hotel verandah waiting for Mimi, whom he was going to drive again to the tomb across the river. At the other end of the balcony sat a large stout man who had yesterday appeared in the hotel. His great feet were stuck up on the arms of the chair; his coat was open; he looked very vulgar and unpleasant; and, when the rustle of a silk skirt was heard approaching across the gravel, the fat man did not lower his feet, but remained in the same attitude, except for his face, which assumed a leering and knowing expression. Drumlanrig, aware with disgust of his scrutiny, rose impulsively and swept Mimi before him down the steps and into the carriage.

"To-day is Monday, and so one can go where one likes," said Drumlanrig flippantly as they drove over the swaying bridge of boats.



"But you did really like coming to church with me yesterday, didn't you now?" said Mimi reprovingly.

"Yes, I did. Whether it was the church, or you, I'm not sure though."

"You mustn't speak in such a way; it's not right."

"I haven't been in a church, except yesterday, for ten years."

"Oh, but that seems a pity, doesn't it?"

"Perhaps; I don't know. Do you know I knew the padre who was running the show yesterday."

"Did you? You didn't speak to him."

"No; I thought I wouldn't. We were at Oxford together though, rather friends. He was a good chap in those days. I wonder what made him turn devil dodger."

They went into the tomb and sat down in silence, each on a lover's grave. The sunset outside filtered through the marble filigree work and made little pools of orange and red on the white floor. Everything else in the tomb was in deep blue shadow, except Mimi's old red umbrella upon which a ray of sun fell. Perhaps that was why the red-haired man suddenly picked it up and softly kissed its pug handle. Mimi, who had been pensively gazing through the doorway, turned at his movement, and therefore was witness of this ridiculous action. She became scarlet; her eyes blazed. She first snatched the injured umbrella from him and then drew herself up to her full height of five feet.

"I never knew you were a goose," she said scathingly.

"I'm not a goose," answered Drumlanrig humbly ;  
"I'm only a man, and luckily for us I've more self-control than most."

"In that case," snapped out Mimi, "you had better go away, I think."

Drumlanrig's head sunk upon his breast; he swallowed, and then said with an effort, "Yes; I am going away to-morrow."

Mimi sat slowly down on the tomb again; her face was the colour of the marble, but she said nothing.

"So are you," said Drumlanrig, after a minute.

"I?"

"Yes; back to Bombay by the ten o'clock train."

"Oh, thank you, but I mean to stay on in Agra for some days, it's such a sweet place, and I love being alone," said Mimi, in a rattling society sort of way.

"You *shall* go to-morrow. By God! I won't leave you here alone," said Drumlanrig, hoarsely.

Mimi rose abruptly, and walked away out into the garden and round the tomb, observing its architecture with profound interest. Then she went down the garden towards the Jumna, in order to get a good distant view, and there Drumlanrig joined her.

"Will you sit down here just for a minute, please? I must speak to you," he said, very humbly; and Mimi leaned against the red parapet in silence, and gazed into the black and slimy Jumna.

"My father," said Drumlanrig, slowly, "hasn't mentioned my name for years. I've been rather a disappoint-

ment to him, you know. I led off by being sent down from the college where he took a double first. Then I would go into the Army, when he wanted me to take up Diplomacy, and after I'd been in it six years, I grew sick of that, and chucked it up too, and went off to see the world on my own hook, leaving a pile of bills, a yard high, behind me. I've told you some of these things already, but I repeat them again, because—in case you should have forgotten them. Everybody knows about me. I'm the black sheep of the connection. Your uncle knows all about me," went on Drumlanrig in a matter-of-fact way. "He was connected with my father for some time. Supposing that I was—in a few weeks, I mean—to present myself at Bombay? I would probably never be allowed to see you alone. The Governor would consent to nothing."

A moaning evening breeze came sighing up the river. The crimson of the afterglow had begun to die away into sad purples and greys.

"If, on the other hand, anybody were to know about this divine week in Agra——"

"My uncle and aunt would send me home by the next boat," said Mimi, in a hard little voice.

"I expect they would ; but I mean any outside person. There would be talk—which I have no right to let there be—about you. Every day you run an added risk of somebody turning up here that knows one of us. You *must* go to-morrow."

"Why should people want to talk? There is nothing

but what is beautiful and right—and good to talk about,” said Mimi, in a choked voice.

“The rest of the world,” said Drumlanrig, “are different to you, my little child. They would not believe the truth if they were told it. They would tell lies about us which would do you harm. Listen, Mimi, for my sake. Will you go back to Bombay to-morrow?”

“Yes,” said Mimi through her clenched teeth.

They turned and walked through the garden towards the carriage.

“Anyway, we’ll go and say our good-byes to the Taj to-night. Shall we?” said Drumlanrig suddenly, peering at her through the gloom, for the moon was not fully up yet, and he could not see her face.

“Yes,” said Mimi again.

#### IV.

“Ari Ramasahmi, hast thou written?” said the Ayah. “Then read to me the words, and we will put a stamp upon the outside, and put it in the post-i-box, that the master may get it quickly.”

“Trouble me not woman, but listen to what is written,” answered Ramsammy snubbingly. Then he read:—

“*To the Burra Sahib, i-Bombay, Government House:—*

“Oh Burra Sahib, and the Mem Sabib too, who

paying money every month to the Ayah, and not knowing what Missy Baba she doing in Agra all alone; Ramasahmi and the Ayah plenty sad, always asking, asking missy to go Bombay! Missy never going Bombay, but staying Agra all the time. That Sahib at Agra with the red hair is not one Burra Sahib. Missy liking that Sahib plenty too much. Every day that Sahib driving missy in his-i-gharry; eating his dinner with missy; at night going to the Taj-i-Mahal, missy and the Sahib together. The Ayah and Ramasahmi not done any harm in this thing, therefore writing to tell master. Please master, the Burra Sahib, coming to Agra quickly. Taking missy back Bombay. For Ayah and Ramasahmi crying, crying, all the day and night because of missy and the Sahib with red hair.

“To Master and to Burra Mem Sahib salams,

“AYAH,

“RAMASAHMI.”

“So!” said the ayah admiringly. “That is well written and clearly, and it will tell the Burra Sahib all that it is well for him to know, and thou and I will acquire merit by the sending of it.”

“Ay, and a good backsheesh,” said Ramsammy bluntly. Then he added timidly: “I will put it in the post-i-box in the city that the Miss Sahib may not know.”

“Ari brother make haste to do it. I hear the Miss Sahib coming.”

Mimi came very quickly in and threw down her hat upon the bed. Her eyes burned and her cheeks were a deep red. "What have you put out, ayah? That old black thing; no I wont wear that. Let me think—get me out that silk frock with roses on it. No, no; not that, ayah—how stupid you are. Missy's new frock, her English frock."

Then when the ayah went into the dressing-room where the trunk stood, she added half aloud: "To-night everything shall be beautiful, and I will be so gay, and talk and laugh. I will forget everything to-night."

So Mimi put on her best dress and her sham pearl necklace and a pair of little silver shoes. She swept into the dining-room looking like a diminutive princess out of a fairy tale. Drumlanrig's face flushed, and he rose to meet her as she came. There were flowers on the table, and candles, and they drank champagne, and talked and laughed as if they were the happiest people in the whole of India. A desperate gaiety seemed to have taken possession of Mimi. She had never been more brilliant and winning in her life, and her laughter echoed upon the night as they drove through it on their way to the Taj.

"We don't want you," said Drumlanrig abruptly to the servants as they alighted. A silence fell upon them as they walked together along the marble watercourse.

"I smell daffodils," said Mimi suddenly.

"It's only the orange blossom," said Drumlanrig, and broke her off a piece. Again they were silent. They

mounted the marble steps and stood under the great blue shadow of the Taj.

Another carriage had followed theirs as they drove from the hotel, and two figures were walking noisily up the garden after them.

"Shall we go up the minaret?" said Drumlanrig.

"Yes."

"It won't tire your little feet to climb up so many steps?"

"No."

"Come then."

As they walked across the snowy marble to the foot of the minaret they looked at each other. Drumlanrig looked very gigantic against the white in his black dress suit, and the moonlight had a queer effect on his hair, which looked redder than ever. Mimi's silver shoes gleamed like diamonds.

"What a deliciously feminine sound the rustling of a silk dress has," said Drumlanrig with a little laugh. "You must hold it well round you upon these dark stairs so as not to spoil it. Now, I'll go first. How dark it is. Shall I light a match?"

"No; I can feel where I go."

"Give me your hand; I will help you."

It was indeed dark, pitch dark, and they went up for what seemed like a hundred years.

"What a curious noise, like footsteps coming up behind us," said Mimi suddenly.

"It is nothing; it's only the echo," answered Drum-

lanrig, and his hand closed more tightly upon hers. Up and up and up and still up. There seemed to be nothing in the whole world except pitchy darkness, and those two hands desperately clasping each other as if they would never let go again.

Suddenly a gust of wind and a flood of moonlight met them. They were at the top. Drumlanrig guided Mimi carefully to the edge of the minaret, and they both sat down. Their hands fell apart; nobody spoke. Down below were the tops of the trees of the gardens. Up above burned the cold blue stars. They seemed to be caught up between heaven and earth. The scent of the orange blossom in Mimi's bosom filled the air.

Drumlanrig leaned back against the marble upright, and looked straight in front of him. His cigarette case was in his pocket, but he did not smoke.

A clock in the town struck eleven. The sound came so clearly through the still night they both started.

"Did you tell your ayah to pack for the morning train?" said Drumlanrig.

"Yes, as I was leaving I told her," said Mimi, and suddenly, to her horror, found she was shaking with sobs from head to foot. She turned immediately away to hide it, and looked over the parapet.

"What are you laughing at?" said Drumlanrig, almost roughly. He leant forward, and saw her tears dropping like pearls upon the marble. "You're not——" he began, and then stopped. Mimi made a desperate effort to check her tears.



"I must be either hysterical or intoxicated—we will go down," she tried to say, and rose to her feet. The next minute she found herself locked in his arms.

The sound of a match striking ten feet below was suddenly heard. A circle of light appeared in the black hole where the staircase was, and in the middle of it the face of an Englishman staring in bewilderment at them.

Drumlanrig raised his head, and saw him. Mimi turned her head, and gazed at him out of Drumlanrig's arms. The match was blown hurriedly out. A muttered "I beg your pardon," was heard, and then the sound of feet hurrying down the stairs.

Mimi's face was scarlet with horror. She cried, "Oh!"

"Did you know him?"

"Know him! He's Uncle John's aide-de-camp!"

"Is he? Well, wait here quietly. Don't move, do you hear? I'll go after him, and explain matters."

When Drumlanrig came back Mimi was crouching miserably in one corner of the minaret. He sat down beside her, and tried to put his arms round her, but she sighed "Don't," and shrank away from him.

"I told him we were engaged, and that we'd met by chance on your way to Bombay," said Drumlanrig, consolingly.

"It was a lie, and he knows it was," said Mimi in a choking voice.

"It needn't be a lie."

"How *could* you do it?" said Mimi, with a great sob.

"Because I couldn't help it," said Drumlanrig, very simply. He slipped on to his knees beside her, and wound his arms round her waist. Their faces were on a level, hers tear-stained and miserable, his full of wild elation.

"Listen to me, Mimi, I love you. I simply love you more than anything in heaven or earth, and I——. Listen, Mimi, it's no use to think of our going away from each other to-morrow. We can't do it, dear. Besides, that fellow saw us, and he'll tell everyone; it would be no earthly good. There's honestly only one way out of it, Mimi, I'm older than you are, and I'm telling you the truth. We must be married to-morrow, and then nobody'll ever be able to take you away from me any more."

"Married to-morrow? We couldn't—oh no, no, no," cried Mimi, clinging to him and bursting into a flood of tears.

"Is it so very terrible to think of being my little wife?" said Drumlanrig, sitting down on the ground and drawing her into his arms.

"We couldn't. How could we?" whispered Mimi, her face very close to his. Her sobs were dying away. She felt strangely tired, but happier than she had ever been in her life.

"I can arrange it with the parson; he will find witnesses. It will be all right, Mimi, it will be all right. But ah, love of my heart, you will have no wedding dress, and no bridesmaids either. I am so sorry.

"I only want *you*," answered Mimi, indistinctly. Her head dropped on to his shoulder. Drumlanrig rose and very carefully carried her down the long dark steps.

V.

So Ramsammy was sent to the bazaar to buy the finest white veil he could find ; and Sivoo, Drumlanrig's servant, was sent to the Taj gardens to gather an armful of orange blossom ; and the entirely-bewildered ayah was made to iron the cleanest white muslin frock ; and the parson found witnesses ; and the organist played the wedding-march,—and they actually were "married to-morrow."

"But you know," said Mimi suddenly, gazing in wide-eyed dismay at her husband as they drove back from church, "I never really wanted to be married at all."

"Never mind," said Drumlanrig softly, "there's an old, old palace in the middle of Rajputana. There are goldfish in the ponds there, and orange trees in the gardens, and not another white soul nearer than ten miles. It belongs to an old friend of mine, the Rajah of Bong, and I once got the promise of it if I ever had a honeymoon. So I wired to him for leave this morning, and we're going there now. Don't twist your wedding-ring so disconsolately."

"At all events," said Mimi practically, "if they scold me they must scold you too ; and, if you're there, I won't mind so much."

Three days after this, Ramsammy—his face literally black with fright and his turban awry—came running to the orchard to inform Stair and Mimi that the Burra Sahib was waiting in the palace. They went in, hand-in-hand. A tall, pale, unspeakably stern-looking gentleman rose at their approach. He glanced at Mimi, then, with a shudder, he averted his eyes. He then looked fixedly at Drumlanrig in a controlled silence.

"I do not know who you are, sir," he said at last, "except that you are a miserable coward. At present I have come to take this unhappy young lady back to her home. Whilst she is putting her things together, I should like to speak to you alone."

"My name is Stair Drumlanrig. I think, Sir John, that you must know my father, Lord Whittadder."

The governor started and turned a shade paler than before.

"That you are by birth a gentleman, sir, only makes your conduct more inexcusable and abhorrent. It will, however, simplify matters in some ways. Go upstairs and put on your hat," he added, in an utterly toneless voice, to Mimi.

"But I am afraid that I really cannot consent to part with my wife so soon after our marriage," cried the Pirate King, putting his arm round Mimi.

Poor Sir John sat down on a chair and gazed at them in stupefaction.





EDINBURGH'S PLAYGROUND



BY  
JAMES PATERSON, A.R.S.A.

# EDINBURGH'S PLAYGROUND



BY  
JAMES PATERSON, A.R.S.A.



“We came here for our honeymoon,” said Stair soothingly.

“Good God! What made you do it?” was all the Governor said.

JESSICA LOW.



## ONE DAY.

### I.

**O**NCE, on a golden summer's day,  
We left the road, we climbed the brae.  
The sweet hills all around us lay  
In royal robes of heather.  
But I scarce saw that landscape fair,  
Scarce felt the wooing scented air,  
I only knew we two sat there  
Jeannie and I together.

### II.

O life hath brought full many a boon  
When young blood thrilled in life's mid-noon,  
In bounding time to love's sweet tune,  
And loves and joys were many.  
Yet sooth that hour was worth them all  
To watch the lengthening shadows fall,  
And hear the distant curlew call,  
Out on the moors with Jeannie.

## III.

And clear, and calm, and sweet to see,  
The young moon rose o'er Logan lea,  
With promise fair for her and me  
Of all love's dearest blisses.  
All radiant hues of seas and skies  
Reflect themselves in Jeannie's eyes  
And dreamland all around us lies,  
As sweet as Jeannie's kisses.

## IV.

So bide for aye thou lovely dream !  
When from life's dark and gloomy stream  
For ever fades that one bright gleam,  
And, like some prisoned starling,  
I cry to years grown dull and grey,  
Oh, give me back my summer's day,  
Out on the moors of Logan brae,  
With my unforgotten darling.

J. W. BRODIE-INNES.

## AN UNRECORDED INCIDENT IN THE RISING OF 1745.

**From the Original Manuscript of James Mackintosh, Moy  
Hall, 1806. In possession of C. E. S. Chambers, Cardney,  
Dunkeld.**

**T**HE Prince's men being in Badenoch, hearing of the depredations committed by Loudon's men in Athole, they sent a party over the mountains to Drumachdar (Drumochter), if possible to take them prisoners, having previously secured the passes, that no intelligence of their intentions might reach the Campbells. The party began their march in the afternoon, and divided themselves into three divisions, one for Kinachan, one for Ranach (Rannoch), and the third for Struan, near Blair. The plan succeeded, and the three parties of the Campbells were all taken in one night. The party commanded by Captain Robertson of Blairfetty, with whom my father was, crept upon their hands and feet for upwards of a quarter of a mile, and got past the sentries unobserved, led on by an excellent guide. One of the Camerons (for there were some of them among them) began to cough; some of his companions said, "Choke the scoundrel!" When

they were near the village (Kirkton of Strowan), they divided into several divisions, according to the number of houses in which the Campbells were quartered. The officers were quartered in Blairfetty's own house in the same village. When Blairfetty entered the court one of the officers of the Campbells overheard their feet marching in, and called out, "Who is there?" Blairfetty answered "A friend." "By God! you are not," replied the officer, and at the same time firing his pistol. The bullet struck the door check and threw some sand in my father's teeth, being the second man at Blairfetty's back. As they rushed in with drawn swords and loaded muskets, calling to the officers to surrender in King James's name, which they immediately did, except Captain James Stewart of Urrard (whose mother was daughter to Lord Neil Campbell), who was at the point of being run through before he was prevailed upon to surrender. The late Mr Alexander Stewart, minister of Blair, was taken prisoner at the same time, being in company with the officers. One of the divisions of the prisoners, who were lodged in a coal house, made some opposition, and a few of Blairfetty's party were sent to reinforce those who were sent to take that division of the Campbells, one of which division came out in his shirt and fired at them, as did those within. However, they were soon overcome, and the man who fired in his shirt was killed in the struggle, as was another, one of two who were at a late wake. One of the Prince's men going into the house where the corpse was with his drawn sword desired them to

surrender, at which one of them drew his sword, but was instantly killed. The other surrendered. The whole of the prisoners were confined in the church of Struan the next day — who were taken in different parts of Inverness-shire and Perthshire. All the officers of Lord Loudon's men broke their parole except Mackintosh, who was taken prisoner by his own lady, called Colonel Ann. She raised a regiment for P. C., consisting of 700 men—400 Mackintoshes and 300 Farquharsons. When she approached the party of Loudon's men in which her husband was captain, she said to him, "Your servant, Captain," to which he humorously answered, "Your servant, Colonel." She was taken prisoner at Culloden, carried to London, and soon set at liberty. Cumberland gave a ball, and made her, being his sister warrior, Queen of the Ball. The first tune played was "Up and war' them a', Willie," which Cumberland asked Lady Mackintosh if she would dance it, which she said she would. The lady asked Cumberland after they danced his tune if he would dance her tune, which he could not refuse to a lady. She boldly asked the band to play "The old Stewart's back again," which they also danced. I can add no more to the three different accounts in Bishop Forbes' manuscript of Loudoun, Macleod, and President Forbes' plan of taking the Prince prisoner while with Lady Mackintosh, slightly guarded at Moy Hall, except that of the roads being strewed with guns, bayonets, &c., all the way to Inverness in their precipitate flight from five men.

## THE MOTIF.

“**A** BIG social question, and not merely a doctors' affair.” So summed up the distinguished Professor Charles Richet, of Paris, at the end of a long chat we had the other day regarding the tuberculosis problem. And in these words he embodied the conviction which a quarter of a century's interest in Consumption has impressed upon my mind.

Is society content that the mighty evil should stalk through the land unchallenged, or with quite disproportionate and ineffective opposition?

A mighty evil truly! Tell it to the world, publish it in the streets of our cities that the sons and daughters of society may hear, and bestir themselves to expel it from their midst. Every year society pays tribute to the mighty evil to the extent of one-seventh of its dead. Sixty thousand persons in the United Kingdom die annually from consumption, some seven thousand annually in Scotland, and some five hundred in Edinburgh.

A mighty evil that works slowly, insidiously, surely. Like one condemned by secret assize, the victim of tuberculosis is silently marked for death long before the fatal bolt is finally drawn. For months or for years—it may be few, it may be many—the remorseless agent

shadows the victim. Impalpably the life blood is sucked. Wasting of body creeps on apace, commonly hand in hand with wasting of resources, till, bankrupt of health and frequently of means, and jostled by dependents who share the ills of bankruptcy, the sufferer falls by the way.

And the cause of disaster? The tubercle bacillus—a Liliputian of the Liliputians, four hundred millions of which it is estimated could be ranged shoulder to shoulder on the surface of a penny postage stamp. This capable, implacable, untiring minister of destruction presses his advance without blowing of trumpet or beating of drum. His intelligence department is alert and well-informed. Every weak point in the invaded realm seems known. With fell, unerring swoop, disaster is spread either by direct attack or flank movement. The seemingly strongest may be overcome. Conspicuously liable are all persons already weakened by disease, over-strain, or unhealthy conditions of home or work.

How to turn the tide of warfare? The facts of the fight can no longer be concealed. Let us publish them freely. The death roll must not be glossed. Our intelligence department must be properly manned, and its warnings accepted. The haunts and habits of the enemy should be known, and particularly his mode of attack.

He is, after all, a poor, dirty fellow, hating the air and sunlight. He seldom fights in the open. He is to be found in close, confined purlieus—in the badly-aired sitting-room, bedroom, or workroom. He chortles with pleasure in conditions of damp and dirt. With keen eye



he quickly sights what he seeks in nursery, dwelling-room, school, college, or office. Once grant him a footing, he is not easily dislodged. Woe to those who fall into the ambush he lays!

But he is not a progressive enemy. He does not advance with the times. His mode of fighting is old fashioned and stereotyped. He shrinks before the searchlight of the sun, and flinches before a volley of oxygen. Force oozes from his pores, his fighting arm falls helpless. In presence of these great influences he drops his booty and prisoners escape from his toils.

Proclaim then by our heralds the amount of mischief in the land. Declare the tubercle bacillus the enemy of man—the destroyer of our cattle, and the treacherous assassin of our kind. Describe his appearance and habits and breeding grounds. Have his haunts raided and scoured. Condemn them as nuisances, dangerous to the lieges. Instruct everyone to eschew them. Teach the children to love sunlight and open air, both at work and play. Let the schoolboy enjoy the open window during lessons and through the night. Let him understand nature's ventilation system. Let the open window be the emblem of health and safety. Expel the ghosts of draughts and colds.

Then will dawn an age of preventive medicine illimitable in beneficent results. The triumphs of aseptic surgery will be equalled by the bloodless victories wrought in every sphere of medicine by nature's plan of prophylaxis. Weeds of humanity, meantime begotten,

born and bred under unfavouring conditions, will become rare. Puny weaklings—outcome of an ill-informed policy of protection—will be replaced by vigorous resistant animals, pulsating with energy. On such soil the tubercle bacillus has a poor chance.

Be it understood that in any plan of campaign against consumption, worthy of the name, preventive measures must form the first line both of defence and attack. The resistance of the individual must be made as perfect as possible. All conditions favouring successful invasion by the tubercle bacillus must be removed. Happily much has been done towards this during the past half century. Through the better housing of the working classes, and the institution and enforcement of measures of sanitation, a great deal has been effected. Roughly speaking, the mortality from tuberculosis has been reduced some fifty to sixty per cent. in as many years. None the less the black flag continues to float over our crowded centres, and, less or more, throughout the land. In face of the figures already quoted, society has a right to demand that more effective—more special—measures be framed and enforced. Society has a duty as well as a right in this matter.

What of those already affected by consumption? What measure of help does the new era bring to them—what hope of recovery? The older conception of consumption as due to cold, and therefore to be cured by confinement of the patient to a warm atmosphere, has fortunately been replaced by more scientific knowledge of its cause and remedy.

The great principle of open-air treatment was understood and appreciated by individual doctors here and there more than sixty years ago. More especially is credit due to Dr Bodington, of Sutton Coldfield, who, in 1840, expounded the efficacy of an open-air life and an ample dietary of beefsteak and potatoes. His teaching fell on deaf ears, however. In spite of the brilliant successes Dr Bodington was able to publish, the treatment failed to obtain serious foothold and gradually fell into disuse. Here and there other physicians essayed to preach the gospel of hyperaeration and proper dietary. A special tribute is due to the labours and writing of Dr Henry MacCormac, of Belfast, who among other efforts addressed a communication on the subject to the Medico Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh, in 1856. Alas! at the close of an eloquent exposition before the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London the eager reformer was sharply criticised by leading members of the profession as having advanced nothing new and wasted the valuable time of the Society (*sic*).

The conception recurred, however, to other minds. Notably in Germany it took practical shape in the labours of Brehmer, who among the Silesian forests founded the first great Sanatorium of Goerbersdorf. Then more quickly his good results led to wider acceptance of the doctrine. Hospitals or sanatoria on open-air lines were founded in different centres.

In Scotland, the Royal Victoria Hospital, founded in 1887 in memory of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, did much to promulgate the open-air treatment of

consumption, and to establish the universal applicability of the method in all varieties of climate. The satisfactory results obtained at that institution were quoted at the meeting in Marlborough House, convened and presided over by the King (then Prince of Wales), which led to the inauguration of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption. Through the foundation of that Association, public attention has been arrested, public interest aroused, and the imagination of men and women awakened to devise schemes of utility and beneficence towards the prevention and treatment of the disease.

The great aim of open-air treatment, wherever carried out, is to assist the human organism in its attempt to resist invasion by the tubercle bacillus. In more scientific language, we endeavour thereby to increase the vital resistance, and to establish more or less complete immunity to the disease. Under the treatment, the life of thousands has been saved. Patients have been rendered fit to return to ordinary work, or, without complete recovery, have been enabled to resume work of less exacting nature. Granted that the treatment be undertaken reasonably early, it is the exception to find a patient who does not progress consistently so long as treatment is maintained. In many instances the results can only be described as marvellous.

Even for patients beyond the limit of recovery, the method has the great advantage of effecting an euthanasia impossible under other systems. With open-air treatment the sufferings of the dying patient are reduced to a minimum. His couch is softened and his pillow smoothed.

The establishment of separate homes for those beyond hope of recovery seems a duty incumbent on every community, in the interest of the patient himself, and no less in that of relatives who, especially in the contracted dwellings of the poor, run serious risk of infection.

To be effective against consumption, society's efforts must be carefully and sufficiently organized. We dare not run away with the idea that the erection of a sanatorium here and there is sufficient. The establishment of sanatoria, more particularly for the less well off, is desirable, but it must be borne in mind that this does not meet all the issues.

An effective organization against consumption must include for our large cities: (1) A Consumption Dispensary, supervised by qualified physicians, aided by nurses and benevolent workers, which shall afford all necessary advice and assistance to consumptive poor, both at the institution and at their own homes. (2) A Hospital or Sanatorium for selected patients who, with a view to the cure of the disease, require a regime not procurable at home. (3) A Home for dying patients; and (4) a Colony for the after life and supervision of patients in whom the disease has been sufficiently arrested to make selected open-air work feasible and desirable.

Such a scheme of operations formed the plan of campaign of the Royal Victoria Hospital for Consumption at its foundation in 1887. Happily a large part of the plan has been achieved through the goodwill and kindness of those who have sympathized with its aims. A large part remains to be done.

A little more faith, a little more patience, a little more effort, and with the completion of such an organization in every centre throughout the land, consumption will disappear from our borders as certainly as leprosy did in the past.

Recall that one-seventh of our kind die annually of consumption. Recall the long, lingering, wasting illness. Recall the physical and financial bankruptcy it entails. Recall the untold misery—the weight of poverty and the ocean of tears. Recall no less that the disease is preventable and curable. Recalling all these, let society say whether it has a mind to allow this plague spot in our civilization to continue, or not rather to pull itself together to end the evil. For in sooth—

Jam satis terris nivis atque dirae  
Grandinis misit Pater, et rubente  
Dextera sacras jaculatus arces  
Terruit urbem,  
Terruit gentes.\*

R. W. PHILIP.

\* "Enough, enough of snow and direful hail  
Hath Jove in anger shower'd upon the land,  
And launching havoc with his red right hand  
On tower and temple, made the city quail,  
Made all the nations quail."

—HORACE'S ODES I. 2. *Translated by Sir Theodore Martin.*

## THE LIFE SONG OF BUCHANAN.

AN UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENT LEFT BY THE LATE  
ROBERT BUCHANAN.

“**L**ORD, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief!”  
I murmur’d, ’mid the snowstorm of my grief,  
“Dark as the sunless pall  
The folds of darkness fall,  
Closing my life’s dim day, so strange, so brief!”

“Lord, I believe, and yet, O Lord, how chill  
And frozen, grows the faith I cling to still.  
Once it was bright and sweet,  
Swift as a young man’s feet,  
Fair as a young maid’s smile, strong as a warrior’s will.”

“The dumb and wistful yearning and desire  
Thro’ these dark clouds of sense to something higher,  
All the long lonely years,  
I have sung through smiles and tears,  
But now my hand drops heavily down the lyre!”

“And lo! instead of gladsome faëry gold,  
A few black withered leaves are all I hold,  
Help then mine unbelief!  
Comfort Thy child’s last grief,  
Stoop to Thy wandering sheep, and bear him to Thy  
fold!”

*[By kind permission of Miss Harriet Jay].*









1.Q.291.

A beggar's wallet : 1986

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